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REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

From the British Quarterly Review.

This article does honor to our great historian, and honor also to the author, who, we are permitted to say, is Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds. This new Quarterly, edited by Dr. Vaughan, presents the public, in its first number, with many interesting and valuable articles, giving promise of vigor and excellence. One on the Pilgrim Fathers, by Dr. Vaughan, we shall transfer to our pages; and perhaps one other on Lord John Russell.—Ed.

The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, of Spain. By William H. Prescott. Third Edition, revised, with additions. In three volumes.

HISTORICAL writing requires so many qualities to sustain it in its proper place in literature, to justify the earnest expectation which it awakens in the wise and good, to fulfil adequately its own pretension, that no class of composition needs to be more jealously scanned. Though the ignorant and careless have received the legend and the lay without examination or suspicion, yet has the noble science of noting and

developing the true story of man never been suffered to weaken its claim to truth by the indulgence of conjecture, or to corrupt its rectitude by partiality. The attempt may be frequent: in the dark obscurities of party and prejudice, it may succeed: a few dupes may be hoodwinked by the imposture. But any great work of this order, broad in outline, and public in interest,—taking a kingdom for its stage, and an epoch for its period,—can shuffle nothing: it must be clear in the righteous motive of its undertaking, in the strict fidelity of its statements, in the triumphant authority of its proofs. Even then, mediocrity cannot be brooked. It is as fatal in productions of this nature as in poetry.

‘Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.’

This is the canon of all ages. It has been inexorably enforced. If it be severe, it is only in its tenderness towards human welfare. The toleration of the doubtful and the mean in such authorship would entail irretrievable mischief. It would be to misplace or extinguish the watch-towers of the world. It would be to slight all example, and to pervert all experience. It would sap the very foundations of morality. Man, whatever his devious errors and his vain

imagination, does reserve one province for truth. He will not that it be invaded. He resents every trespass. He marks it out with fenced boundaries. He calls the enclosure—History.

We should form an imperfect estimate of literature in this department, were we to confine its merits to simple fidelity. The annalist, with his tables and records, would then deserve the praise we award to the historian. We do not restrict it to the honors of an art. The term is not improperly applied, for it requires the skilfulness of arrangement, of illustration, of relief. It demands the bold conception, the touch of nature, and the stroke of truth. But accuracy, method, grace, are not enough. It must be inspired by philosophy; yet, though always felt, this must not be obtruded. It is wholesome instruction by censure and warning, by praise and blame. It turns back the veil of the past, that we may turn aside the veil of the future. It points to dangers, that we may escape them. It tells of opportunities which have been lost by others, but which we may timely seize. It marks the onward impulse which has reached us, that it may bear us forward too. If it be not as much warmed by benevolence, as schooled by philosophy, it fails of its right impression. It must be the oracle, not only of wisdom, but of philanthropy.

And hence it is, that so few writers of this description have reached the height which the truly worthy are allowed, on all hands, to claim. Not lower than that of the bard is their challenged rank. Honor, the highest and most grateful, is due to their labor. Theirs are not estimable sacrifices. They wander back in old and deserted paths, where there is only monument and inscription. The cheerful ways, the opening scenes of life, they leave for the long and gloomy galleries of the dead. Their order of existence is inverted; for a season, the instinct of the present and of the future must be, as with a monastic severity, repressed. Men think of such self-denial with mingled awe and wonder, crowning these benefactors with no perishable leaf. But then the enrolment in that number is the more guarded and deliberate. The candidate is for evil, if not for good. He may paint what we would see purely reflected. He may flatter what we would hear inartificially rehearsed. Large and generous must be the qualities of his soul. He must never forget his responsibility.

His task is not of the day, the observation of the passing spectacle; he must read back the great revolutions and cycles of the former heavens to foretell, on comprehensive calculations, the phenomena of the new. His control of passion must be complete. Sometimes he may not even be excited. The matter is not sufficiently serious to affect him. To separate the detritus which surrounds him—to copy the ancient verse—to chronicle the ancient date—without theory, without prepossession, is at least possible, however it be rare. But must all emotion be proscribed? He knows not the vulgar eagerness of strife and side. He leans to none in obsequiousness or hate. He is so far raised above the earth, that while he foregoes none of its sympathies, he is exalted higher than its disputes. There is joy as well as calm in that elevation. The process to which he subjects himself is often painful, but to him it is an ample recompense. He finds many a spoil among the dim shadows which frown upon him. He rescues many a captivity of knowledge and excellence. He returns a trophy-laden conqueror. Yet this is not a mere retrospect, though his materials lie in the past. He is the sage of the present. He is the seer of that which is to come. He teaches what man always was: he forewarns what man must always be. He has dug out of now withered fields the seeds of glorious improvement. He plucks from failure and disaster the antidote to their recurrence. Surely such a master deserves all honor—of former times, as their expositor; of present times, as their instructor; of future times, as their diviner. He deals not in fictions, but in what is more amazing. He furnishes the means of poetry and romance. He sheds around him the light which the prism of imagination catches and decomposes in all its variegated colors. How poor was song, but for his burden—how feeble statuary, but for his relic—how trifling poetry, but for his theme! The historical denotes the highest order of art, as it ought of letters. Withal, the conviction is very general, that the man who would rise to greatness in this path, must be personally worthy. He commonly obtains a moral homage. The temple receives his bust as willingly as the portico and hall. When this is not true of the individual, it is almost invariably certain that a corresponding flaw will be detected in his production,—some vein of the sinister, the ignoble, and unjust.

National affairs are the proper subject and the greatest department of history. What is called universal, must, of necessity, be wanting in every attribute of correct authentication, and of inspiring soul. But the man, at frequent intervals, may be found, who can, by the union of genius and diligence, take a bold survey of his lifetime, and thence pursue into the depths of antiquity the rise of usages and the causes of events. This truth will often be as distinctly stamped on his recital and his inference, as on his actual observations. Should he start from a distant point, avoiding all that is coeval, there is a straight high-road for him to travel, if other ages have bequeathed (what civilization cannot have existed without doing) some shape or measure of document or memorial. These he will collate and set in order, giving each its time and place and value. Biography lends not only a charm, but often a clavis, to the whole. The delineation must not be only of the general interests of that people: there must be the lighter etching, and the passing episode. What is the rude shock of the undistinguished host? We love to witness the duel of heroes, the encounter of knightly arms. One noble river may intersect a country; but while we slavishly follow its banks, we lose the distant mountain and runnel and vale. And yet, were we asked what national histories exist? we should not know how to answer. We might search the volumes of Greece. But what large transparent view of its affairs, its ordinary movements, its very life, do we thus obtain? It boasts, and most justly, its 'first three.' The information, more close and exact, which we seek, is not in them. Herodotus, in his wide range of nations and traditions, only indites the wars of Persia against the land of his celebrity, though not of his birth, from their beginning under Cyrus, until their termination under Xerxes, in the double and simultaneous fields of Plataea and Mycale. Thucydides has delivered to us the incidents and campaigns of the Peloponnesian war, down to its twenty-first year. He was for a time engaged in it. None can doubt his accuracy, nor resist his animation. But the eye-witness and the official partisan are not the best judges of the fact. What is gained in vividness of description is at the expense of sedate reflection and collective opinion. Xenophon bears us with him, in his *Anabasis*, from scene to scene, from mountain-pass to sterile plain,

from battle and victory to still more consummate retreat; in his affairs of Greece he completes the great Lacedæmonian struggle by bringing them to the battle of Mantinea, and the death of Epaminondas. Can these united historians—and surely no country can challenge their equals—be considered to lay open the wonders of that land, or the characteristics of that people? Rome must prefer even a lower title to a clear account of what it was. It can name illustrious chroniclers, but all its mighty tale is broken into parts, which it is often hopeless to conjoin. Cæsar describes his military progresses, or rather flights. Salust sketches a single conspiracy and a foreign war. Even Tacitus, in his *Annals*, merely draws the hideous monster, Tiberius: while his history is chiefly interesting for its pictures of Britain and Judea. Suetonius, amidst the portraiture of the imperial twelve, but little illustrates their respective times. Livy certainly finds room to expatiate between Romulus and Drusus, an interval of eight hundred years. But while other writers of history have lived too near the occurrences which they describe, he evidently lived too distant. He has met with hard justice from Niebuhr and many modern critics. It is even provoking, recalling our school-boy veneration of the old Paduan, to find his veracity so rigorously questioned. We often wondered how and whence he knew so much; but ours was most reverent credence. Alas! that a fabric so superstitiously venerated and adored, should crumble before the unimaginative temperament and mischievous acumen of those who deny their duty to believe, and their right to be convinced, save upon the laws of truth.

The volumes before us are the productions of an American. He is evidently a high-minded man. We know not prejudice against his country. We feel it, in all its great distinctions, to be our own. It has as much right to Milton and Shakespeare as ourselves: it has no better right than we have to Edwards. As noble, correct, sterling English has come from its shores as any our own can boast. Other vulgar rivalries are not to our mind. If there be in any of our critical organs and confederacies a disposition to carp at transatlantic authorship, we eschew all sympathy with it. The tastes of the two people, as likewise their habits, may not always be the same. Each may abet its own. Still is it only just to say, that the writing of our

brethren is impressed with a warmth, a vigor, a freshness, which, with all its frequent inferiority of idiom and euphony, set before us no mean rule and model.

Mr. Prescott has proved himself in this work to be most indefatigable. His industry has been immense. His sources of information were widely scattered. To bring them together could be no common labor. For almost every statement, sometimes to the unimportant and even trivial, he is prepared with his corroboration. He has taken nothing upon report and general credulity. He works his way through mountains of conflicting testimony. For ten years he was employed in maturing his design. During some years of this term, he lost the powers of sight so far as any use could be made of it in reading, and in collecting materials. It is almost impossible to conceive the bitterness of such a disappointment and the seriousness of such a disadvantage to a man engaged in his high pursuit. What could an amanuensis do in deciphering differently spelt signatures, and complexities of character and figure, which almost every paper of ancient date presents? A calamity like this would have disarmed Zoilus. But we mark no inadvertence, no failure. It would seem, that conscious incapacity had only made him more wary. His step is only the more measured and sure. We have to excuse nothing as to his care, nor is he deficient in ardor. He feels his epic-theme. He is sometimes conscious of its glory to a manifest depression. It was very suitable that a Columbian,—for the claim to the discovery of that Continent by Amerigo Vespucci is ridiculously false—should undertake the history of events in which, to this hour, he inherits a vital stake. He owes his all to it. From his mighty sea-line, his eye naturally fixes upon Spain, before any other European country. The coasts not only stand opposite to each other, and nearest of all, but this physical geography gave rise to their original connexion. How strange their respective fortunes! The monarchy which realized that new world, so magnificent with valor and victory, so adorned by art and learning—like one gilded and elaborate pageant—still the clarion boast of fame,—sunk, feeble, creditless, ignoble, waned into insignificance, withered into decrepitude! The western hemisphere crowded, towards its south, with colonists of that monarchy, far nobler in character and spirit than the race which

they have left behind,—while on its northern range a nation lives so unlike all the olden stock of this side the globe, so free, so intense, so intellectual, so self-possessed, that it can only be designed to counterpoise tyranny every where, and by its grand experiment to convince the species that liberty is social man's proper charter, as it is individual man's natural birthright! Who could have augured contrasts like these? Who could have painted these 'counterfeit presentments?' Who could have imagined that feeble, haggard parent—that high-minded juvenescent offspring? Who could have thought of those far-distant dockyards, and harbors with their powerful navy—and of a marine, the proudest of all shores, the most powerful of all seas, shattered at a blow or mouldered by disuse? We welcome our author into this field,—not only as his nation gives him every claim to be heard on such a matter, but as it ensures a strict impartiality. It is as though he and his compatriots had been shut out of all this antiquity by the laws of space, and not only by those of time. There rises up before them a past, with which for ages they have had no interest or feeling intertwined. Diplomatic relations are now regularly established between these respective countries. The romance the more captivates them who see in their own land nothing which conventionally bears that name. It is altogether new. They need not, however, regret that their youth was not so trained. They were not led through the gorgeous fable of childhood. They came forth in more masculine maturity of mind. Their romance—for they have one—is not of that nursery illusion in which older people have been bound; they have achieved their romance by enterprises of intelligence and virtue. It is not a thing of indefinable fascination: their own deeds create it. It is not fled: it yet lives on in a glowing accumulation. It is not to dream of: it is nakedly clear. It is not a past: it is rather present and to come. The danger is of a certain precocity. The education has been so manly that the mind may not be sufficiently stout for it; it has been so rapid, that it may not be properly inwrought or lastingly retained.

It might be asked, Why was not this History,—filled with exploits and discovery,—the most marvellous page which succeeds mediæval tales,—written long since? Robertson only glances at it, and that but as prologue to a later reign. Peter Martyr

(always to be distinguished from a name familiar in the conduct of the English Reformation) has left many letters which supply much contemporary information. But these are only the means and helps of history. The curate of Los Palacios is rather a garrulous and magniloquent old man. Spain in her history was for centuries unknown. The state-intrigue was rigorously closed in cabinets, the literary document was as carefully guarded in libraries; she was jealous of all publicity, she shrunk into monastic loneliness and silence. Revolution is a great pick-lock. Bars and gates give way before it. If freedom be the reward,—for alas, it is not a necessary sequence!—then the people breathe. Their spirit returns. They resolve, with deep curiosity and thirst, to explore their ancestral times. They will know the causes of tyranny the moment they reap the blessings of release. Perhaps never, until now, could the Castilian Book of Kings have been truly written, or perhaps, profitably read. Much of the lore has been rescued as from a sealed sepulchre. The lamp which had so long been twinkling in it had well nigh expired. It demanded every care and effort to turn these discoveries to any good account. But the business has been accomplished. We regard these volumes as an acquisition to the cause of historical authority and knowledge. We acknowledge ourselves debtors to their general clearness and consistency. Their spirit shows a chaste scrupulousness of mind. We can find no fault against their candor and generosity.

The work before us is the more welcome from the circumstance that the author has been somewhat anticipated by a countryman of his, a gentleman with whose magic power of invention and description it would be perilous to vie. Washington Irving has made a rhythmic period for himself. His 'well of English undefiled' plays like a fountain, with an iris on its spray and with a music in its pulsation. But in his historical fictions there is often danger. Seldom do men of genius succeed in their machinery. The chorus which was interpreter to the ancient drama never broke the continuity, nor weakened the realness, of the action. Scott's eidola are commonly coarse and constrained. Moore's Fadla-deen is a heavy incubus upon his flowing verse; and certainly, the Fray Antonio Agapida does not help the 'Chronicle of the Siege of Granada.' The vast defiles of

that country, its picturesque scenes, its serried defences, its elaborate refinements, its haughty race, its warlike costume, its sumless wealth,—the citadel of nature, the school of knowledge, the storehouse of art,—have risen up beneath the talisman of this Apocryphist in most unnecessary colors of enchantment. Truth was the only imagination to be invoked for such a narrative. It is not without some advantage, some good fortune, that the legendary went first, and that there was preparing, as he scattered his fancies, a more sober and faithful witness who knows no bias but that of evidence, who regards no dictation except that of fact.

But our approbation of the present undertaking is not unqualified. It is oftentimes cold and tame in its manner. Its style wants breadth and vigor. There is not enough of the right enthusiasm; a stronger vein of Christian philanthropy, of good-will to men, would have adorned it like a layer of gold. If the sections, which are now far removed from each other, had been placed nearer and been more coherent, the whole would have proceeded in a more natural order. The notes are often out of taste. The biographies ought to have been more interlaced with the events. From this desire of giving complete parts rather than the inwoven tissue, the reader has frequently to return to a long-deserted point, and there to begin another excursion. The hemisphere is rich in its particular stars, but needs a more general and zodiacal light.

The principal fault of the publication is in its deficiency of philosophical generalization. There was room in the subject for the minute working out of principles until they should be established as the laws of mankind. There was abundant opportunity for tracing nascent custom into the noblest institutions of civilization and government. The author might have stood close to the spring-heads of streams which now roll in tides of power and majesty, and which cover the earth with the riches of intelligence and good. He might have dealt with the roots and the causes of things. His research demanded, and should have inspired, this determination. There were many known establishments and doctrines of the present century which he should have pursued to their earliest shape and source. A fine scope offered itself of bringing together the ancient and the modern world, exhibiting the renovation of the one, through

its awful days, from the wreck of the other. He has not done this. His mind does not seem to pant for this highest fame. His endowments do not apparently qualify him in any marked manner for it. We now leave the author, with much respect and gratitude, and would offer some opinions upon that theme which he has prosecuted with most commendable diligence, though not with the highest order of success.

The name of Goth very early occurs in history, towards the decline of the Roman power. Along the great Scandinavian region, it is, in several instances, still retained, to denote particular places. 'Gothini' and 'Gothones' are mentioned either as different nations, or as one, in the work of Tacitus, 'De Situ, Moribus, et Populis Germaniæ.' It seems to be sometimes employed as a generic name. It stands for a race rather than for a tribe. It is fruitless to inquire into its etymology, or from such conjectures to infer its extent and use. It was indubitably an almost Arctic people, rising gradually into notice and influence, so that soon they impressed their name on more southern countries, and could not be overlooked by contemporary writers. Their history is one of emigration: we are almost wholly ignorant of their original or settled state. For probably they had pushed themselves thither from some Asiatic jungle or steppe. Their courses were so different, or their birth-places were so apart, that they are known to us by the grand cardinal distinctions—Ostro-Goths, Goths of the East, Visigoths, Goths of the West. The compounds are of their language, scarcely yielding a sound or sign of our own. It is in this latter branch that our chief interest at present lies. And as this column emerges from the dark forests and ice-bound fastnesses of the north, we watch their progress with the most excited notice. They are not the lawless horde, bandits and freebooters. They bear with them the ark which enshrines every type of those forms which direct and fashion modern civilization. In them is found that mind which now rules the most powerful nations of the earth, and by which they sway those which are ignorant and rude. In their occupation of a new position on the European mainland, we observe elements which are now developed in their forgetful and ungrateful descendants. Right-heartedness towards woman and wedded love was early noticed as their refined distinction, and this is the germ of the chivalry which afterwards spread its

banners and songs and elegancies over surrounding states. Elective monarchy was another feature of their nationalism; and this is the earnest of that constitutional check upon power, without which liberty must die. A people which could thus stand out from the most polished countries of their age, were naturally ordained, were actually constituted, to be the founders and patterns of all that is enlightened and ennobling in softened manners, liberal politics, and righteous laws:

Spain was a happy and prosperous country in the fourth century, being a member of the empire. Its grand divisions were Lusitania, (Portugal,) Bætica, (Andalusia, Murcia, the Algarves,) and Tarraconensis, inclusive of all besides. Its cities then were even those which still are extant, and their names may still be identified,—Emerita, (Madrid,) Corduba, (Cordova,) Seville, Tarragona. It had driven back many barbarian assaults. The vestiges of earlier possessors than the Romans may yet be marked. Celt-Iberia tells of a northern irruption; Carthagera, of the Punic arms; and Saguntum proved how possible it is to love a conqueror, by its fidelity to Rome. About ten months before the pillage of the metropolis of the world, this country had been betrayed into the hands of the Suevi, Alani, and the Vandals. Galicia was overrun by the first and the last of these invaders. The Silingi, a section of the last, made themselves masters of Bætica. The Alani claimed possession of Carthagera, and the whole of Lusitania. All this violence was considered as done to Rome. But how was that power, whose capitol had been twice besieged by Alaric, the king and chief of the Visigoths, to revenge itself? For now do we behold the wanderers, who had a second time migrated to fairer climates, beleaguering the city of the Cæsars. Nor has military organization quenched all their reverence for domestic fidelity and political liberty. In raising the twofold siege, they have exemplified forbearance, reason, kindness, and self-restraint. The prize was within their reach—ay, in their grasp—and they loosed their hold. They were influenced by ideas of antiquity, by recollections of greatness, by motives of religion. If they sought plunder, they did not wantonly attack, until subsequent provocations, relics of taste and monuments of genius. But that city was at last sacked and rifled. It was stripped of its disposable treasures. That it was burnt, in the com-

mon sense of that word, is not true. Some of its buildings were consumed. The incendiary was not always the foe. The desire to arrest the spoiler and to balk his quest, often directed the torch. Glutted with wealth and gorged with blood, Alaric now led away his nation-force. Even he does not appear incapable of honor, justice, and relenting. We behold him sometimes moderating the insolence of victory, and at-tempering the rigors of war, with courtesy. He was hastening to Sicily for the purpose of conquering Africa, when death proved, what his followers seem to have doubted, that he was mortal. An adversary now grappled with him, whom he could not mate. There is something sublime, though frightfully cruel, in his obsequies. It is as though the horrors of the Edda were to be chanted, and all the orgies of the Valhalla were to be rehearsed—the skull-cup, the blood-draught, the hell-broth, the demon-incantation. It was an apotheosis of savage grandeur and fell superstition. The Busentinus, a river flowing near the walls of Consentia, was diverted from its channel by the sternly exacted toil of a crowd of captives; a splendid mausoleum was then reared in its drained bed, for the remains of the ‘mighty hunter;’ around that tomb were hung the richest trophies which his victorious career had amassed; he lay in funereal and sepulchral state at once; there was the death-song; there were deep-wrung tears. Then came the moment when they would bury the warrior, indeed, not only his corse, but his grave. The stream was turned back to its proper direction; it broke over the bier and urn of the hero, covering him with its flood, as the last winding-sheet and the last lachrymatory; while to maintain the secrecy of that spot beyond the fear of betrayal, the captives who had wrought the gigantic labor were instantly slain; the murmurs of the river were not suffered to dirge him, without the cry of the wail which ascended with this bloody libation! The Visigoths were now in voluntary retreat. On their leader’s death, they abandoned his immediate enterprise, and retraced their steps. Adolphus, his brother, became a Roman general, pledged his fealty and that of his troops to the Imperial power,—married Placidia, sister of Honorius, and daughter of Theodosius,—obtained the lawful consent to draw off his army to resist the enemies which were still menacing his adopted country,—and soon beheld his followers settled in

Thoulouse, Narbonne and Bourdeaux. Still true to his pledge of honor and allegiance, he urged his way to recover Spain from its ruthless oppressors, and to restore it to Rome. He seized upon Barcelona. There he fell by the assassin’s hand. Singeric reigned but seven days—a poor price for his crime in dispatching the Gothic chief. Wallia was chosen by the army which Adolphus had brought into the country, as its head, and well he satisfied his trust. He extirpated the Silingi, slew the king of the Alani, conferred on his nation a perfect triumph, and gave back this great appanage to the dominion from which it had been wrested. Yet now could it only henceforth be held in titular fee, and under nominal tribute.

Theodoric, son of Alaric, succeeded Wallia. Unsuccessful in the south of Gaul, he sought the enlargement of the Gothic power in Spain. In him and in his family we mark an expansion of that mind which we have seen in its earliest rudiments—especially consisting in the care of jurisprudence and personal rights, of loyalty and civil immunities—now not wholly indifferent to polite and graceful learning. His six sons were trained to the study of Justinian’s Institutes, and to the reading of Virgil’s poems. Here is the rising of that day which we have seen to break so early. The conversion of this people to Christianity (we speak of it only as we should of any other national change) originated in their deference to that universal sovereignty of which they had become the enlisted legionaries. It had bowed its proud head, but without relinquishing its pride, to the Christian sign. The rude Northmen imitated this example; but their intellectual mould was in better accordance with Christianity: there was fire, there was strength, there was stability in it. The grandeur of the one was appropriate to the temperament of the other. The Italian was impassioned, but volatile, fickle, debauched. The Visigoth, disciplined by hardship, ennobled by alliance, now stood forth, in the fine clime he had made his own, not with rapine and violence, but as its defender and champion—the same in the primary constituents of character, but more intelligent, more socialized, more refined. He was no voluptuary, but he was no barbarian. This new religion took a powerful hold upon him. Taught through a vain symbolism, it kindled his ardent imagination. Ulphilas translated the Scriptures for him into a

Teutonic dialect, which, notwithstanding all his marches and all his colonizations, he had not forgotten; yet the Latin tongue had grown to be his vernacular. Thus were opened to him the charms of its literature, while, as the ecclesiastical language, it contained the principal stores of theology. He found it necessary, also, to concentrate. The possessions in France which this people had held, were now resigned to Clovis. It was in Spain that the Visigoths henceforth endeavored to secure themselves. They caught its patriotism—it became their home.

Such is our rapid outline. The sum of the retrospect is this:—In Spain there was, at the time we wish to date, a mixed population—it was Iberian, Roman, Northman. This last prevailed over the other two. Here it subsides into a general character; it is smoothed of its ruggedness, but it preserves its strength. We need scarcely again call it by its name; but we must always remember its origin, its revolutions, its transformations. It is a fibre which yet works through the soil; it has struck into far distant territories more propitious to it, and still it feeds the ripest fruits and supports the noblest stems. To confound this people with necessary outrage, restlessness, with all that we mean by the term barbarism, is to violate historic truth. What is the Frank, the Briton, the Norman, the Rhinelander? We would not speak of Gothic as the exponent of the marauder, but rather—though that terminology is equally incorrect—as we denominate those solemn temples, severe but florid, massive but exquisite, which seem to configure the most awful and the most tender abstractions of religion.

There is something majestic in the geography of the Peninsula. It claims the appropriation of that word, though it must be applied often on a larger scale. The Atlantic ocean rolls upon its western shores, the Mediterranean sea girds its eastern cliffs. The Bay of Biscay defends it on the north, the Straits of Gibraltar guard it on the south; that lofty, naked rock, the Calpe—the Pillars of Hercules, according to ancient nomenclature and mythology—rises as a natural bulwark, a defiance point, a throne from which to rule the subtending continent, a palace in which the ancient god Terminus might dwell. From the opposite boundary, the Pyrenees heave up their granites,—a barrier and rampart which no ordinary foe can contest—throwing vast

shadows upon the plains beyond them, enclosing ancient monarchies in their bosom, their foundations on kingdoms, their pinnacles in the clouds, their declivities in the waves.

And there is no less interest to be taken in the story of this land. Its strain is that of lofty heroism. It is not only diversified by incident, but pregnant with principle; it is a thing of range, of marvel, of moral weight. Like the bow of heaven, large is its span, and wide is its embrace; but, alas! it tells of no disparted tempest, no settled calm; the vermillion of war reddens it and the reflection of arrested light bends it. Hardly can any parallel be found to it; yet there is no chapter in it comparable to that of those royal personages of whom—their reign, their period, their influence—we have now to speak.

We have seen the origin and growth of the Visigothic power in the Peninsula. In 711, it was all but destroyed in the battle of the Guadelete, near Xeres. The Saracens had poured a large irruption into Spain, and really conquered it. In this defeat, Roderic, the frequent theme of romance and ballad, fell. They governed, however, with much moderation. That a Moslem caliphate could have been established in the heart of this country; that the mosque of a thousand marble columns could stand reflected from the Guadalquivir; that the dynasty of the Omeiyades could establish itself in independence of all oriental support; that the Arabian and infidel monarchy within larger or narrower limits, should have subsisted for eight hundred years, and the spirit of the Northman and his awful faith have been all this while unextinguished, may well astonish us. Our astonishment does not diminish when we behold the Saracen or Moor addicting himself, not only to commerce but to agriculture. The art of irrigation, the culture of tropic plants, the production of sugar, show at once the habits of peace and the advances of science. The princes of this line were not like Omar, the hater and destroyer of learning; no name shines brighter than that of Alhakem, the collector of books and the patron of scholars. During his successor's reign, the Moresco empire was broken up, and a hundred little principalities sprung out of it. Where, it may be asked, are we now to look for the Christian Goth? He is not lost. Of the twelve thousand body-guards which the monarch summoned around him, four thousand were al-

ways Christians. Whatever we may think of the incongruity, such was the fact; but they had been, though generally well governed, forced to the higher parts of the country. They sheltered themselves among the Asturias; they were not contented vassals. There was still a Christian Spain. She did not forget that all was once her own. She did not indifferently look upon the gleaming crescent; she did not ungrudgingly resign her power and fame. They soon were seen pressing downwards upon the Ebro and Douro. At the close of the eleventh century, they had victoriously approached the Tagus. There is now beheld a banner of no mean note. The Cid! the Cid! is the battle-cry. We most religiously believe in the living reality of that cavallero. We are stirred by the long-attested fame of the Campeador; we cannot doubt his exploits. We may not perfectly allow all that befell him in his pilgrimage to Compostello, nor quite give credit to his disturbance of the royal chairs at Rome; but a general truth shines round about him. We are as assured of his steed Bevieca as we are of Alexander's Bucephalus; we hold to his capture of the five Moorish kings, and to his spectacle of their chains before the gates of Bivar. Hail to Ruy Dias!

The victory of Navas de Tolosa, 1212, secured the safety and the deliverance of the Christians; henceforth they were little jeopardised. But the Arab strength was not crushed. Retreating before the arms of those whom they had held so long subdued, whom they had treated capriciously and sometimes truculently, they disputed each step, fought with their face to the foe, while they retired from the ground which they so much loved, nor betook themselves to an inglorious stand when they made good the possession of Granada for themselves. It was here that they exchanged the hopes of extension for those of defence. They found a natural fortress; they knew, from the number of their enemies, that it was in constant siege. The mountains round about them were their arsenals, their lines, their redoubts, their gates. They could shut out the pursuer, they themselves could sally at will. Many a foray did they wage; still it was a garrisoned nation—sentinel called to sentinel, post signalled to post. It was a region not only of security, but of fertility and beauty. The Vega beneath the capital, laved by the Xenil, was a plain covered with miracles of vegetation.

Lovely gardens bloomed amidst grim defiles. Almeria and Malaga unfolded their ports to the Balearic isles, and to the Levant. There rose, in the midst of the province, overtopping the metropolitic height, the Alhambra, out of which have marched fifty thousand warriors, whose frescos of richest tint to this hour are undimmed, whose fountains still make mournful music in their play and fall, whose firmer architecture has not yet begun to nod. Nature yet keeps her holiday amidst these proud monuments; her domain is only the more sweet for the shrinking away of man and his tumults; the golden citron flashes from its green leaf, the fair olive mantles in its wide-spreading luxuriance, the nightingale rests not from its lavish song.

This course of events is interesting in almost every view, but in none is it more so than as intercourse with the Moors affected the Spanish character. From them it borrowed much of its stateliness, gravity and refinement. They were the most scientific and lettered people of their age; they were versed in astronomy, chemistry, and mathematics; they venerated Aristotle; they were the earliest discoverers of gunpowder; and to them we owe that which has produced far greater as well as far more benign effects—the invention of paper. Their presence enlightened and dignified a people who were now called to take so chief a part, and to exercise so stirring an influence in the drama of the world. Nor is it less observable that between nations so extreme there existed many original conformities. Both were of that temperament which we call the cavalier—there was the knightly bearing common to them; they were alike the heirs of a religious enthusiasm—they equally united the fierce passion of blood with the propagation or avengement of their most different creeds. They acknowledged mutual conditions of treaty, or armistice, or truce. They were honorable foemen, they were generous rivals; and had not war been the national glory, or the threatening necessity of it appeared to them, exciting their ambition or awakening their fear, each might have been stimulated in social improvement by the other: both might have resistlessly stood behind their mountain-battlements, while nations had dashed themselves in pieces against their base. But an implacable hatred had succeeded to a political jealousy; fanaticism inflamed it, and it became a plot of extermination. Neither

found occasion of boast; the triumph of the Spaniard was bought at a price, and accompanied with a shock, which no foreign wealth, which no distant settlements, ever can compensate or repair.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the number of states was but four—Castile, Arragon, Navarre, and Granada. Of this last we have spoken, and again must speak. Navarre long maintained an independence, partly from the disagreement of other powers to which it ought to be attached. In the feebleness of its defence, and in the ease with which at any time it might be overcome, it found its safety. Castile and Arragon were the two great divisions. They must express to our minds much more than the modern demarcations. Arragon comprehended Catalonia and Valencia; it thus possessed a genial climate and a fine coast from the Gulf of Rosas to Cape Saint Martin, with the mouths of the Ebro between. It recounted foreign conquests in Sardinia, Sicily, and Naples; the islands lying in its seas—Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica—were like domestic possessions. A larger portion fell to Castile; her sway was far more than all the line of the great Biscayan sea in a solid oblong square of dominions, leaving Portugal and omitting Granada, from Corunna to Alicant, from Pampeluna to Cadiz. It was quite colossal for those days. It asserted its preëminence. Arragon did homage for part of its territory until the twelfth century; Navarre, Portugal, and subsequently Granada, were its tributaries.

But Castile was not only powerful; it was comparatively free. The feudal system lost its hold far earlier there than in many parts of Europe. The noble was brought within the limits of law and of penal accountability. Municipalities were established in the towns as well as in the cities. The crown collected the revenue. The troops employed by it were the citizens formed into a national militia, mustering at the call of danger, but otherwise dwelling among their own families, in their own habitations. A representative government was established so early as 1169. The use of the Cortes, and their various powers, form an inquiry which we cannot touch. The *Hermidad*, that singular banding together of cities for the preservation of their freedom, electing deputies and employing forces for these ends—that irresponsible community for reciprocal aid and defence, might tempt a few animadversions, but we restrain ourselves. Great trading corporations were established.

There was an immense development of wealth. Their members were called sometimes to the privy council, and associated in a regency. Concession after concession was made to the commons. The son of the burgess was considered as honorable a hostage as the son of the noble. No country could unfold equal advantages for all. The progress of these liberties is supposed to have reached its highest point under Henry the Third, of Trastamara, in 1393.

But the aristocracy was constantly gaining ground on the people. Their riches and retinues exceed belief. They urged patent rights to every office. They headed expeditions in their own quarrel. The grand-masterships of the military orders were grasped by them as special prizes, giving them the means of unbounded ascendancy. And yet their very arrogance only aroused the people, and the victory was not seldom on the side of liberal principles and demands.

The spiritual power was not of quick maturity, so far as the Roman papacy was involved. The native ecclesiastics possessed large influence. Their conventional institutions were numerous and opulent; but that fearful domination which a central superstition can wield, was scarcely known. Its delay only strengthened its ultimate establishment; once established, it was invested with unprecedented terrors. Bigotry built its high places here. An oppression more perfect never was conceived. It was the iron glaive—it was the ghostly wand.

While Arragon was shut up in itself, no state could deserve less consideration. It was but one of many which rose and sunk, and were swallowed up finally in the whirlpools of superior power. But through its union to Catalonia, by a royal marriage, and the conquest of the Moors in Valencia, it acquired that without which no country can be great. The Arragoneſe still might have gazed on their inland champagne territory, and remained as monotonous in character as its weary level or sluggish undulation. They might still have sown the field and hunted the prey. But when magnificent maritime possessions were set before them, the very ocean breeze seemed to wake and brace them for every enterprise. Their navy grew into great renown. Its discipline was rigid. It often sought other rewards than those of merchandise. The bold Catalans 'once on a day' seized Athens, and the sovereigns of Spain yet

claim the dukedom of that splendid ruin in their style. Barcelona became the emporium of commerce. Within its walls there was a series of guilds, out of which were selected its counsellors, men who possessed almost sovereignty. They were very nearly an independent executive. They demanded a subsidy upon every new reign. They extorted also a navigation act. The laws of this country were not dissimilar to those of its neighboring monarchy. The regal office was elective. The power of choosing was vested in twelve peers. The most admirable ordinance prevailed in the person of the Justicia. He was the genius of law. In administering the coronation oath he sat covered, while the newly-acceding prince knelt bareheaded before him. In 1442, this office was secured for life. This independence of a judge must have proved a state of substantial liberty and equal protection. Ages rolled on ere it was established in that land which exults in its Magna Charta and its Bill of Rights. Here were also Cortes, in four chambers, or ranks. It may be affirmed, as a general result, that commerce and travel are most favorable to literature. Barcelona founded a university. Among the Catalans and Valencians was kindled a poetic power which was allowed competitorship with Italy and Provence. Consistories were appointed for its encouragement and fosterage. The Limousin verse of the troubadours was cultivated to its highest excellence. And certainly Arragon, which laid claim to these two states, was inferior to either in national spirit and polite learning.

Heavy clouds were now hanging over these kingdoms, kingdoms which were soon to be consolidated into an empire of matchless fame. Civil feuds broke out in Castile. John II. was a tyrant, yet with some relentings of a better nature; he was also learned, and might have been another Beauclerc. These discontents were overpowered by the constable of the kingdom, the accomplished minister and favorite, Alvaro de Luna. This has been deemed a golden period for Castilian literature, but it languishes in contrast with that of the Arragonese. Its praises cannot be just when the collected books of the Marquis of Villana—a scholar who would have adorned any court or any country—were burnt at his death, as savoring of necromancy. John had been a patron of knowledge, but his reign, through the power of his minion, had been most disastrous. He will be best

and most favorably remembered as the father of ISABELLA. Her birth was at Madrid, April 22, 1451.

Arragon was to know its troubles. A royal minority was the source of not a few. The absence of Alfonso V. in Naples, where he fixed his residence, was no small aggravation. John II. (to be distinguished from his namesake of Castile) married for his second queen, Joan Henriquez. Of her was born in Sos, on the 10th of March, 1452, our hero—if he has not been lost in the heroine—FERDINAND. The cruel persecution of Carlos, (an unfortunate name in the royal lineage of Spain) the eldest son by a former mother, was frightfully augmented by this occurrence. Denied by his father the undoubted title to Navarre—driven as an outcast from shore to shore, he was honored by all for his virtues, as much as pitied for his misfortunes. Catalonia rose in his behalf. His native kingdom joined that of his parent in enforcing his claims. Both were covered with one flame of indignant resentment. The palace of Lerida was stormed and rifled. Carlos was restored, John and Joan being struck with dismay at the spirit of their subjects. He received a national welcome, and advanced in royal progress. But fever or poison cut short his days. His father had long schemed the espousal of the now infants of Castile and Arragon, and of these kindoms in their united dynasty: their age seemed almost conformable: the consort used all her persuasive arts, and the step-son was the victim.

The future sovereigns were cradled in the storm. John had provoked his people to exasperation. The wrongs of Blanche were now added to those of Carlos. The magnificos of Barcelona renounced their allegiance and repudiated the title of his son. Cancer destroyed his proud and cruel queen. He was smitten with temporary blindness. He fled before his own armies; he was abandoned of all. The boy, who was the innocent cause of all these political insurrections, was in imminent danger, when his party was compelled to take refuge in the tower of a church of Gerona. The Catalans had very nearly seized him. The Duke of Lorraine was the monarch of their hearts. His death deprived them of a leader; but they buried him like a king. They laid him in the sepulchre of their own kings, ere their annexation to Arragon. This latter country, though not so openly insurgent, expostulated with John on his carriage towards his son. The enthroniza-

tion of Isabella seemed as hopeless as that of Ferdinand. Her elder brother, Henry IV., now reigned in Castile. His gasconading valor disgusted all the true warrior race. His unblushing licentiousness degraded his court to the lowest degree. The profligacy of the clergy was proverbially abandoned and gross. The coinage was debased. The rule became arbitrary as it was imbecile. A strong confederacy of disgraced nobles and favorites menaced the integrity of the kingdom. The king, lost in guilty pleasures, alone seemed unaware of the danger. A little rival—the future queen might think, intruder—was announced as the daughter of Joanna, his spouse. He demanded the accustomed oath of fealty to her, as presumptive heiress. Her illegitimacy can scarcely be doubted. Alfonso, her brother, then crossed her path, Henry consenting to his succession, on the terms of marrying the little child, his own niece. The confederates, when the king disavowed this paction, absolutely, by a public masque of justice, discrowned his image and cast it to the dust. Alfonso, who was present, only eleven years old, was then proclaimed. Isabella must have been happy, for she was enriched with intellectual gifts and pious virtues, but that she was born to reign. Her preferences were not consulted; she was made the puppet of state policy or royal caprice. Once was she doomed to the arms of a man of as hateful character as low pretensions, but the Master of Calatrava died while journeying to receive his bride. Her example, when removed to the licentious court of her brother, remained spotlessly pure. The battle of Olmedo only protracted the civil struggle which now raged through the land. She, however, sought the protection of her brother Alfonso, a youth, like Carlos, worthy of the highest esteem and admiration. He fell, most likely by treacherous means, into an untimely grave. It was then that she was tried, as was Jane Grey, by the confederates, to accept the crown. She solemnly refused, maintaining that so long as Henry lived it could not be vacant. The Marquis de Villana, unlike our Northumberland, could not prevail. The reward of loyalty and purity came at last. At Toros de Guisardo, amidst a splendid convocation of the highest dignitaries of the realm, Henry embraced his sister, recognized her as his successor, while, shortly after, the Cortes confirmed her title amidst the people's acclamations of applause.

She was now 'the rose and expectancy of that fair state.' Many a suitor came; our crook-backed Richard is supposed, though not by personal courtship, to have negotiated the important question from afar. Her affections were fixed on Ferdinand. He was rather younger than herself, of comely features and proportions, addicted to manly exercises, and endowed with many generous qualities. She also perceived the immense advantage of this union of kingdoms. The disposition in this case was mutual. Their peoples were of the same race and tongue. Their national character was of one mould. Mutual safety required the intermixture. But when she gave her consent to her youthful admirer, when the articles of marriage had been signed, her course of true love, like that of humbler channels, ran not smooth. She escaped from espionage and durance to Valladolid. But where was Ferdinand? He must come as bridegroom and king. Never had his fortunes apparently sunk so low. He was found at Saragossa. The frontier was watched by his enemies. Ambushes were set to surprise and intercept him. He set out, travelling chiefly by night, as a muleteer. He had but six attendants, and the better to preserve his disguise, whenever the party reached an inn, he waited upon them. Princes do not escape common accidents; at one of these inns he left a no very well-furnished purse behind. Reaching Osma, where his friends awaited him, they mistaking him, a lombard discharged from the rampart a heavy stone, which shot very near his head. But now all was safe. Success only was reserved for him. He was in his eighteenth year, she a year older. His expression of countenance, according to the pictures of him, is rather serious and downcast; hers more animated, steady, and serene. Their moral physiognomies it is more interesting and useful to study!

The happy couple were about equally poor. The exchequer of Arragon was exhausted. That of Castile was not at command. But on the morning of the 19th of October, 1469, their nuptials were celebrated most publicly, if not magnificently. A dispensation was necessary, as they were within the prohibited degrees of blood. This proved to be a forgery, but they were ignorant of it. When a true one was obtained, some years afterwards, she learnt, for the first time, the fraud that had been practised upon her. Great was her pious

indignation at the imposture. The perfidies of Henry had not ceased. They were constantly plied to harass and embroil the little court of Aranda. Twice in this interval Ferdinand had been summoned to the assistance of his father and liege in Arragon. The death of her wretched brother placed the crown upon Isabella's head, 11th of December, 1474. She was the people's choice. She knew that no descent, that no testament, was equal to this. She was proclaimed in Segovia, *queen proprietor*.

Their happiness seemed to be in danger of an early wreck. She having been inaugurated during his absence, though his name was announced before hers; and the ceremonial having conceded to her the sovereignty of right, and intimating that he reigned only by that right; it became a serious difficulty how their relative powers should be adjusted. A Castilian would only be governed by a native sovereign. That title must, therefore, be always preserved and understood. She could not be 'imperial jointress.' The royal seizin was in her. William and Mary of England do not offer illustration. The latter ascended the throne by her birthright; but her birthright was absorbed in the Act of Settlement. A shadow was only left her. She was not queen regnant in any virtual sense. Her effigies upon the coinage was almost the only fact which seemed to bespeak her vested power. But the case of Isabella was different. Ferdinand was the first male heir to the throne of Castile: the Stadtholder had no such claim. But she was direct heiress, and no Salique law affected the succession. No paternal abdication and outlawry brought her right into shade. The husband was at first offended, but soon grew reconciled to the partition of power with one so reasonable and good. They were called the Royes. The claims of her rival kept him in the field. There he displayed both skill and prowess. The victory of Toro all but cleared the dominions of a rebel, and gave him time to expel the French from Guipuscoa, and to settle the feuds of Navarre. The crown of Arragon, which had now devolved upon him, required his frequent presence in his hereditary kingdom, while the queen stands forth the more conspicuously in her diversified greatness. Whether it be in the arrangement of police, or the suppression of tumult, or the reformation of abuses, she presided in person, and her spirit pervaded all. The castles of robber-chiefs were razed

to the ground. The sovereigns themselves dispensed justice. Weekly they sat in a public tribunal for the purpose. Law was revised and digested. The license of the nobles was restrained. The Popedom was resisted with a firmness which it had not hitherto known. Its legate was spurned. It was compelled to yield every disputed point. All the great sees, contrary to long usage, were filled with natives. The coinage was restored to its denominated and standard value. All foreign books were admitted free of duty. Agriculture and trade revived. Education advanced. If the prerogatives of the monarchy were enlarged, it was only by its being more respected.

We are compelled to vision for ourselves the happiness of a country now made one—where traffic knows no restriction, property suffers no exaction, and liberty brooks no bond—governed both by manly and feminine excellence—blest with the finest of climates and the richest of soils—veined by minerals—sluiced by rivers—varied by the softest valleys and the sublimest mountain-crests—covered with a people of generous ardor, and solemn sedateness—justice impartial, law supreme—that people sprung from the noblest stems—and, as we imagine the happiness of such a country and such a people, we at once pronounce that Spain must have been its chosen home. And so, when this royal pair sate at first upon their common throne, the fifteenth century could show no comparison with the true glories of their realm. Charles VIII., a minor, has succeeded the infamous Lewis XI. Edward V., likewise a minor, has the bloody Gloucester for his protector, and England is ravaged by 'the bloody and deceitful boar.' The star of the Tudors is about to rise, but most baleful is its general influence. We shall see that all was calculated to confer transcendent happiness on this nation, but that there was an element, soon to be disclosed, which marred it all!

What a theatre of wonders swells out upon us! The organization of the kingdom is a model for states. It is a noble pyramid. It is based upon the popular consent and love. The dread of an all-searching justice casts the brigand and the wrong-doer out of the land. Reform is carried into every administration. The traveller is as safe as the citizen. The mountain villa, amidst its vineyards, smiles secure. The burghers treasure the charter of his enfranchisement. The rustic eats the bread of content. Labor obtains its just rewards.

Serfdom and feudalism are swept away.

Was *literature* wanting? Repairing the defects of her own education, though from childhood acquainted with the principal foreign languages, Isabella gathered and bestowed libraries, precious remains of which form the foundation of the great Bibliotheca of the Escorial. She sought to make her children, the *infantas*, as well as the heir-apparent, well versed in all substantial and elegant knowledge. As devotedly did she urge and provide for the education of the youthful nobility. The scholars of distant countries were invited for this special purpose. Nor was it unavailing. The son of the Duke of Alva taught in the university of Salamanca. The son of the Count of Xaro, who, like his father, became grand constable of Castile, read lectures on Pliny and Ovid. The son of the Count of Paredes occupied the chair of Greek in the university of Alcala. Lebrica and Barbosa are inextinguishable names. Professorships were even held by illustrious females. Names live in the history of those colleges that vindicate the intellectual equality of the sex. The influence of the queen's example is here fairly inferred. The most learned authors even requested her criticism and suggestions. Happily, printing was introduced into this country in the first year of her reign. Seven thousand students were at one time at Salamanca. The course of learning was well begun. The ancient languages were cultivated. The classic stores were unburied. Antiquity was awakened unto the minister of instruction and arbiter of taste. To more solid erudition, the charm of a lighter literature may be added. Minstrelsy never sung a more pleasing lay. The *romanceros* survive, in their flowing *redondilla*, full of tenderness and melancholy mirth. These collections preserve high specimens of lyric, ballad, and ditty. The dramatic mind did not very fully evolve itself at this period; but preparations were accumulating, and germs were bursting even then, which were afterwards more matured in Lope de Vega and Calderon.

Was *chivalry* wanting? We speak not now of that pedantic adventure which the satire of Cervantes scourged and destroyed, the solemn buffoonery of what had passed away. We speak not of that religious type which it expresses—a cruel zealotism against the disciple of another faith; for the pomegranate, the symbol of Granada, was often borne in the turban of the Musulman, when he closed with the Castilian

red-cross knight. But chivalry was a high mood of mind. In its proper age, it softened and humanized the fiercer passages of war. Its voice was courtesy. Its bearing was generosity. It could not draw its sword nor tilt its lance but in a quarrel which was approved. It had its courts, and laws, and appeals. Reproach was as fatal to its scarf and braveries as fear. It may be compared (we confess that we prefer a pagan illusion in any deeds of force) to some goddess interposing herself between ancient heroes. Every thing is to be measured according to its times. A modern author* has denounced it because 'it fostered a sense of honor rather than of duty.' The charge is just. But was it not much that such honor could be felt, and its dictates obeyed, in so tumultuous an age? A siege was raised, when it was asked, ought woman—for a woman defended the castle—to be thus assailed? When the Count de Cifuentes was surrounded by six Moors, their leader rebuked them for their cowardice. To this we may assign the quarter offered to the fallen foe, little known in former battles. However, therefore, trifling to us are Amadis of Gaul, the family of the Palmerins, and the fables through which they are conducted, the reader, who will pause, must mark in them traits of character and touches of feeling, amiable sentiments and gallant sacrifices, which, seizing upon a romantic fancy, would descend to all the better springs of sensibility—must mark a power which could tame the wild and attemper the rude. The half-savage Catalan had been wrought into his noble independence by his native tales; we may deride Tirance el Blanco and Parteno de Blois, yet was a race partly moulded by them, which, to this day, has not lost its fearless love of freedom. The epoch we contemplate includes the fairest portion of chivalry, after its infant romanticism and before its anile decline.

Was *conquest* wanting? Reserving our views of war, we can speak but historically, nor can we hide from ourselves that nations which exist later than the fifteenth century, place much of their glory in victory, and raise monuments to their champions. Spain would not have been rated powerful and glorious without the success of arms. And one domestic field was yet left her! Granada had promised, by the most solemn treaty, to pay tribute. It was now refused

* The Rev. Dr. Arnold.

in terms of defiance. This was in 1476, two years after the accession of Isabella. Five years elapsed, and the thought of conflict could not be remote. But the court of Castile had many weighty matters in hand. It was politic, to say nothing more, to suffer the Moslem to strike the first blow. The haughty answer of Muly Abul Hassan, that 'his mint coined no longer gold, but steel,' was not forgotten: but the seizure of Zahara by him, during a night storm, the butchery of its garrison, and the captivity of its people, left the monarch no alternative but war—a war which could scarcely look to any other end than the uprooting of the Paynim race. The religious prejudice against the Moor, which once burnt so strong, the thirst for his blood, which was once deemed so meritorious, especially in the early part of the fourteenth century, had for some time cooled. Then it might be seen in its keenest encounters. It was the price of salvation. It was the martyrdom of faith. So Douglas, bearing the heart of Robert the Bruce, at his dying request, to be deposited in the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem, turned aside towards Spain, with his votive charge, to assist Alfonso XI., the young king of Castile and Leon, who was then contending with Osmyn and the Saracen force. In that field he perished. Mutual forbearance had since that period been maintained. Friendly visits of the respective courts had been interchanged. The chevaliers of both nations had contended in tournament and joust. But all restraints were now dashed down. The Spaniard breathed to heaven the oath that he would not unbelt his sword while the infidel remained in the land. The Saracen felt that this outrage had numbered the days of his power. Extermination, on the one or the other side, must be the award of the arbitrement to which both now moved. The first resentment was of a private character. Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, led forth an army of his own friends and dependents against Alhama, which he surprised with astonishing ease and dispatch. Though almost immediately invested with the troops from Granada, from which it stood at no great distance, they were obliged quickly to disappear before the succors of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. It was again attempted to be rescued, but in vain. Ferdinand marched into it with a brilliant cortège of prelates, warriors, and grandees, purifying it with religious rites, and celebrating its

capture with high festivities. Isabella was the spirit which animated the most foresighted preparations by sea and land. Cantonment and blockade hemmed in the foe. Her husband was fully roused. But the first grand attack upon Loja was fearfully repelled. The enemy drove back the monarch and his finest levies. He had a very narrow escape. It was, indeed, a rout. But this reverse was of the greatest advantage. The disasters of the Axarquía taught a more wary stratagie, and a more combined strength of field operations. The kind of munitions was now studied, as well as their amount. Artillery was brought to bear where cavalry could not act. Roads were levelled, and bridges sprang from hill to hill, from gorge to gorge. The citadels which crowned every eminence, which escalade could only hope to attack, were now battered by ordnance dragged to their very gates. The eyrie of the eagle was torn and shivered. And now for nine years (for the Moresco war boasts a Trojan decade) there was one series of successful siege and fray. Zahara was retaken; Malaga, defended from Gebalfaro by Hamet Zeli with his fierce Gomeros, yielded, after the bitterest sufferings of slaughter and famine; Baza saw not an encampment, but a rival city rising upon it, and submitted to obdional machinations unknown before; and at last Granada was entered by its royal conquerors—the cross was lifted on the Alhambra; bells, the mystic music of Christian piety in woe or gladness, sent forth their joyous chimes; and the Saracen power was not only for ever banished from its glorious halls and cities, but also dislodged from the more glorious mountains which had now for ages been the girdling defence and the pillared theatre of its gallantry, its literature, its patriotism, its religion. The conquest was complete. No doubt a religious enthusiasm was gratified by it. It had been a favorite project. It was the downfall of a superstition most inimical to Christianity. On the death of the sovereigns, their bodies were borne thither, and laid in the monastery of the Alhambra, until they were removed to the mausoleum erected for them by their grandson, Charles the Fifth, in the metropolitan church. The Moors of the Alpuxerras and in Sierra Vermeja rose after the reduction of their capital; but they were soon subdued. Our business is not to justify a war which afterwards sunk into a dragonade. The sovereigns deemed it but a just reclamation

of possessions which had belonged to their country, and the terms of capitulation allowed to the Moors all the rights of property and religion.

Was *discovery* wanting? The Canaries were discovered by some Biscayan navigators, 1393, and consequently were of Spanish claim. This seemed to harbingers a more enterprising research in that world of waters. In 1419, the Madeiras were known. In 1439, the Azores sheltered the shipwrecked Banderberg. In 1474, the Cape de Verd Islands were explored by the Portuguese. The Peninsula thus led the way. Yet was it called, of old, Hesperia, as though the farthest western country of earth. Many had reasoned, and more had dreamed, that there was a continent beyond. But little of that hydrography was understood. The sphericity of our planet was not allowed. Galileo, more than a century after, was cast into prison for asserting its revolution round the sun. Pontiffs curiously blundered, when they doled the distribution of new-discovered lands. But it was for this reign to seize an empire little short of boundless. The means, however the acquisition was afterwards abused, were philosophic and benevolent. Providence, which ever prepares its agents, and often where man would least expect to find them, had secretly furnished, in its merciful wisdom, the mind of a foreign seaman for this laying open of the Western Hemisphere. Christopher Columbus was of lowly parentage, but his mathematical education was assiduously and successfully secured. At fourteen years of age he was engaged in nautical business. Charts and maps were his delight. A high poetic temperament beat in him. His soul labored with one thought. His eye followed the setting sun, then gazed on the stars which stood over it, and he seemed to dwell in those far-off confines of enchanted beauty and exhaustless wealth. To bear Christianity to those strangers whom he loved as brethren, was the inward fire which animated all his other hopes. He emulated not the oppressor's rod: he sought not the buccaneer's treasure. He would lead the old world to the new for the benefit of both. He erred, and more than once. His errors became occasions of hateful wrongs. But his judgment, though misinformed, was ever sincerely and nobly pure. His intentions were perverted; but in their native consciousness they were full of philanthropy. What man, what historic man, stands

out in such dimensions of greatness? Who has laid an equal debt upon his species? His name is not graven on a pillar, but on the keystone of the arch which spans and binds the earth! What countries might have won the honor of that true hero, and of his illustrious expedition! The little Adriatic republic spurned its ship-boy. Portugal then received the proffer of his service, but opposed all his plans, though, having learnt them, it meanly attempted to anticipate their execution. Venice was the next state at whose door the adventurer knocked. Had it opened to him—had it but smiled upon him—what a jewel had shone in its ducal bonnet! How truly might it have married the sea! What a dowry would have been exchanged for its affianced ring! Britain had well nigh grasped the renown. Henry VII. graciously received Bartholomew, the brother of Columbus; but there was delay, he being taken captive in his way thither, and by long imprisonment was prevented the pleading of the case. In the meanwhile, another determination was taken. He entered Spain, and endeavored to enlist it in the solution of the stupendous problem. The war with Granada was at its height. The mind of the nation was too agitated for cool calculation. The sovereigns remitted the application to a council of examination. The report was discouraging. Five years' delay and trifling had almost broke his heart. He had resolved to seek the favor of Castile no more, disgusted with the intrigue of Cordova, and the stolidity of Salamanca. He was now on his way to France, whose king had written to him during these trials of his hope.

The procrastination had consumed him; but his confidence he had never lost. A sudden change took place in his affairs. He was invited to the camp of Granada, or rather to Santa Fé, that city which superseded the camp, the work of only three months, that rose with solid masonry and watch-tower, braving the metropolis and fortress of ages. He arrived in time to witness the subversion of the Moorish state; he saw all the ceremonies of that exchange of sceptres and religions. He then stood as a spectator in that crowd: few knew him: yet of all that thronged array of title, wealth and power, who might compete with him? Could that great host be summoned back to earth as then it gathered, who is the individual that we should first search out with an instinctive preference to all be-

side? Isabella was so moved by his arguments, that she avowed her readiness to pawn her jewels, if the treasury should prove insufficient for the undertaking. But the greatness of his character raised an apparently insurmountable obstacle. Others may read simply his vanity and his cupidity in his terms. They were not likely to be conceded. He would not abate them. He challenged what he thought his rights. He spake as a creditor, and pointed to the debt. His was a sublime prophecy. He went forth on no forlorn hope nor possible failure. The pauper, the mendicant, leading a motherless child by the hand, thankful for the food apportioned at the convent-gate, projects for himself hereditary honors and possessions, the fee of which lies in worlds yet to be substantiated and sought. All is present to him. He grasps his birth-right. The realms are unfolded. The mines are upheaved. He is surrounded by kingdoms and spoil. A new world blesses him for throwing open its gate, and for entering it with Christianity. The wanderer, blighted in his affections, unprovided with to-morrow's meal, scorned for his poverty, and still more for his rhapsody, exacts a price greater than the ransom of kings, and only less than their honors, while he has not a raft for the achievement on which all depends! We dwell upon his lofty bearing at this crisis, when his spirit might have drooped, when his confidence might have tottered, as the augury of a supernatural inspiration. We behold in the allowance of his demands, a marvelousness only short of their urgency. His dignities are patented, and his rewards vested, ere he has cleaved a wave.

In Palos, a little port of Andalusia, is presently seen his humble craft. No gallant navy rides there: no tall admirals, no galleons, are moored there. Two caravels, vessels without a deck, and a larger bark for stores, are all the allotted force. The 3rd of August, 1492, breaks, and he bears away. Who can peruse his soul? Who can intermeddle with his joy when he gazed on the gleam of light borne steadily along as by a human hand on the shore of the Bahamas? We need not follow his triumphs, nor number his trophies—Cuba and Hispaniola, the South American continent, and virtually, by his appropriation of Darien, the North. We need not tell of his checkered fortunes,—his first return gave him an ovation from the port of his outset to Barcelona, where the monarchs now sojourn-

ed. He became their companion rather than subject. Spain, in all its ranks, proclaimed its loudest greeting to the man who had indefinitely multiplied its empire, who had opened riches to it which left those mines, on which Europe had hitherto depended, unworthy of a labor or a care, and who had covered it, by the acquisition of these mighty regions, with a blaze of glory which their occidental sun only could depict. His third return was as a prisoner loaded with chains, which chains, the memorials of ineffable ingratitude, he ever after carried with him, though he might forget the insignia of his nobility, suspending them in every chamber where he slept, and commanding that they should be buried in his grave. What a country had he made! The Indies, as those regions were then emphatically called, spread out into interminable colonies, imprinted with the most patriotic names of the parent-state, he left as his grand bequest! He had not gone forth the corsair, or the warrior,—he loved his country, but he loved the world far more! That country—with its Mexico, its Peru—then might have arisen in character such as no rival bore—then did amass golden signiories such as no contemporary could boast!

Was *heroism* wanting? This claim belongs not to our choicest admiration; it addresses not our best taste. But if there must be war, there must be leaders. Nor does our absence of moral affinity with the system of war hide from us its possible justice as well as its possible necessity. In this dreadful calling, men of prowess have been seen of no ordinary virtues. High-souled honor, gentleness, forbearance, hatred of strife itself, have at least occasionally appeared. Spain was never deficient in the soldiership of her sons when the hour of danger pressed. She called not to the seafarer and the mountaineer in vain. The noble was invariably trained to arms; he appeared not himself except with spear, and casque, and steed. Her very national spirit too well inflamed: her love of earthly glory, her ambition, her irritableness, her resentment of wrong, her pride of heraldry, were always suitable dispositions on which public alarm or aggrandizement might vibrate; and there is no difficulty in singling out names of military celebrity. Alonso de Aguilar, who fell in the last encounter of the Moors, was polite, a master of his terrible science, a pattern of chivalry, the delight of his country, the fifth of a lineal

race that followed the same banner, and were shrouded by it in death. Carillo, archbishop and cardinal though he was—and in this many of his confreres followed him—donned the mail, and headed the charge. The Count of Tendilla exemplified moderation of the most self-possessed and benign character, and he, who was the bravest of the brave, won the insurgents of the Albaycin by his mild expostulations. But there is a champion who fills this reign with exploits which even his era cannot match. Gonsalvo was hailed by all as the Great Captain. Other lands thus acclaimed him as well as his own. In him were combined all the qualifications of a chief. His courage we do not describe; the want of it is the soldier's vice, rather than its possession can be called his virtue. But courage has its degrees—his was the highest:—its attributes—his was most chivalric. He could retreat as nobly as he could advance: his eye was sleepless, and everywhere. Quick, he could seize every advantage; inexhaustible, he could repair every loss. He was cool as he was ardent—deliberate as prompt. He looked to the morals as well as to the organization of his armies. He could brighten reverse: he could soften victory. His bearing to the vanquished was full of considerate generosity. He knew how to rule those whom he had subdued. His services were unwearied, principally in Italy. When calumny darkened his fair fame, it was as little injured as the sun by a temporary eclipse. When his sovereign doubted his sincerity, and listened to the detraction of his enemies, his loyalty, large and provident, though not blind and obsequious, remained warm and steadfast. He adorned retirement from public trust and employment, when false-hearted courtiers traduced him, and drove him to his estates. There he exercised hospitality the most splendid, welcoming to his hearth the learned and the good. He lived in kind intimacy with his tenantry, and was always ready to protect the Moor, who still lingered in Granada, from the rapacity of power and the rancor of persecution. Again is he summoned to command, and again is he betrayed. But his spirit was not to be subdued; his greatness could not be soiled. He died of sudden illness; and never did his country so feel any loss, so mourn over any tomb. The nation, as with one sob of wailing, hearsed his ashes to their resting-place. There he slept, with more than a hundred banners taken

from the foe waving over him; and posterity has but confirmed the excellence of his character and the award of his fame.

Was *statesmanship* wanting? Two names are of high account. Each of these ministers presents many a point of inconsistency; but remembering the epoch, (of which we must constantly remind ourselves,) they were men of pure, disinterested, public virtue. In the first, we observe more kindness and manhood; in the second, all is denaturalized rigor and maceration. Both were ecclesiastics, and both were warriors; both were taken from the cowl and cloister, and both received the pall and hat. The one was of patrician extraction; the other, of humble condition. Gonzalez de Mendoza belonged to the illustrious house of Santillana. He was promoted from Seville to Toledo, the primacy. He did not affect severity of manner. He was somewhat of the courtier,—evil report made him even worse. He was soon welcomed to the confidence of Isabella, though he was not her confessor. The functions of political and spiritual director are not very compatible. It had been better, however, if this had been the case, than that her mind should have been warped by the cruel counsels of Torquemada. He gave all his power, and brought that of his family, to her cause; he committed his utmost fortunes to her claims. This patriotic and liberal minister of whom she now sought advice, and who influenced her measures for twenty years, was worthy of her trust; he always sought the conversion of the Jew and the Mahometan by the simple process of persuasion. At the command of his sovereign, he compiled a catechism with this very purpose, to bring those wanderers into what was deemed the only fold of safety and of peace. In him, Columbus, worried by the cavils of bigots, always found a friend. His ascendancy might have been justly envied, but for this direction of it, for he was called the third King of Spain. He was the patron of learning and the champion of liberty. For the purpose of receiving the edification of his graces in death, though, perhaps, still more to profit by his civil wisdom to the last, when he lay, amidst his mortal struggle, in his palace of Guadalaxara, the court, with the two sovereigns, repaired to the immediate neighborhood. There they attended and honored the dying counsellor. He whom they had loved to raise to every distinction of life, was not the less loaded with their

favor when he was no more. To enter Granada first, and to prepare it for their entry, was the singular mark of their gratitude in the proudest hour they had known,—and now Isabella became his executrix!

Ximenes could be as warlike as Mendoza; the difference was, that the former would wear his panoply over his Franciscan shirt; the other, his crimson over his panoply. We are now contemplating one of the most extraordinary characters of history. He is the same, whether the prisoner of Santorcaz, the anchorite of Gastanar, or the generalissimo of Oran. In 1492, he succeeded Mendoza, at his dying request; he was also appointed to the charge of the royal conscience; but he never abandoned the monastic rule. He kept his retreats. He was still the Recollèt, and even the Observantine. Covered with the splendors of the palace, he, as Provincial of his order, maintained all its austerities, travelled on foot in his visitation of the different convents, and subsisted on alms. His animal nature seemed perfectly subdued; his control of the spiritual appeared not less perfect. Power and elevation produced no change upon him, nor, according to semblance, any change in him. We cannot dive into the soul; it held its own trackless way. But it belongs to the moral contour of that age and of that system, that a man shall be lost to pomp and pleasure though all their furniture is at his command—that he shall repel the most seductive advances of ease and indulgence, always without hypocrisy, and soon without even effort, and yet that his spirit shall be concentrated into one large passion, and move, thus compressed, to one great end. The inner life is the whole of that man. The hidden flame draws into itself every weaker fire. The emaciated body might signify that the only force retained by the mind was high contemplation; the sunken eye might tell only of thoughts withdrawn from earth; still the attenuated frame may be the worn sheath of a too active sword; and the eye, buried in its socket, may throw its light back upon a world which is but the reflection of that in which all conflicts live. Of this great absorption, to which all things yield,—this master sway,—we have some stupendous examples. But we can find none equal to that before us. It was ambition. Let us not think, however, of this in its common idea. Self was little concerned in it—it was purged of

whatever was sordid and mean. It knew no art to use—it never fawned—it never dissembled—it never oppressed. It was an adoration of power. That power was sought in the force of mind. Ximenes was intent upon it, but he commonly wielded it in a majesty of repose. Personally, he was fearless: he cared not for arrows nor bonds. A beggar's wallet would have supplied him with all the food he coveted; the fountain was his draught, and the rude board his bed. Delicacies he would none. Roofed by palaces, he sighed for his hermitage. It is impossible to deny to him a strong religious feeling. Acting upon the love of power, the pure energy of commanding influence, it made him a reformer, and it made him a persecutor. How much the great cœnobitic institutions of his country owed to him—how he corrected their abuses and recalled their principles—how he paused not, amidst clamor and opposition, until he left the religious abodes, which had been profaned by luxury and licentiousness, sanctuaries of piety and foundations of charity, his native historians love to record. How he well nigh kindled afresh the embers of war which had lain smouldering in Granada since its surrender—how he withstood the conciliatory measures of Tendilla, its alcaide, and the tolerant dispositions of Talavera, its archbishop—how he aroused the spirit of a people all but crushed by his eager attempts to proselytize them, the historians of all countries relate. In other men, we should call such conduct throughout his active life, self-will: in him it was a mighty soul, moving upon its own pivot. It was not as a bark held by its anchor, yet turned by the tide and heaving with the wave. Outward influence he would not allow. His wisdom and discretion will be assailed. Let us judge him on two points. Do we demand his justification of the Italian wars? This is explicit. The claim of Ferdinand to Naples was, *de jure* and *de facto*, right. The French invaded and would have usurped. Do we question his treatment of the Moors? The impolicy of suffering such an unnatural mixture must be obvious. If this people had been incorporated with the nation under common laws and privileges, the difficulty would not only have been conquered, but the benefit must have been immense. This had been overlooked in the generous but mistaken terms granted by the sovereigns. The consequence was, that polygamy was

actually defended by statute in a country whose Christian inhabitants regarded it as a deadly vice. The vicinage of the Saracenic debauchery had been already most corrupting. The mind of the politician and the churchman abhorred and dreaded the defilement of the land. His means were unrighteous; his idea was, nevertheless, most pure, and his motive most sincere. Unlike his predecessor, he died in neglect. His tender of loyalty to Charles was superciliously thanked and declined. He was dismissed, but in state. Doubtless it was a cold poison to his spirit. His last days,—they were but few, ‘two months—nay, not so much—not two,’ disease, disgust, and age fulfilled their work. Yet was there no resentment. It could not be said of him, ‘*Vita cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.*’ That unconquerable soul was breathed out in hope and gentle peace. That presence, which the world had felt like some simple but tremendous agent of nature, left man but with a sigh. The hand which had poised crosier, sword, and, during his regency, sceptre likewise, now attempted to scrawl a letter to his relentless monarch, but it failed. From the palsied characters, which he could not complete, no mention of his anger could be gathered. Some bystanders thought they could decipher *Alcala*, where he matriculated in youth, which he often visited while in the zenith of his power, and where he desired that his bones might rest. It can be only conjecture what he asked; yet is there room for guess. Unlike our Bede in all beside, he was cheered in his dying moments by the progress of the Complutensian Polyglot, which was printing in his beloved university, for which he had studied in his earlier retirements, and on which he had expended, for he seems to have received little aid, nearly a quarter of a million sterling. To the monk of Lindisfarne his copyists told, as he gasped in death, that the Gospel of John was completed, and he died in an ecstasy of grateful praise. Ximenes learnt only just before his death the completion of this Bible, and sang thanksgiving to God with his dying voice. Other lords cardinal have trod the stage of imperial power. What is their repute beside this honest man? Richelieu is shrouded in his memory with his web of falsehood and duplicity; Mazarine is remembered with little distinction for his suppleness of expedient and time-serving; Wolsey still points the moral of greedy avarice and burly pride. These

were sycophants, and of course were oppressors. Whom had Spain’s mighty one deceived or wronged? When had he stooped? When did he worm a tortuous way? Who could cast the stone at him for the shadow of a vice? Who accused him of ‘itching palms?’ What tincture disfigured him of nepotism? Was there a poor relative whom he scorned to recognize or forgot to relieve, while knowing that his riches were supplied him, not to found a family, but a trust for his country and his God? No stewardship could be more clear. His hands were pure. His latest acts of power were on behalf of the Hispaniolan slaves. He sought not power; it fell to him. The sudden passion seized him. The glitter, the parade, the plaudits were no portion of it. In its administrations, there is a character of inexorable-ness; but it is power in justice, in reform, in benevolence, in moral discipline and expurgation. There is fearfulness in the very simplicity of such a mind, thus condensed and thus actuated: it is something that Dante might have dreamed, and Michael Angelo have drawn.

Was *royalty* wanting? We cannot uniformly approve the conduct or the principles of Ferdinand. It is often difficult to discriminate his course from that of his august spouse; yet in his youth there was daring, independence, and self-possession. In military leadership, the king is but an accident, save as he is endued with the genius of command. But he was the head of leaders. We find him braving all the dangers of long and arduous systems of operations. He pitches his tent—he charges the enemy—he enters the trenches—he patrols the walls. Generally he is lenient when he must punish. He is mindful of treaties, save in the surrender of Malaga, when he overreached the plainly understood conditions. He was the first monarch who could perceive how nations might combine for mutual security. We read of no earlier resident embassies than those which he appointed at foreign courts. His moral character will not bear investigation. He was phlegmatic. His caution often degenerated into weakness. There was no buoyancy, no magnanimity. He won no confidence of friendship. Only did one love him, and that was not a subject’s love. Even that love was bitterly tried. He never encouraged Columbus in his obscurity; and though he was proud of the fame of the more than conqueror, he neglected and higgled

the promised reward. As if envious of Gonsalvo, he sought every ground of quarrel, even to personal offence, and then met the promises of honor with insolent evasion—'I am not in the vein: thou troublest me.' So long as he retained that princess, who had in every sense exalted him, much of his natural littleness was hidden or redeemed; but when she died, he was seen alone. She had nominated him Regent of Castile, showing that to reign was not his right; and even his regency was only bequeathed or ratified, because of the incapacity of Joanna, to whom the nation's oath of allegiance was sworn. The crown which he had worn for thirty years, must be laid aside. But the remains of the queen were scarcely cold, when he showed how soon he could barter his heart. Henceforth is he manifestly kept up by his advisers and generals. Every moment that he is left, he sinks under the exigence. Still he died not without lamentation. When the people mourn, there must be a bereavement. But it is a task to speak of Isabella in a sober commendation. The simplest statement rises into panegyric. It is almost to shock the moral sense to speak of her purity. Surrounded by dissolute manners, at that time creating no blush and involving no shame, she was not only without the shadow of a stain, but would have shown a Lucretia where all was spotless. She might have recorded her whole of married life as Cornelia did hers, yet not as did the Roman matron, when she spoke of equal fidelity—'*Viximus insignes inter utramque facem*.'* The education of her children was her care. By a studious regard to time and order, she found a season for every duty; but in her domestic affections, she found her deepest wound. How she felt her woman's wrongs where she had given heart and crown, she was too generous to have made known. The death of her son, the heir of the consolidated kingdoms, filled the nation with mourning: who can search the sorrows of her heart? Amiable, learned, devout, temperate—a Marcellus—new from his bridal, the corner-stone of every project and hope, we need not wonder at the nation's wail, but rather at the mother's resignation—'*O nate, ingentum luctum ne quære tuorum*!'† Her widowed daughter of her own name, the relict of Alonzo, having remarried with Emanuel, King of Portugal, died in childbed less than a year

after the young Prince of Asturias. The child was male, and had he lived, would have ruled over the whole Peninsula. But he died before he was two years old. Joanna was unhappily united to Philip, and soon betrayed signs of mental aberration. Wave after wave rolled over the royal mother. She calmly emerged from all. But the waters had come in unto her soul. She languished under pining grief. There was no seclusion, no neglect of business, no parade of woe: she was still the sovereign. The dint of her spirit did not unbend. She blended with the most feminine sensibilities, all the qualifications for managing the different offices of empire. She now suppresses tumult; she then, clad in armor, inspires the host. She shares the camp—she rallies the rout—she assists the siege—she can persevere in reforms, when all besides misgives. She deserves the honor of every lofty act her husband performed, who would have undone every thing too, except for her constancy and impulse. Her favorite passion—she had imbibed it from infancy—was the conquest of Granada. She breathed, it must be confessed, the spirit of that war. With her it was religion: her ensign was the cross. But in no collision, in no provocation, in no defiance, was hers the conduct of revenge. She always was the advocate of mercy. Her heart never lost its truth, when covered with corslet or beating with victory. She invariably regarded it as an expedition for the rescue of Christian captives. Their coming forth with hymns of deliverance and doxology, was her darling spectacle beyond all the pomps of triumph. When disease was preying upon her, within three years of her death, the threatened invasion of her native soil by the foot of France roused all her wonted energies, and renewed her youth. Louis XII. was desperate with the defeat of Cerignola. He resolved, by three armies and two fleets, to humble his rival. She stood prepared. All that hurtling storm, that gathered cloud, was broken. She saw that the elements could not again lower. Her evening was hastening on: she had fulfilled her day: she was sinking, yet all was recollection, dignity, peace. Her dying testament was the benediction of patriotism. Three days before her death, she added some codicils. These directed a more perfect codification of the laws,—adjured on her successors the more earnest conversion of the Indians, their gentle treatment, their redress of every injury,—

* Propertius.

† Virgil.

and urged a strict examination into a particular impost, the legality of which she doubted, saying, as the queen of a free people, concerning all the fiscal measures which might be necessary—'measures depending for their validity on the good pleasure of the subjects of the realm.'

Her strong principle was that of a fervent piety. Much of imperfection does it reveal. The light which falls on her altar is in refraction. It passes through a sullied medium; but the flame is in her breast. The mistress of an unequalled power, the helmed heroine of the battle's shock, the guardian of law and the avenger of oppression, the mourner of a desolate house—she, in all these relations, is beheld morally and devoutly great. There is a consistency: all is entireness. It is not the painting, in which some color predominantly glares,—the building, in which an inferior style ever and anon obtrudes,—the sculpture, in which the false taste depresses all. There is true nature in her. Not only is she 'every inch' a queen, but every cubit a woman. If there be the statuesque of earthly sovereignty and likelihood, there is the play, and warmth, and life of artless virtue and undisguised love.

In thinking upon her, that 'entire and perfect chrysolite' in the diadem of royalty, that noblest gem in the jewel-house of monarchy, we cannot fail to think of one whom our own history and drama have made familiar to us. Her daughter, Catharine of Arragon, was betrothed to the heir of Henry VII. He died in boyhood, and she became the wife of the second son, Henry VIII. To mark that she was only nominally widow, she was espoused with virgin emblems. Beneath the talisman of Shakspeare, she stands before us in all the proportions of majesty:

'Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince, that then had reigned by many
A year before.'

'For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness.' 'Nay, forsooth,
my friends,

They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.'

'Nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.'

'Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me.'

The death-scene at Kimbolton is akin to what we suppose was the parting of Isabella:

'Saw ye not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun;
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands.'

Both her parents were now at rest. Like her sainted mother, she is great to the last; she composes her robe in death! That mother might have spoken, in her requests to Capucius,—

'You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew.'

The woman melts, the Christian forgives, all of her proud spirit is gentle, but a touch of imperial nature still is left—the Castalian is heard in her commands concerning her remains:

'Altho' unqueened, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.'

Never was "sovereign lady" bemoaned as was Isabella of Spain. The glory of Europe was extinguished. There was no monarch like her. She had done almost as much for mankind as for her people. With them the sorrow was domestic; in every homestead was there the sense of loss. The "whole kingdom was contracted in one brow of woe." Her funeral was immediate and simple—the sepulchre was far—the cavalcade was twenty-one days in reaching it. A tempest, perhaps unequalled in fury and continuance, pursued it all the way. It was impeded by torrents from the hills and by floods on the plains. Many of the attendants perished. Not a light of heaven was discerned all the way. Many thought it the sympathy of nature; they read the omen according to their hopes or fears. At last, the procession was seen winding up the hill of the Alhambra. The solemnities were few and maimed. No catafalque was raised to receive the bier; no blaze of torches caught its escutcheons and heraldries; no anxious throngs awaited the escort. The requiem was sung by the Franciscan monks; they gave their earth to their monarch's dust; their humble peal tolled her knell. And when the elements returned to their calm, and the fair scene and the bright city of Granada once more appeared through the darkness and rack of the tempest, then was, for the first time, learnt that theirs was the honor of inurning all that was mortal of her who had left the earth without a parallel, and whom both its hemispheres mourned.

We do not think that we have written, or could write, too strongly on the glories,

real and expansive, of Spain as it then was. It contained all the resources of abundance, and all the elements of greatness: but it was not happy; it never has been happy since. This is the conclusion which we have always kept in mind, and which we have perpetually approached. Forgetting it, or failing to draw it, all the exhibitions placed before us would be of no more profit than faëry revel or gorgeous masque.

In what we now enunciate as the conclusion, uncompromising as is our opposition to Roman-catholicism, we can make honest distinctions. The religion is better than the church; the church is better than the court. The minds of the sovereigns were deeply penetrated by the first. Isabella was a votaress. They had much respect for the second, though they were not blind to its mismanagement and desecration. The third they more than once braved to its utmost vengeance. But Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI. were wily pontiffs. They could overbear the timid; they knew when to flatter the independent. On the haughty answer made by the former to the Spanish monarchs touching the disposal of benefices, they commanded all their subjects, lay and ecclesiastical, who might be in Rome, to quit that city immediately; they proclaimed, moreover, their purpose of inviting all the princes of Christendom to convoke a council for the expiation of the evils of the church. Sixtus was alarmed. He sent a legate. The legate no sooner made known his arrival, than he was commanded instantly to return. He was afterwards permitted to disclose his amicable and humble terms: those terms, being those they had dictated, were of consequence allowed. Spain was no more the feudatory of Rome. The Christian father saw that he must not only yield, but soothe. He bestowed that massive silver cross which ever accompanied these royal personages in their progresses and their campaigns. Alexander, aghast at the incursions of Charles VIII. into the papal territories, threw himself upon Spanish conscience and devotedness. To propitiate the heads of the church beyond the Pyrenees—for so had the sovereigns become—he granted them, in 1494, the title of Catholic; from them it has descended to every subsequent possessor of the throne. But it was special as to themselves; *Los Reyes Catolicos*. All this was ancillary to the great purpose of the Roman court, to re-instate itself in a country which, almost surrounded by the sea, it was difficult to enter,

and whose inhabitants, championed by their princes, were most jealous of all interference. An engine, more treacherous than Greek could have contrived, was introduced; it was the Inquisition.

As early as the pontificate of Gregory IX., the rudiment of this tribunal was framed. To the Dominican order were its functions particularly entrusted. It was not then systematic; it was seen in sudden ravages and desolations. Such was the terrible fate of the Albigenses. The slaughter of Carcassone still cries to heaven. This extermination spread into the Pyrenean valleys, which had long given shelter to the persecuted. It followed to Piedmont, where only in a solitary hiding-place was it checked. We may ask—how could the idea of persecution be conceived? To carry it out, if once religiously entertained, by crusade or inquisition, is far more intelligible. It was of pagan origin. The conquest of a country was the conquest of its gods. There was not often resistance to the new divinities, and therefore a visible persecution did not appear. We know what sufferings were inflicted on the Christians by the Roman emperors. Warlike Christianity soon sprung up in turn, and resentment of pagan cruelty. Arian and catholic alike resorted to it. Euric, king of the Visigoths, who had embraced Arianism, persecuted the orthodox of Aquitain. Huneric carried on the violence of his father Genseric. Both parties were unscrupulous in their measures: synods and councils of bishops were not spared. They only agreed when they could destroy the Manichæans. When Belisarius was overcome, then the Visigoths of Spain, who had held out the last of the followers of Arius, were reconverted to their original faith, and showed a zeal stronger than Nicene. We advance to the crusades. After the verdict of ages upon them, many sciolists now endeavor to question it. No movement is barren of all good, incidental and contingent. This never was denied to them; but scarcely has there existed a later evil, but which is their direct consequence. They nationalized persecution. They did worse: they banded nations in it, to fight with each other more fiercely, because of this bloody truce. The wolves hunted together after this quarry, and then tore each other. Innocent III. founded the Inquisition such as has been described, during the fourth crusade. But was Spain prepared for it? From Recared, the first catholic king, to

Witiza, the immediate predecessor of Rodoric, religion, in its presumptive purity and external discipline, was maintained. The Saracen irruption greatly weakened its influence, and infected its strictness. A disgust of their proximity and influence was felt. To roll back the tide would have delighted the people; but the Inquisition was too intolerant and oppressive for them, keen as were their propensities towards the conflict. It was necessary to overcome the reiterated objections of Isabella, but her confessor in youth had bound her by a vow to support its operations. It was presented to her mind in shapes adapted to win her pious mind. The injustice was veiled in the garb of pity and zeal. It was necessary, also, to reconcile the people by awakening their common prejudice against the Jews. It was intimated that its only business was with that scattered race. But when it was formally established and legalized, it shocked public opinion. The Arragonese protested against it. Their Cortes petitioned Rome, as likewise Ferdinand, for its suppression. Exasperated at the refusal of their prayer an extensive conspiracy was formed against it, and Arbues, the inquisitor of Saragossa, perished as its victim. His assassination before the high altar gave a martyrdom to his death, and produced a reaction, which as much helped the office as it had been previously withstood. The Castilians were equally averse to it, though they forbore violence. Ferdinand exercised an energy in its support, which his glorious queen did much to soften, and which her fanaticism at last only distantly approached. It was a plot of which both were unconscious instruments. The design was to restore the Roman power. The hope was, that it would bind down the human intellect, which hourly manifested its impatience of prescription. Avarice and extortion found in its confiscations a full reward. Cruelty and injustice delighted in torture and oppression. Power, fell and trenchant, knew no such gripe as this on the whole man; it bound him hand and foot. Of nothing is the human heart so greedy as power; nothing so demonizes it, without great correctives, as the possession of power. Those who never look into the workings of our nature, may not understand this creed but in connexion with sensual acquisition. To get wealth and honor by the use of power is its lowest game. But when it can strike the soul, can awe the heart, lay under itself thought and motion, and itself continue poor

and unattended, bringing kings to its bar, ruling in palaces with a sway prouder than kings, then may we comprehend Schiller's Inquisitor,*—may conceive of the blind, withered, sered, old man,—a sepulchre, yet full of intensest life,—forgotten by all, but forgetting none,—from his wretched serge governing the ermined monarch,—from his narrow cell, controlling the cabinet of statesmen and the council of nations,—all inward sense,—the soul, unseen and unfeared, the centre and spring of all. Such is the inquisitorial complication, and ubiquity, and secresy, and penetrativeness, and efficiency, and climax of power. We might take lower views. But these were the passions of Bernard, Hildebrand, Ximenes. The ancient and the modern forms sated the same spiritual lust. And what was the influence of this tribunal, which abused all the rules of evidence, all the methods of crimination, all the grounds of defence?—which always reminds us of the stealth, the spring, and the coil of the serpent? It was a blight and a ruin upon all. Upon a nature, upon a heart, than which none could be more noble—upon the nature, upon the heart of Isabella, it stamped a crookedness and a sternness necessarily alien to them. She yields to the dictatorship, which is the essence of confession,—she bows to an ascendancy which the catholic must allow to be within the church, and still always beyond himself,—all with her is reserved consent, an embarrassed concession, even to deprecations and tears,—yet she is forced to handle the horrid brand! A people—two noble races now conjoined—which had risen up against the system, is so depraved in a little time by its glosses, and so stricken by its fears, that it boasts the galling yoke and glories in its shame. The censorship of the press immediately follows. Learning dies. The spirit of the mountains, an independence lofty as that of any age and clime, embraces its corroding chains. The bibliographical triumph of Alcala awakens a general fear, and its six hundred copies, evidently intended only for the learned, were barely licensed by Leo X., and that after hesitation and five years' delay. The sovereigns and the nations were cajoled that their extirpation of heresy, in the banishment of the Jews and the expulsion of the Moslems, by espiery and fagot, was the cause of heaven's favor towards them in the magnificence of their new-won possessions. Extirpation! Ferdinand's eyes

* Don Carlos.

are just closed; the death-mist is hovering over those of Ximenes; they have done their utmost; their engine of extirpation has done its worst; there is but a year between their end; and Luther has already, at Wittenberg, published his thesis against the doctrine of indulgences, and, in five years more, Europe strains its ear that it might listen to him at the diet of Worms. Extirpation! The Reformation had begun already. Much of inefficiency might thus be charged on the Inquisition. "Its sanguine cloud" could not "quench the orb of day." But locally it did answer its design. It destroyed inquiry, and overpowered conviction. It closed each clink against the admission of light. It drank the blood of the saints. The same bigotry launched its Armada against England, and met its reward. It provoked a signal reprisal in the sacking of Cadiz. And what is Spain? Torn by parties, convulsed by revolutions, its mighty colonies rent from it, with the exception of a single isle. Where is its once wide-wafted commerce, potent negotiation, and warlike state? Where is its navy, which swept the seas? Where its banner, which was simultaneously unfurled on three continents? Where is its literature and its virtue? Where is the crown of Ferdinand and Isabella, with its streaming rays? "For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled."

One more cause may be assigned why the Spanish monarchy, of then unprecedented extent, of then beneficent promise, failed: it was not only persecution in the genus, but a particular direction of it. The procedure of God in his ban upon the commonwealth of Israel, his pursuance of a fearful doom, involve no duty on our part. We are not the assessors of his judgment-seat. He does not commit the sentence to us for execution. He still avenges them on their oppressors. They may have blindly accomplished his purpose. He reckons with them according to their motives. "The nation to whom they shall be in bondage will I judge," said God. "I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction." What power ever despoiled and trod down this people, but itself suffered the curse? God is still round about them: he is mindful of them: he remembers them still. Peculiar hypocrisy was to be observed in Spanish outrage against them. Many of them had professed Christianity; they fil-

led high offices and trusts. It was enough to bring them into the toils, if they retained an ancestral usage, if the tint and feature of their nation were not extinguished. It was but a foul extortion of their wealth. It was robbery and pillage. Then the spectacle of the auto-da-fé became indifferent, so that the flames were fed. Little care was there who might be the victims. Bonds were cancelled, and debts discharged, by the stake. The Jew was a large creditor: thus was he to be paid. His religion was but the pretext. Of one it is told that he seemed to waver as he was led in his benito to the scene of death. The crowd, fearing the loss of their amusement, actually encouraged his resolution in his heresy: "Sta ferme, Mosè."

All, all is lost—so far as we can see—of an apparatus of power and freedom beyond all account, and almost beyond all imagination! The glory is departed, the shield is vilely thrown away, the diadem of every arch and gem is broken—and persecution has done it all! The very land mourns! Yet this desolation will not be in vain, if we will hear and heed the voice which speaks to us from the majestic ruins. Unlike those of Babylon and Palmyra, the ruins are not of broken column, and wall, and tower; they are the fragments which can live—sunken character, humiliated mind, and blasted virtue. Yet patriotism heaves no contrite sigh, and weeps no elegiac tear!

Whatever attempts religious uniformity, by any secular means, is at core persecution. The principle of a civil incorporation of Christianity cannot avoid this consequence; there is civil privilege or loss as we adhere or dissent. It might be independent of general impost; if not the case is absolutely unjust. Public money is exacted for an establishment which is already invidiously placed as to many of those who must contribute it. The scale of persecution has its degrees. Interference with personal inquiry and conscience—whether by death, by imprisonment, by deprivation, by contumely, by depression, by slight, by neglect—is its root and sap. Ximenes as much persecuted by bribes as by tortures.

Our adorable Saviour, "who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession," supplies the solution of all civil strifes and safeguards in the promotion of his cause. "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." He states an instance, but he legislates a principle. If his kingdom took hold of worldly interests and

passions, if it were a thing of present and secular jurisdiction, then would it, like all such organization, admit of force or of some worldly sanction; then might his servants fight for it as for any other social institution. But it is not from hence; it is wholly spiritual—it is the kingdom of God. There must be no lordship, no enthralment; none must rise by it in external advantage, nor suffer by it. It is entirely out of the battle-ground of earthly competition; therefore the servants of Christ do not fight for it. But Christianity, by its coalition with worldly passions and interests, became an adventure for the most unholy. It was an ensign for the soldier to follow, an emolument for the sordid, a distinction for the aspiring, a power for the ambitious. Why should they not fight for it as for any other prize? Attach but one worldly element to Christianity, and you give scope for every worldly disposition to contend for it. We want none other key.

We may be often tempted to despond, when we study great epochs like that which we have now surveyed. There seems a retrogradation in the affairs of men. Spain is reduced in its fame and in its power. But this is retribution. That fame was forfeited; that power, arrogantly vaunted and mercilessly abused, is taken from it. But did this reign exist for a vain show? It answered ends which have not yet run out, and many of its fruits we still may reap. What though that country seems only fading from us, shorn and dimming like a receding star,—its population dwindled, its soil languishing, its wealth wasted, its power disarrayed, its spirit fled? Let us stand on a higher watch-tower than its Pyrenees, and look forth on a world. Does it grow old? Does its mind stagnate? Are its movements theatrically frivolous? Are its inventions arrested?—Do its hopes sicken? Do its inhabitants weary in their career? Nor need shame and despair be branded on Castile. Another Isabella sits upon the throne. Could she avoid the guilty policy of her great ancestress, she might retrieve the monarchy. Let her tread out the last ashes of the Inquisition; let her seek the constitutional freedom and moral regeneration of her people; let her explode superstitions far more corrupting than those which the Ante-Tridentine ages knew; let her exemplify religious liberty—the only security of civil, but by no means even its ordinary accompaniment; and then, though the Colossus which strode from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, while the Atlantic rolled between its feet, cannot

again configure and exalt itself, yet may Spain lift up its brow once more, honored and greeted by younger states. The same sun shines on it; why should it not send gladness over its fields and cities? The same rivers water it; why should they not refresh and fertilize its plains and valleys? Why should man alone be degenerate there? Surely it is written of it in heaven,—martyrs, and it had many, pray for their country, and not that their blood be laid to its charge; Paul trod its ground, or purposed to do so; and with his visit, or the thought of his visit, spread over that destination a cloud of prayers. Surely shall this land be recovered from the desolations of many generations! Surely shall a country so grandly and so independently set, with its harbors and headlands, amidst an almost circumfluous deep, not be lost to its continent, if that continent have any other task to fulfil! Once the pioneer, bursting open a way for that continent to a new world, we cannot forebode that all its work is done! When shall the nobler aspirations of a true religion soar in this people like their heaven-climbing mountains, and their spirits be free as their waves?

Thoughts, big and mighty, come to our aid and solace, when we mourn, in mortification and anguish, over the failures which history records. There was not wanting many a crisis when the Reformation seemed about to spring up in Spain. Personages were beheld in its monasteries and its palaces who might, from their peculiar conformation of character, have struck the blow. It appeared to hang as by a thread, whether it should not have claimed the glory of banishing persecution forever from its shores, and of smiting it down forever in the world.

These results are constantly shadowed out, and we still wonder why they are withheld. But our mortal progress is slow; a large research is demanded to yield the proper conception. We must look afar. One Pleiad lost darkens not the heavens; endless concentricities do not deform them. But ours is the delight of the astronomer, who not only sees the successions of the firmament which strike the vulgar eye, but marks the influence of an inscrutable attraction bearing the entire sidereal system forward, notwithstanding its apparent intersecting rotation in its wonted paths,—some sublime pivot on which the whole vibrates, and some inconceivably wider orbit through which the whole revolves!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB GRIMM.

From the *Athenæum*.*Autobiography of Jacob Grimm. From Das Gelehrte Hessen.*

THE character of nations, like that of individuals, can be truly and perfectly portrayed only by themselves; not, indeed, in either case by those systematic attempts at self-delineation too frequently distorted and discolored by the thousand unconquerable illusions to which both the larger and the smaller self is subject, but unconsciously, in the innumerable little traits so familiar to ourselves, that they fall out unnoticed, as matters of course; while they are to the stranger the most precious indications of things foreign to all his views and habits, and lying at the very heart of the individual or the national life.

A vast effort seems now making in England and France to understand Germany—or to seem to understand it. The books that are written, the tours that are made, the speculations of all sorts of which Germany and Germans are the subject, would seem sufficient to throw full light upon it. By far the larger number of these in both countries are not worthy of attention. They are written by persons who have not the elementary knowledge requisite to the understanding of any people; by persons who cannot speak with them. To any body who has considered what language is, this is enough. He will read their descriptions of scenes and buildings, (hardly that, for all these things hang together—all have one and the same inward life,) but he will turn over the pages that affect to treat of men and their thoughts and ways, and submit to be ignorant rather than to be misinformed.

The desire to administer true and wholesome food (to us it also seems delicious) to the curiosity, regarding a people so worthy to excite it, leads us to extract from a biographical account of the learned men whom Hesse has produced, a little autobiography, which we look upon as containing the purest abstract of German life, in its best and highest form.

If we were called upon to name the individual among all the great and good, the learned and the loveable, whom it has been our happiness to know, who most honorably represent the spirit of Germany, we should say Jacob Grimm (we are not afraid of his brother Wilhelm's resentment). The manner at once shy and cordial, dignified and

modest; the child-like simplicity; the profound and matchless learning; the spirit of freedom, combined with respect for the established, and with love of law and order; the deep sentiment of religion—but we are doing the very thing we denounced as useless: we are attempting to describe what is indescribable—a union of qualities eminently characteristic of a state of society not our own. What we meant to say is this: we regard the writer of the little autobiography in question as a type of the best, and at the same time the most peculiar German character. We—every body—can vouch for the truth of all he tells us. We think, therefore, that more insight into German life and mind is to be gained from this slight, but true, sketch of a life, than from hundreds of volumes of tours. We could make books about Germany, like our neighbors, if we were so minded; and, may be, with a little more *connaissance de cause* than some of them; but we prefer to take the more humble course—to translate the words of Jacob Grimm.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB GRIMM.

I am the second son of my parents, and was born at Hanau, on the 4th of January, 1785. When I was about six years old, my father was appointed Amtmann at Steinau an der Strasse, his native place; and to this country, with its rich meadows, surrounded by beautiful hills, are bound all the liveliest recollections of my childhood. But my father was too early taken from us; and I still see in spirit the black coffin, the bearers with the yellow lemons and the rosemary in their hands, pass slowly before the window. I have a very accurate picture of him in my mind. He was a very industrious, methodical, kind-hearted man; his room, his writing-desk, and above all, his book-cases, with the neatly-arranged books, even to the green and red titles on the backs, are yet before my eyes. We children were brought up in the strict Reformed (*i. e.* Calvinistic) church: it was rather the effect of practice and example than of much talk. The Lutheran inhabitants of our little town, who were the minority, I used to regard as strangers, with whom I must not be thoroughly familiar and intimate; and of the Catholics, who often passed through from Salmünster, a town a league off, and were always to be recognized by their gayer dress, I had a

strange sort of dread. And I still feel as if I could not be thoroughly and profoundly devout any where but in the church fitted up with the austere simplicity of the reformed faith; so strongly does all belief attach itself to the first impressions of childhood. The imagination, however, can fill and animate empty and naked space. Certainly, I have never felt more fervent devotion than when on the day of my confirmation, after partaking for the first time of the Lord's Supper, I saw my mother approach the altar of the church in which her father had occupied the pulpit.

Love of country was deeply impressed upon our hearts, I know not how, for of that too, little was said; but there was nothing in our parents' lives or conversation which could suggest any other thought or feeling: we held our prince for the best in the world, our country for the most favored of all countries. I recollect that my fourth brother, whose fate it was to live soonest and longest in foreign parts, when a child, painted all the towns of Hesse larger, and all the rivers wider, than those of other states, on his map. We looked down with a sort of contempt on the Darmstädters, for example. We were taught by the town schoolmaster, Linkhau, from whom little was to be learned except industry and strict attention, but his singular demeanor furnished us with a number of diverting jokes, expressions, and manners, which we still retain. Many a time do I catch myself looking at the hand on the white face of the very clock which stood in his old-fashioned room, and which now stands in my house, to see whether it announces the arrival or the much-desired departure of the master, in his sky-blue coat, and black waistcoat and breeches.

It soon became necessary to provide more complete and fundamental instruction for us. My mother's property was small, and she would have found it very difficult to bring up six children, had not one of her sisters, Philippine Limmer, who was first Kammerfrau (lady of the chamber) to the late Electress, then Landgräfin of Hesse, devoted her life, with the most disinterested and self-sacrificing love, to her assistance, and to our service and happiness. In 1798, she sent for me and my brother Wilhelm to Cassel, and put us to board there, that we might attend the Lyceum. I was entered in the lower division of the fourth class (*Unterquarte*), so backward was I,—not by my own fault, but from want of

instruction, for I had, from a child, an eager and persevering desire for knowledge. I soon passed through all the classes, and was almost always a *Primus*. The Saturdays, on which we were classed according to our exercises, were anxious days. When I reflect on my school years at Cassel, from 1798 to 1802, though I thankfully acknowledge how much I learned in that time, I must confess it seems to me that the Lyceum there could not be reckoned among the most perfect of its kind. The head master was Professor Richter, a sound philologist, I think formed in Ernesti's school, and endowed with the art of attaching all his scholars by his earnest, cordial manner of teaching; but, in my time, the burthen of years was heavy upon him. The Conrector, Hosbach, was a hypochondriacal man, full of whims, uncertain, and it was easy to see that teaching was no pleasure to him. The fourth master, Collaborator Robert, had, by his unskillful method of teaching, traditionally lost the boys' respect; his lessons passed in disorder, and without any solid fruit. With the third master, Collaborator Cæsar, there was more regularity, and something was learned, but I never felt myself attracted to his instructions, as to those of Professor Richter. Perhaps this arose partly from his speaking to me (according to the old custom) in the third person singular, whilst all my school-fellows of the town were addressed in the third person plural,—probably because I was a country boy. Such distinctions, which have certainly long been laid aside, should never be permitted. They always produce a strong impression upon children. But even the instruction itself, which was given in this well-endowed school, afterwards appeared to me in many respects defective. A great deal of time was spent in lessons on geography, natural history, anthropology, morals, physics, logic and philosophy, (what was called ontology,) and the instruction in philology and history, which must be the soul of all school education, interrupted. My brother William and I spent six hours daily at the Lyceum, and then at least four or five in private lessons, from the pages' tutor, Dietmar Stöhr, a man who amply atoned for any deficiency in profound learning by delight in teaching and by affectionate patience, and sincere interest in us. He helped us in our Latin, and taught us French. We were overloaded with work; an hour or two of freedom and leisure would

have done us good ; but we knew very few people, and the little leisure that remained from our school labors we devoted to drawing, in which we made some considerable progress without any teacher. Indeed, it was this which excited the taste of our younger brother, Ludwig Emil, who has since attained to some celebrity, both in oil-painting and etching. In the spring of 1802, a year earlier than Wilhelm, who at this time was attacked by a long and severe illness, I went to the university of Marburg. The parting from him, with whom I had always lived in one room and slept in one bed, was very painful to me. But I wanted to free my beloved mother, whose little property was nearly melted away, from a part of her load of care, and to requite her for a small part of the great love which she had proved towards us by her inflexible self-denial ; and this I could only do by bringing my studies to an early close, and getting some employment. I studied law chiefly, because my father was a jurist, and my mother wished it : for what do boys or youths understand of the real nature and import of such a study, at the time they make such resolute determinations about it ? There is something natural, and even salutary, in this adherence to the occupation of the father. In much later years I had felt no inclination towards any science, except a little to botany. My father had in some measure prepared me himself : before I was ten years old, he had impressed on my mind all sorts of definitions and rules out of the *Corpus Juris*. He had also written out remarkable cases that had occurred in his own practice, in a neat hand, for the use of his children. I was obliged to live very humbly at Marburg ; in spite of many promises we had never succeeded in obtaining the smallest assistance, although my mother was widow of an *Amtmann*, and had five sons to bring up : the fattest stipends were, meanwhile, bestowed on my school-fellow, von der Malsburg, who belonged to the higher Hessian nobility, and would in time be one of the richest landholders. But this never distressed me ; on the contrary, I have often since experienced the happiness and freedom attendant on moderate circumstances. Poverty acts as a spur to industry and toil, preserves us from many distractions, and inspires us with a not ignoble pride, which is kept erect by the consciousness of owing to our own merit alone what others derive from wealth and station. I might give this remark a wider

extension, and attribute much of what the Germans have done, to the circumstance of their not being a rich people. They work their way upwards, and create to themselves many new and peculiar paths, while other nations keep on the broad and well-tracked road. In Marburg, I attended, among others, Bering's lectures on Logic and the Law of Nature, without deriving any real fruit from either ; Weiss's on the Institutes and Pandects, Exleben Pandects and Canon Law ; Rohat's History of the Empire, Law of Nations, Feudal Law, and *Practica* ; Baur's German Private Law and Criminal. Weiss's animated and learned lectures were the most attractive. Of Savigny's lectures I can only say, that they took the greatest hold on my mind, and have exercised a decisive influence on my whole life and studies. In the years 1802 and 3 I attended his various courses, and in 1803 read and studied his book on the law of Possession, '*Recht des Besitzes*,' with great eagerness. Savigny used at that time to set his hearers to interpret particular difficult passages in laws, and to criticise these performances, first in writing on the sheets, as we gave them to him, and then in public. One of my first essays was concerning Collation. I had exactly comprehended the question proposed, and had explained it rightly : it is needless to speak of the indescribable joy this gave me, or what new zeal it infused into my studies. This was the occasion of numerous visits to Savigny. In his rich and choice library I found books not relating to jurisprudence, *e. g.* Bodmer's edition of the *Minnesingers*, of which I afterwards made such frequent use, and which Tieck's book and enchanting introduction had made me so eager to see. In the summer of 1804 Savigny quitted the university to make a literary journey to Paris.

The older one grows, the stronger is the temptation to exalt the days of one's youth, at the expense of later times. In our youth, we have the most intense consciousness of our first strength and our purest will, and external things from every side come, as it were, to meet us. I am, now, much tempted to boast of the spirit which prevailed amongst the Marburg students ; it was fresh and unprejudiced. Wachter's enlightened and free-spirited lectures on History and the History of Literature made a lively impression on most of us. [Once a week he read a lecture in the great hall to a numerous and mixed audience, which was received with unanimous approbation.]

Since that time, the government has interfered much more with the management of schools and universities. It is too anxious to make sure of able servants, and fancies this is to be accomplished by a number of severe examinations. I cannot help thinking, that in time this rigorous supervision will be discontinued again. Not to mention that it cripples the wings of the aspiring, and cramps those harmless and even beneficial developments of individual character which, when once checked, can never afterwards be renewed, it is certain, that if ordinary talent is measurable, extraordinary talent is very difficult to measure, and genius impossible. The consequence of the numerous rules, according to which the studies are prescribed, is therefore (when it is possible to observe them) a monotonous regularity, which is wholly inadequate to the service of the state in important and difficult conjunctures. It is true, that what is thoroughly bad is kept out of the school and the university, but perhaps the really good and distinguished is cramped and kept down. Generally speaking, the scholars now enter the universities with more accurate knowledge than formerly, but a mediocrity of learning is not less general. Every thing is too much provided and prearranged, even in the heads of the students.

The whole work of the half-year unconsciously takes the direction of the examination; the student must attend all the courses of lectures from which he has to bring testimonials; otherwise, there are many which would not have attended, either because the professor's style of lecturing was not attractive to him, or because his inclinations led him to other pursuits. On the other hand, he has no time left for those which are not prescribed to him. The State has thus stamped certain lectures with a sort of official character, and has, in a manner, discouraged all others. Far otherwise was it when the student spontaneously, and guided by the traditions of the university, drew the distinction between the courses of lectures necessary to his professional career (*Brodcollegien*), and those which he attended from taste or a pure desire of knowledge: he made what dispensations and exceptions he liked. At least, may no attempt ever be made to prescribe to the professors what they shall teach.

In January, 1805, an unexpected proposal was made to me through Weiss. Savigny proposed my joining him without delay at

Paris, to assist him there in his literary occupations. Although I was engaged in my last half-year's study, and intended to go away at Easter or during the summer, yet the prospect of so intimate a connexion with Savigny and the journey to France were sufficiently attractive to make me decide at once, and therefore sent off letters to my mother and aunt, requesting their consent to the scheme. A few weeks later found me seated in the coach, and, early in February, I proceeded by way of Mayence, Metz, and Chalons, to Paris. My sister afterwards told me, that my dear mother had left her bed every night to observe the coldness of the weather: France appeared to her to be far out of reach; and she had given her consent to my journey with secret alarm. I found myself, however, very well taken care of, and passed the spring and summer in the most agreeable and instructive manner. What I received from Savigny was far beyond any service I could have rendered him, the public acknowledgment of which, years afterwards, in the preface to the first volume of his '*History of Roman Law*,' afforded me the greatest pleasure. An uninterrupted correspondence has also resulted from our intimacy. The journey home was begun in September, 1805, and towards the end of the month, I arrived safe and sound at my mother's house in Cassel, in company with William, whom I had met at Marburg; my mother had previously removed from Steinau to Cassel, so as to pass her old age in peace in the midst of her children. In the winter my friends busied themselves about my future prospects. I wished to be employed as assessor or secretary under the government, but every place was filled, and at last with considerable difficulty, about January 1806, I obtained a situation in the office of the Secretary of War, with a salary of 100 Reichs thalers. The quantity and the dullness of the work was very distasteful to me, when I compared it with my occupations three months before at Paris: in place also of the modern Parisian dress I was forced to wear a stiff uniform with powder and a pigtail. Nevertheless, I was happy, and devoted all my leisure to the study of the literature and poetry of the middle ages; my inclination for which had been much increased at Paris by the access to, and the use of, MSS., as well as by the purchase of some rare books. A whole year had not passed in this manner, before storms undreamt of broke over my coun-

try : these touched me personally, and drove me from the pursuits upon which I had just entered. Immediately after the occupation of Germany by the French, the War Office, to which I was attached, was converted into a general commissariat office for the whole country. As I was more familiar with the French language than my colleagues, the greater portion of the most tiresome business fell to my lot, and for half a year I had rest neither day nor night. Weary of having to transact business any longer with the French commissaries and officials, by whom we were now inundated, and determined, as soon as the office should be finally organized, no longer to remain in this department, I resigned my office as soon as possible, and found myself again for some time unemployed, and less able than before to be of any assistance to my mother and her family. I thought myself qualified to apply for some post in the public library at Cassel, partly by my proficiency in deciphering MSS., partly by the knowledge I had acquired of the history of literature, in which branch I felt that I could make further progress ; while the study of French law, which threatened to displace ours, was utterly odious to me. However, the place I coveted was given to another, and after the unfortunate year 1807 had passed, and the succeeding one brought with it constant disappointment, I had to suffer the deepest affliction which ever befell me during my whole life. The best of mothers, to whom we were all devoted, died on the 27th of May, 1808, at the age of 52 : she died, too, without even the assurance that any one of her six children who stood sorrowing around her death-bed, were in any way provided for : had she but lived a few months, how great would have been her joy at my happier prospects. I became acquainted, through Joh. v. Müller, with the then cabinet secretary of the King of Westphalia, Cousin de Marinville, who proposed me as qualified for the superintendence of the private library which was formed at Wilhelmshöhe. There must have been great want of other favored competitors, otherwise I should scarcely have obtained so good a place as I did on the 5th of July, 1808. My fitness for the situation had not even been tested. The instructions of the Cabinet Secretary consisted only in these words : " Vous ferez mettre en grands caractères sur la porte, Bibliothèque particulière du Roi." I had immediately a salary

of 2,000 francs, which, after a few months, was increased to 3,000, apparently because my employers were satisfied with me. Again, after the lapse of a short time, the King himself told me one morning, that he had named me an auditeur au Conseil d'Etat, and that I was still to retain my place as librarian (17th Feb., 1809). The office of auditor in the Council of State, was at that time considered as leading to higher promotion. As, by this step, my salary was increased by 1,000 francs, I, who a year before had not a penny income, now found myself in the enjoyment of above 1,000 Reichs thalers, and all anxiety about subsistence was at an end.

My duties as librarian were besides by no means onerous, as I had merely to remain a few hours in the library, and was able, even during these hours, after inspecting the new purchases, to read or make extracts with a view to my own pursuits. Books or references from books, were seldom required by the King, and to no one else were books lent. The rest of the time was entirely my own, and I devoted it, without intermission, to the study of the old German language and poetry. At the council, I had little to do except to attend the sittings in a stiff official uniform, and I soon perceived that when the King did not appear in person, my attendance could be dispensed with. I was able to avoid all society, and as the King was often absent for months together, I passed the most undisturbed life. I cannot speak ill of the King ; his behavior to me was friendly and polite : he appeared, particularly in the latter years of his reign, to have less confidence in me as the only German in the council, than in the other members, who were all Frenchmen ; which I think natural. I should most likely have been dismissed from my place, had it not been for the secretary to the council, Bruguière, afterwards Baron von Sorsum, who succeeded Cousin de Marinville. Bruguière was an accomplished man, himself an author, well versed in English literature, as far as it can be learned from translation : to me, he was always particularly friendly ; and I met him subsequently at Paris. He died only four or five years ago.

Disagreeable circumstances, however, intervened. One morning the room in the Wilhelmshöhe Palace (then absurdly enough called Napoleonshöhe), which contained the library, was to be instantly converted to some other use. Not the small-

est provision was made for placing the books elsewhere. In a day and a half I was to clear all the shelves, to throw all the books in a heap, and have them carried down pell-mell into a dark room on the ground floor. My whole business was thus thrown into utter confusion. Shortly after some thousand volumes of what were esteemed the most useful works were hunted out and carried to be added to those already in the palace at Cassel. Here a greater danger awaited them. In November, 1811, a fire broke out in the palace. On hurrying thither, I found all the rooms under the library in a flame. The books were brought out in large cloths by the guards, and thrown on the ground before the palace, while I escaped by feeling my way out of the small winding staircase in the dark. These were not the most agreeable days of my life. In 1813, when the war approached the kingdom of Westphalia with menacing strides, an order was issued to pack up all the most valuable books at Cassel and Wilhelmshöhe, and send them to France. I drove to the former palace with Bruguière, who was particularly urgent to have the books of engravings, and I tried to convince him that the collection of manuscripts relating to the history of Hesse, (beginning from the Thirty Years War, and containing autograph letters of Gustavus Adolphus, Amelia, Elizabeth, &c.,) was of little value; and accordingly they remained unpacked. The books that were sent away, I first saw again in Paris in 1814, where the same huissier who helped to pack them—his name, I remember, was Leloup—had to deliver them up again for the Elector. The man stared when he saw me. The almost unhopèd for return of the old Elector, at the end of the year 1813, was an indescribable joy to the country; nor was my own happiness much less at seeing my aunt, whom once only I had visited at Gotha, enter the town with the Electress. We ran by the side of the open carriages through streets hung with garlands of flowers. That was a time of great excitement. I was well recommended, and was proposed as Secretary of Legation, to accompany the Hessian minister, who was to be sent to the head-quarters of the allied army. My nomination took place in December 1813. Two of my brothers made the campaign in the Landwehr, having hastened back to their own country for that purpose, from Munich and Hamburg, where they were settled. The minister appointed was Count Keller, not a Hessian by birth, a good-hearted old man, though sometimes obstinate and overbearing; he had not the true Hessian feeling, but in those magnificent times, who would not have overlooked any offence? In the beginning of 1814 I travelled from Cassel by Frankfort, Darmstadt, &c., to Troyes; thence by a hurried retreat to Dijon, then again, after a fortnight's rest, to Chatillon, and on to the just captured Paris (April 1814), which ten years before I had little thought of seeing again under such circumstances. On my way I had neglected no opportunity of visiting libraries, and I employed every leisure moment in Paris in working at manuscripts. Meanwhile my future colleague, Völkel, had arrived in Paris, charged to demand the restitution of the antiques and pictures which had been carried off from Hesse, while I was employed in reclaiming the books we had been robbed of. In the summer I returned to Cassel, and prepared to attend the congress of Vienna. There I remained from October 1814 to June 1815—a time which was not useless for my private studies, and procured me the acquaintance of many learned men. It was of peculiar advantage to me that I was here led to study the Slavonic languages. But I received from Cassel the sad tidings of the death of my dear aunt Limmer, the only one of our elder relatives that remained, and one to whom I owed so much. Scarcely had I returned home when I was again—and this time by the Prussian authorities—summoned to the twice-conquered Paris, to find out and demand back manuscripts stolen from the Prussian territory, and at the same time to transact some business for the Elector, who had at that moment no plenipotentiary there. This commission placed me in a disagreeable relation to the Paris librarians, who had been very civil to me before. Now, however, Langlès, with whom I was particularly urgent, was so bitter that he would no longer allow me to work in the king's library, as I had continued to do at leisure hours: "Nous ne devons plus souffrir ce M. Grimm, qui vient tous les jours travailler ici, et qui nous enlève pourtant nos manuscrits," said he aloud. I closed the MS which I had just opened, gave it back again, and went no more to work there—only to complete the business I was sent on. In December, this was happily terminated, and I afterwards received a letter from Prince Hardenberg, expressing his satis-

faction with what I had done. From this moment begins the most tranquil, laborious, and perhaps the most productive portion of my life. I had at length obtained the desired place in the Cassel library, in which William had already been employed for a year. I had decidedly refused a place as Secretary of Legation, at the Diet at Frankfurt. I was now, therefore, second librarian, with a salary of 600 Reichs thalers, Völkel being first. The library was open three hours daily, and all the rest of the time I could devote to study. There was nothing wanted but a moderate and fair provision for my brother and myself to leave us not a wish remaining. The years passed swiftly away."

After the Elector's death, the library was put on a new and less satisfactory footing. The author and his brother were condemned to make a copy of the existing catalogue, consisting of eighty folios, and passed a year and a half in this drudgery. On the death of Völkel, the head librarian, "we imagined," says the author, with touching moderation and modesty, "that we had just claims to promotion. I had been twenty-three years in the service. Since 1816 I had neither received, nor requested, any addition to my small pay; I hoped, too, to do the post of librarian no dishonor. But it fell out otherwise." A stranger was put over the heads of the brothers, and all further prospect of advancement cut off. This destruction of his modest hopes of course wounded Grimm deeply.

"In the year 1816," he says, "I had positively refused a professorship in the University of Bonn, indirectly offered me by Eichhorn; nor had I sought to turn it in any way to my advantage, for I thought to live and die in Hesse. At that time it would certainly have been easier and more advantageous to me to devote myself to the academic career, than it was at a later period. In the summer of 1829 the proposal was privately made us to accept an honorable invitation to Göttingen. All the friends we consulted urged us to accept it. To abandon our beloved and accustomed home seemed to us hard and painful as before, and almost insupportable to quit the track of well-known occupations. But our position had become extremely painful and humiliating. In this disposition of mind we obeyed the feeling of honor, and decided for the unconditional acceptance of the offer. On the 20th of October the formal

vocation from the King was published at Hanover, nominating me professor and librarian, and my brother sub-librarian, with suitable salaries, which put an end to our continual anxiety about the means of subsistence, to which we were exposed in the Hessian service. We entered on our new offices in the beginning of 1830, and I gave my first course of lectures, on the Legal Antiquities of Germany, in that summer. The duties of librarian are much more laborious than at Cassel, but they have their advantages, of which in time I shall become more sensible. The country round Göttingen is, indeed, not to be compared with Cassel, but the same stars are in the heavens above it, and God will help us onward."

The narrative ends here, but the most interesting and important passage of the lives—or life, for it is one—of the brothers is to come. The same stars, indeed, look down upon this noble head, and the same God, in whom he trusted, has supported him in that far harder trial, for conscience sake, to which he and his brother were so soon called in their new abode.

The glorious history of the seven Göttingen professors—the seven champions of law and liberty—is known to all Europe.

We have not much sympathy with the reckless *émeutes* of those hot-blooded political adventurers, impatient of all order and all superiority, who risk nothing but lives, which they are equally ready to jeopardize in the first brawl. But when men whose whole souls are steeped in the conservative elements,—family affection, love of country, respect for its rulers, attachment to law, order, and religion, to all the great saving traditions, human and divine,—resist authority, and renounce the security of subsistence, so hardly attained, so justly valued, we may estimate what sort of authority that is, and of what temper are the true and noble hearts that suffer all it can inflict, rather than yield to it.

On quitting Göttingen in 1837, the Brothers returned to Cassel, where they lived honored and beloved,—surprising the world by the amount and the profundity of their labors. From this retirement they were called in 1841 by the King of Prussia,—one of the first and most graceful acts of whose reign it was to place these illustrious men beyond the reach of fortune, and to give them an honorable position in his capital and chief university: an act

more recently followed up by the appointment of their fellow martyr in the same cause, Dahlmann, to a chair at Bonn.

The little memoir closes with an acknowledgment of the various honors conferred on the author by learned bodies, and a list of his works, introduced by the following words:—

“Before I state what has appeared in print from my pen, I must remark, that all my labors are either directly or indirectly devoted to researches into our ancient language, poetry, and laws. These studies may seem useless to many; to me they have always appeared a serious and dignified task, firmly and distinctly connected with our common Fatherland, and calculated to foster the love of it. * * Another principle which I have constantly adhered to is, to esteem nothing trifling in these inquiries, but to use the small for the elucidation of the great; popular traditions for the elucidation of written documents. The books in the following list marked with asterisks, I prepared and published in common with my brother William. We lived from our youth up in brotherly community of goods; money, books, and collectanea, belonged to us in common, and it was natural to associate our labors. It was advantageous to both of us. If I might venture here to praise my brother, I could do so much better than any body.”

These few and simple words will give the reader but a faint idea of this remarkable and touching family union, based upon a community of virtues and pursuits,—a union, which the introduction of another element, which too often brings coldness and alienation, or at least indifference, between friends and brothers, has only tended to cement. But this is a sanctuary which we have no right to enter, and can only reverentially contemplate on the threshold.

The work of the Brothers Grimm best known to England is the ‘Kinder und Hausmärchen,’ so admirably translated by the late Mr. Edgar Taylor. The great works by Jacob Grimm known to scholars are the ‘Deutsche Grammatik,’ the ‘Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer,’ and the ‘Deutsche Mythologie,’ each a mine and a masterpiece. The crown and consummation of the whole—the German Dictionary—is in progress

HILDEBRAND, OR GREGORY VII.

From the Edinburgh Review.

This elegant article, probably, owes its origin to the same mind which elaborated the beautiful article on Ignatius Loyola, and which is attributed to Mr. Stephens.—Ed.

Gregoire VII.; St. Francois d'Assize, St. Thomas D'Aquin. Par. E. J. Delécluze. Two Volumes. Svo. Paris: 1844.

He had been a shrewd, if not a very reverent observer of human life, who bowed to the fallen statue of Jupiter, by way of bespeaking the favor of the god in the event of his again being lifted on his pedestal. Hildebrand, the very impersonation of Papal arrogance and of spiritual despotism, (such had long been his historical character,) is once more raised up for the homage of the faithful. Dr. Arnold vindicates his memory. M. Guizot hails him as the Czar Peter of the Church. Mr. Voight, a professor at Halle, celebrates him as the foremost and the most faultless of heroes. Mr. Bowden, an Oxford Catholic, reproduces the substance of Mr. Voight's eulogy, though without the fire which warms, or the light which irradiates, the pages of his guide. M. Delécluze, and the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*, are elevated by the theme into the region where rhetoric and poetry are conterminous; while M. l'Abbé Jager absolutely shouts with exultation, to witness the subsidence, at the voice of Protestants, of those mists which had so long obscured the glory of him, by whom the pontifical tiara was exalted far above the crowns of every earthly potentate. Wholly inadequate as are our necessary limits to the completion of such an inquiry, we would fain explore the grounds of this revived worship, and judge how far it may be reasonable to join in offering incense at the shrine of this reinstated *Jupiter Ecclesiasticus*.

Except in the annals of Eastern despotisms, no parallel can be found for the disasters of the Papacy during the century and a half which followed the extinction of the Carolingian dynasty. Of the twenty-four Popes who during that period ascended the apostolic throne, two were murdered, five were driven into exile, four were deposed, and three resigned their hazardous dignity. Some of these Vicars of Christ were raised to that awful preëminence by arms, and some by money. Two received it from the hands of princely courtesans. One was self-

appointed. A well filled purse purchased one papal abdication; the promise of a fair bride another. One of those holy fathers pillaged the treasury, fled with the spoil, returned to Rome, ejected his substitute; and mutilated him in a manner too revolting for description. In one page of this dismal history, we read of the disinterred corpse of a former Pope brought before his successor to receive a retrospective sentence of deposition; and in the next we find the judge himself undergoing the same posthumous condemnation, though without the same filthy ceremonial. Of these heirs of St. Peter, one entered on his infallibility in his eighteenth year, and one before he had seen his twelfth summer. One again took to himself a coadjutor, that he might command in person such legions as Rome then sent into the field. Another, Judas like, agreed for certain pieces of silver to recognize the Patriarch of Constantinople as universal bishop. All sacred things had become venal. Crime and debauchery held revel in the Vatican; while the afflicted Church, wedded at once to three husbands, (such was the language of the times,) witnessed the celebration of as many rival masses in the metropolis of Christendom. To say that the gates of hell had prevailed against the seat and centre of Catholicism, would be to defy the Inquisition. But Baronius himself might be cited to prove that they had rolled back on their infernal hinges, that thence might go forth malignant spirits, commissioned to empty on her devoted head the vials of bitterness and wrath.

How, from this hotbed of corruption, the seeds of a new and prolific life derived their vegetative power, and how, in an age in which the Papacy was surrendered to the scorn and hatred of mankind, the independence of the Holy See on the imperial crown became first a practical truth, and then a hallowed theory, are problems over which we may not now linger. Suffice it to say, that in the middle of the eleventh century, Europe once more looked to Rome as the pillar and the ground of the truth; while Rome herself looked forth on a long chain of stately monasteries, rising like distant bulwarks of her power in every land which owned her spiritual rule.

Of these, Clugni was the foremost in numbers, wealth, and piety; and at Clugni, towards the end of the year 1048, a priest, arrayed in all the splendor, and attended by the retinue of a Pontiff elect, demanded both the hospitality and the homage of

the monks. His name was Bruno. His office, that of the Bishop of Toul. But at the nomination of the Emperor Henry the Third, and in a German synod, he had recently been elected to the vacant Papacy, and was now on his way to Rome, to take possession of the Chair of Peter. The Prior of the house was distinguished above all his brethren by the holiness of his life, the severity of his self-discipline, and by that ardent zeal to obey which indicate the desire and the ability to command. He was then in the prime of manhood, and his countenance (if his extant portraits may be trusted) announced Hildebrand as one of those who are born to direct and subjugate the wills of ordinary men. Such a conquest he achieved over him on whose brows the triple crown was then impending. An election made beyond the precincts of the Holy City, and at the bidding of a secular power, was regarded by the austere monk as a profane title of the seat once occupied by the Prince of the Apostles. At his instance, Bruno laid aside the vestments, the insignia, and the titles of the pontificate; and pursuing his way in the humble garb of a pilgrim to the tomb of Peter, entered Rome with bare feet, and a lowly aspect, and with no attendant (or none discernible by human sense) except the adviser of this politic self-abasement. To Bruno himself indeed was revealed the presence of an angelic choir, who chanted in celestial harmonies the return of peace to the long afflicted people of Christ. Acclamations less seraphic, but of less doubtful reality, from the Roman clergy and populace, rewarded this acknowledgment of their electoral privileges, and conferred on Leo the Ninth (as he was thenceforth designated) a new, and, as he judged, a better title to the supreme government of the Church. The reward of this service was prompt and munificent. Hildebrand was raised to the rank of a Cardinal, and received the offices of sub-deacon of Rome, and superintendent of the church and convent of St. Paul.

Not less assiduous to soothe, than they had been daring to provoke, the resentment of the Emperor, the Pope became once more a courtier and a pilgrim, while the Cardinal remained in Rome to govern the city and the church. Thrice Bruno visited the German court, bringing with him papal benedictions to Henry, and papal censures on Henry's rebellious vassals. So grateful and so effective was the aid thus rendered to the monarch, that, on his last return to

Italy, Leo was permitted to conduct thither a body of Imperial troops, to expel the Norman invaders of the papal territory. At Civitella, however, the axes of Humphrey and Robert, brothers of William of the Iron-hand, prevailed over the sword and the anathemas of Peter. Whether Hildebrand bore a lance in that bloody field is debated by his biographers. But no one disputes that he more than divided the fruits of it with the conquerors. To them were conceded the three great fiefs of Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily—to the Holy See the suzerainty over them. Humiliated and broken hearted by his defeat, Bruno pined away and died. Strong in this new feudal dominion, and in the allegiance of these warlike vassals, Hildebrand directed his prescient gaze to the distant conflicts and the coming glories in which they were to minister to him. The auspicious hour was not yet come. His self-command tranquilly abided the approach of it.

Gebhard, Bishop of Eichstadt, enjoyed the unbounded confidence and affection of Henry. He had ever lent the weight of his personal advice, and the sanction of his episcopal authority, to sustain his friend and master in his opposition to papal encroachments. Yet Gebhard was selected by the discerning Cardinal, as of all men the best qualified to succeed to the vacant Papacy. Presenting himself in the Emperor's presence, Hildebrand implored his acquiescence in a choice in which he must perceive (such was the language of the Cardinal) that his feelings, his interest, and his honor, had all been anxiously consulted. The thoughtful German detected the net spread for him by the wily Italian. He struggled to avoid it, but in vain. He suggested many other candidates. To each Hildebrand had some conclusive objection. He urged that, by the favor and the testimony of Henry himself, Gebhard, and he alone, had been raised to an eminence unassailable by reproach, and beyond the reach of suspicion. Importuned and flattered, his affections moved but his understanding unconvinced, the Emperor at length yielded. If our own second Henry had studied this passage of history, the darkest page of his own had perhaps never been written.

Gebhard became Pope, assumed the title of Victor the Second, adopted, even to exaggeration, the anti-imperial principles of Hildebrand, and rewarded his services by a commission to act as his Legate *a latere* in the kingdom of France. By Victor, this

high employment was probably designed as an honorable exile for a patron to whom he had contracted so oppressive a debt of gratitude. But the new Legate was not a man on whom any dignity could fall as a mere unfruitful embellishment. He cited before him the bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries, subjected to his legantine power, and preferred against the whole body one comprehensive charge of simony. Of the accused, one alone stoutly maintained his innocence. 'Believest thou,' exclaimed the judge, 'that there are three persons of one substance?' 'I do.' 'Then repeat the doxology.' The task was successfully accomplished until the prelate reached the name of him whose gifts Simon Magus had desired to purchase. That name he could not utter. The culprit cast himself at the legate's feet, confessed his guilt, and was deposed. More than eighty of his brethren immediately made the same acknowledgment. The rumor spread on every side, that the papal emissary was gifted with a preternatural skill to discern the presence in the human heart of any thoughts of Satanic origin. Popular applause followed the steps of the stern disciplinarian, and the wonder of the ignorant was soon rivalled by the admiration of the learned and the great. Such was the fame of his wisdom, that the claim of Ferdinand of Castile to bear the imperial title, was referred to his legantine arbitrement by the Spanish and the German sovereigns. He awarded that exclusive privilege to Henry and to his heirs. Ill had Henry divined the future. Rashly had he consented to hold the honors of his crown by the judicial sentence of a man, who, within twenty years, was to pluck that crown with every mark of infamy from the brows of his only son and successor.

When that son ascended the throne of his progenitors, and assumed the kingly title of Henry the Fourth, he was yet a child. Agnes, his widowed mother, became the regent of his dominions, and Victor the guardian of his person. But the pope soon followed the deceased emperor to the grave, and another papal election placed Fredrick of Lorraine upon the apostolic throne. In appearance, the choice was the undesigned and hasty result of a mere popular tumult. In reality, it was effected by the influence, as it promoted the designs, of Hildebrand.

Frederick was the brother of Godfrey, who, in right of his wife Beatrice, and during the minority of her daughter Matilda,

exercised the authority and enjoyed the title of Duke of Tuscany. This promotion cemented the alliance between the Holy See and the most powerful of the Italian states, by which the northern frontier of the papal territories might be either defended or assailed. Nor were the clamor and confusion which attended it, really unpremeditated. For so flagrant a disregard of the rights of the infant Emperor, some excuse was necessary, and none more specious could be found than that which was afforded by the turbulence of popular enthusiasm. By what informing spirit the rude mass had been agitated, was sufficiently disclosed by the first act of the new Pontiff. He had scarcely assumed the title of Stephen the Ninth, before he conferred on Hildebrand the dignities of Cardinal Archdeacon of Rome, and of Legate at the Imperial Court.

After a reign of eight months, Stephen, conscious of the approach of death, left to the Romans his last injunction to postpone the choice of his successor, until the return from Germany of this great dispenser of ecclesiastical promotions. The command was obeyed. The Cardinal-Archdeacon reappeared, bringing with him the consent of the Empress-Regent to the choice of Gerard, Bishop of Florence, another adherent of the ducal house of Tuscany. He accordingly ascended the throne of St Peter. Like each of his immediate predecessors, he sat there at the nomination of Hildebrand—the one great minister of his reign, and director of his measures. At his instance, Nicholas the Second (so was he now called) summoned a council at which was first effected, in the year 1059, a revolution, the principle of which, at the distance of eight centuries, still flourishes in unimpaired vitality. It, for the first time, conferred on the College of Cardinals the exclusive right of voting at papal elections. It set aside not only the acknowledged rights of the Emperor to confirm, but the still more ancient privilege of the Roman clergy and people to nominate their bishop. But Hildebrand was now strong enough in his Norman alliance, to defy a power before which so many churchmen had trembled. At his summons, Robert Guiscard broke down the fortresses of the Roman counts and barons, who, with their retainers, had been accustomed, in the comitia of papal Rome, to reveal the exploits of Clodius and his gladiators. Their authority was arrested for ever, and from that period their name ceases to appear in the history of pontifical

elections. The title of Duke, and a recognition of his sovereignty, over all the conquests which he had made, or should ever make, rewarded the obedience of the Norman freebooter.

This service rendered to the cause of sacerdotal independence, Nicholas died. It was a cause which, however much advanced by the profound sagacity and promptitude of Hildebrand, could, as he well knew, triumph over the hostility of its powerful antagonists by no means less hazardous or less costly than that of open and protracted war. During the minority of Henry such a conflict could hardly be commenced, still less brought to a decisive issue. The rights of the royal child derived from his very weakness a sanctity in the hearts, and a safeguard in the arms, of his loyal German subjects. The time of mortal struggle was not yet come. The aspiring Cardinal judged that by again resigning to another the nominal conduct, he could best secure to himself the real guidance, of the impending controversy.

To obtain from the Empress-Regent an assent to the observance by the Sacred College of the new electoral law, was the first object of the conclave which assembled after the death of Nicholas, at the command of Hildebrand. At his instance an envoy was despatched to the Imperial Court, with the offer that the choice should fall on any ecclesiastic whom Agnes might nominate, if she would consent that the Cardinals alone should appear and vote at the ceremonial. The compromise was indignantly rejected. A synod of imperialist prelates was convened at Basil, and by them Cadolous, Bishop of Parma, (the titular Honorius the Second,) was elevated to the vacant Papacy. To this defiance the Cardinal Archdeacon, and his brethren, answered by the choice of Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, afterwards known in history as Alexander, the second of that name. After a brief but sanguinary conflict in the open field, each of the rival Popes, at the mediation of Godfrey, retired to his diocese, there to await the judgment of a future council on their pretensions. But Alexander did not quit the city until he had acknowledged and rewarded the services of the head and leader of his cause. Hildebrand now received the office of Chancellor of the Holy See, the best and the highest recompense which he could earn, by raising others to supreme ecclesiastical dominion. Two successive councils confirmed the election of Alexan-

der, who continued during twelve years to rule the church with dignity, if not in peace.

The time at length arrived when Hildebrand was to receive the high and hazardous reward which his unfaltering hopes had so long contemplated, and his self-controlling policy so often declined. Leo, Victor, Stephen, Nicholas, and Alexander, had each been indebted to his authority for the pontificate, and to his councils for the policy with which it had been administered. Successively Cardinal, Deacon, Archdeacon, Legate, and Chancellor of the Apostolic See, one height alone was yet to be scaled. In the great church of the Lateran the corpse of Alexander was extended on the bier. A solemn requiem commended to the Supreme Judge the soul of the departed, when the plaintive strain was broken by a shout, which, rising as it seemed spontaneously and without concert from every part of the crowded edifice, proclaimed that, by the will of the Holy Peter himself, the Cardinal-Chancellor was Pope. From the funeral procession Hildebrand flew to the pulpit. With impassioned gestures, and in a voice inaudible amidst the uproar, he seemed to be imploring silence; but the tempest was not to be allayed until one of the Cardinals announced, in the name of the Sacred College, their unanimous election of him whom the Apostle and the multitude had thus simultaneously chosen. Crowned with the tiara, and arrayed in the gorgeous robes of a Pope-elect, Gregory the Seventh was then presented to the people. Their joyous exultation, and the pomp of the inaugural ceremonies, blended and contrasted strangely with the studied gloom and the melancholy dirge of the funeral rites.

That this electoral drama was a mere improvisation, may be credited by those before whose faith all the mountains of improbability give way. But thus to reach the summit of sacerdotal dominion as if by constraint; and thus, without forfeiting the praise of severe sanctity, to obtain the highest of this world's dignities; and thus to anticipate and defeat the too probable resistance of the Imperial Court; and thus to afford the Cardinals the opportunity and the excuse for the prompt exercise of their yet precarious electoral privilege—was a combination and a coincidence of felicities such as fortune, unaided by policy, seldom, if ever, bestows, even on her choicest favorites. He who had nominated five Popes, was, assuredly, no passive instru-

ment in his own nomination. His letters, written on the occasion, would alone be sufficient to prove, if proof were wanting, that a career thus far guided by the most profound sagacity, was not abandoned at its crisis to the caprice of a dissolute multitude. To several of his correspondents he addressed pathetic descriptions of his alarm and sorrow, but with an uniformity of terms so remarkable as to suggest the belief, that the elegiac strain was repeated as often as necessary by his secretaries, with such variations as their taste suggested. To the Emperor he breathed nothing but submission and humility. The most unimpeachable decorum presided over the whole ceremonial that followed. Envoys passed and repassed. Men of grave aspect instituted tedious inquiries. Solemn notaries attested prolix reports; and in due time the world was informed, that of his grace and clemency Henry, King of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor, had ratified the election of his dearly beloved father, Gregory the Seventh; the world, meanwhile, well knowing that despite the Emperor's hostility, the Pope was able and resolved to maintain his own; and that, if his power had seconded his will, the Emperor would have driven the Pope from Rome, as the most dangerous of rebels and the most subtle of usurpers.

But Henry was ill prepared for such an effort. During the first six years of his reign, the affairs of his vast hereditary empire had been conducted by his widowed mother. She was formed to love, to reverence, and to obey. In an age less rude, or in a station less exalted, her much long-suffering, her self-sustaining dignity, and the tenderness of her gentle spirit, might have enabled her even to win obedience. But her mind was ductile, her conscience enfeebled by a morbid sensibility, and her character formed by nature and by habit for subservience to any form of superstitious terror. She was surrounded by rapacious nobles whom no sacrifices could conciliate, and by lordly churchmen, who at once exacted and betrayed her confidence. Though severely virtuous, she was assailed by shameless calumnies. Her female rule was resented by the pride of Teutonic chivalry, and fraud and violence combined to inflict the deepest wound on her rights as a sovereign, and her feelings as a mother.

At Kaiserworth on the Rhine, Agnes and her son, then in his thirteenth year,

were reposing from the fatigues of an imperial progress. A galley, impelled by long lines of oars, and embellished with every ornament which art and luxury could command, appeared on the broad stream before them. Attended by a train of lords and servitors, Anno, the Archbishop of Cologne, descended from the gallant barge, and pressed the royal youth to inspect so superb a specimen of aquatic architecture and episcopal magnificence. Henry gladly complied, and, as the rowers bent to their oars, he enjoyed with boyish delight the rapidity with which one object after another receded from his view, till, turning to the companions of what had hitherto seemed a mere holiday voyage, he read in the anxious countenances of the commanders, and the vehement efforts of the boatmen, that he was a prisoner, and more than ever an orphan. With characteristic decision, he at once plunged into the water, and endeavored to swim to shore; but the toils were upon him. A confederacy formed by the Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz, and supported by the Dukes of Bavaria and Tuscany, consigned their young Sovereign to a captivity at once sumptuous and debilitating. They usurped the powers, and plundered the treasures of the crown. They bestowed on themselves and their adherents forests, manors, abbeys, and lordships. But to the future ruler of so many nations, they denied the discipline befitting his age, and the instruction due to his high prospects. They encouraged him, and with fatal success, to enervate by ceaseless amusement, and to debase by precocious debauchery, a mind naturally brave and generous. Anno has been canonized by the see of Rome. By the same ghostly tribunal, the Monarch whom he kidnapped, betrayed, and corrupted, was excluded from the communion of the Church when living, and from her consecrated soil when dead. Impartial history will reverse either sentence, and will reserve her anathemas rather for St. Anno, by whom the princely boy was exposed to the furnace of temptation, than for him in whose young mind the seeds of vice, so unsparingly sown, sprung up with such deadly luxuriance.

The heart of youth was never won by habitual indulgence. As Henry advanced towards manhood, the Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz discovered that they were the objects of his settled antipathy, and that they had to dread the full weight of a resentment at once just, vindictive, and un-

scrupulous. To avert that danger they transferred the charge of the royal youth to Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, rightly judging that his skill in courtly arts (for he had lived on affectionate terms with the deceased Emperor) might enable him to win his pupil's regard, but erroneously believing that his ecclesiastical zeal (for it seemed the master passion of his soul) would induce him to employ that advantage in the defence and service of the hierarchy.

Adalbert, whose life is written in the Church History of Adam of Bremen, was a man whose character was so strangely composite, and whose purposes were so immutably single, that he might have suggested portraits to Scott, epigrams to Young, antitheses to Pope, an analysis to Dryden, or to Shakspeare himself some rich and all-reconciling harmony. According to the aspect in which he was viewed, he might with equal justice be regarded as a saint or a man of pleasure, as a scholar or a courtier, as a politician or a wit. Now washing the feet of beggars, eloquently expounding Christian truth, or indignantly denouncing the sins of the rich and the great, the shifting scene exhibited him amidst a throng of actors, jugglers, and buffoons, or as the soul and centre of a society where lords and ambassadors, prelates and priests of low degree, met to enjoy his good cheer, to partake of his merriment, and to endure his relentless sarcasms. At the very moment when, with irresistible address, he was insinuating himself into the favor of some potent Count or Bishop, the approach of another dignitary would rouse him to bitter and unmeasured invective. From the laughing playfellow of his companions he would pass at once into their fierce assailant, and then atone for the extravagance of his passion by a bounty not less extravagant. But whether he preached or gave alms, whether philosophy, or fun, or satire, was his passing whim, he still enjoyed one luxury which habit had rendered indispensable. Parasites were ever at hand to confirm his own convictions, that Adalbert of Bremen was a universal genius, and that, under his fostering care, the see of Bremen was destined to become the northern capital of the universal Church.

Nor was it strange that he believed them. Of the countless victims of self-idolatry, few have had so many seductions to that intoxicating worship. A military as well as an ecclesiastical prince, he witnessed the extension of his Archiepiscopal domin-

ion far along the shores of the Elbe and the Baltic. Kings solicited his personal friendship. Sweden and the Empire accepted him as the mediator of peace. Envoys from every state in Europe, not excepting Constantinople, thronged his palace. He was at once the confidential adviser of the Pope and the chief minister of the Emperor, and even boasted (with whatever truth) that he had declined the papacy itself. But this earlier Wolsey, like his great antitype, longed for some imperishable monument of his glory. Bremen was the Ipswich of Adalbert; the site selected, but in vain, for perpetuating to the remotest ages the memory of an ambition less ennobled by the greatness of its aims, than debased by an insatiable vanity. To aggrandize his diocese, he builded and fortified, negotiated and intrigued, became by turns a suitor and an oppressor, conciliated attachments and braved enmities, and lived and died the imaginary patriarch of the imaginary patriarchate of the German and Scandinavian nations.

Brightly dawned on the young Henry the day which transferred the charge of his person and of his education from the austere Anno to the princely Adalbert. The Archbishop of Cologne had rebuked the vices he indulged. The conscience of the Archbishop of Bremen demanded no such soothing compromise. He fairly threw the reins on the neck of his royal charge, who invoked the aid of young and profligate companions to use or to abuse this welcome indulgence. His tutors had sown the wind: his people were now to reap the whirlwind. Of the domestic life of the young Emperor, the dark tale recorded by the chroniclers of his age would not be endured by the delicacy of our own. His public acts might seem to have been prompted by the determination to exasperate to madness the national pride, the moral sense, and the religious feelings of his subjects. Yet even when thus provoked, their resentment slumbered. A popular address, a noble presence, and the indulgence so liberally yielded to the excesses of the great, the prosperous, and the young, gave scope for the full expansion of his crimes and follies. At the Lateran the influence of his personal qualities was unfelt. Roused to a just indignation by the frequent intelligence of a life so debauched, and of a reign so impious, Alexander cited the Emperor to appear at Rome, there to answer in person to the apostolic throne for the simony and

the other offences imputed to him. The voice was Alexander's voice, but the hand was the hand of Gregory.

Between the day on which Hildebrand conducted Leo the Ninth into Rome as a simple pilgrim, to the time of his own tumultuary election, the quarter of a century had intervened. During the whole of that period he had been the confidential minister and guide of the Papacy. In each of the five pontificates which he had nominally served and really governed, the Holy See had pursued the same aggressive policy with a steadfastness indicating the guidance of one far-seeing mind gifted with patience to await, with promptitude to discern, and with courage to seize the moments of successful advance. When, therefore, the citation of Henry was issued in the name of the dying Pope, none doubted that this audacious act, then without a parallel in history, had been dictated by the same stern and unrelenting councillor. When tidings reached the Imperial Court that the voice of the people and the votes of the cardinals had placed in Gregory's hands the mysterious keys and the sharp sword of Peter, none doubted the near approach of the conflict which was to assign the supreme dominion over the Christian world, either to the German sceptre, or to the Roman crosier. That, after ages of war and controversy, they should peacefully exercise a concurrent yet divided rule, would have seemed an idle dream to a generation whose feudal theory of government had for its basis the principle of various gradations of dependency on some one common head or suzerain.

With a life unstained by any sensual or malignant crime, (a praise of which his contemporary and rancorous biographer, Cardinal Benno, is the reluctant and unconscious witness,) and self-acquitted of any selfish ends, (for except as the champion of the Church he neither obtained nor sought any personal aggrandizement,) Pope Hildebrand surrendered himself freely to the current of those awful thoughts which have peopled the brain of each of the successors of Peter in his turn, the basest and the most impure scarcely excepted. A mystery to himself, he had become the supreme Vicar of Christ on earth; the predestined heir of a throne among those saints who should one day judge the world; the mortal head of an immortal dynasty; the depository of power delegated yet divine; the viceroy to whom had been in-

trusted by God himself the care of interests, and the dispensation of blessings and of curses, which reduced to inappreciable vanities all the good and evil of this transitory world. Resolute as he was, he appears to have trembled at the contrast between the weakness of his human nature and the weight of these majestic responsibilities. With the Abbots of Clugni and of Monte Cassino he maintained a relation as much resembling friendship as was compatible with the austerity of his nature and his habits; and to them he depicted the secret tumults of his mind, in terms of which it would be impossible to deny either the sincerity or the eloquence.

Before his prophetic eye arose a vast theocratic state, in which political and religious society were to be harmonized, or absorbed into each other. At the head of this all-embracing polity, the Bishop of Rome was to assert his legitimate authority over all the kings and rulers of the earth. In immediate dependence on him was to be ranged the circle of his liege spiritual lords—some residing at the seat of empire as electors, councillors, and ministers to the supreme potentate; others presiding over the fraternities, the provinces, and the sees of which his empire was composed. At the capital of this hierarchal state were to be exercised the various powers of government—legislative, administrative, and judicial. There were also to be held the occasional meetings of the extraordinary or ecumenical legislature. To the infallible sovereign of this new Jerusalem were to be assigned prerogatives limited only by his own conscience, and restrained by no power but that of God himself. To the Emperor, the Kings, the Dukes, and Counts, his feudatories, was to be intrusted a ministry subordinate and auxiliary to his. They were to maintain order, to command armies, to collect revenues, to dispense justice. But they were to hold their crowns or coronets at the pleasure of the Autocrat; to justify to him the use of their inferior authority, and to employ it in support of that power, which, derived from heaven itself, could acknowledge no superior, equal, or competitor on earth. But woe—such woe as vengeance, almighty and unrelenting, could inflict—on him who should impiously wield the pontifical sceptre, in the name of Christ, in any spirit, or for any ends, not in accordance with those awful purposes which once made Christ himself a sojourner among men! Heathen Rome

had been raised up to conquer and to civilize. To Christian Rome was appointed a far loftier destiny. It was hers to mediate between hostile nations, to reconcile sovereigns and their people—to superintend the policy, restrain the ambition, redress the injustice and punish the crimes of princes—to render the Apostolic Throne the source and centre of a holy influence, which, diffused through every member of the social body, should inform, and animate, and amalgamate the whole, and realize the inspired delineation of that yet unborn age, when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, with a little child their leader.

Sublime as were the visions which thus thronged on the soul of Gregory the Seventh, and which still shed a glowing light over his three hundred and fifty extant letters, life was never, for a single day, a state of mere visionary existence to him. Before him lay the impending struggle with Henry, with Honorius, with the ecclesiastics of Lombardy, with the German people, whose loyalty had so long survived the sorest provocation, and with many even of the German prelates, who ascribed to the successor of Charlemagne and of Otho the same rights which these great monarchs had exercised over the Pontiffs of an earlier generation. Nor was he unconscious that the way for his theocracy must be paved by reforms, so searching as to convert into inexorable antagonists many of those on whose attachment to his person and his laws he might otherwise have most implicitly relied.

Yet it was with no faint auguries of success that he girded himself for the battle. His Norman feudatories to the south, his Tuscan alliance to the north, promised security to the papal city. Disaffection was widely spread among the commonalty of the Empire. The Saxons were on the verge of revolt. The Dukes of Swabia, Carinthia, and Bavaria, were brooding over insufferable wrongs. From the young and debauched Emperor, it seemed idle to dread any resolved or formidable hostility. From the other powers of Europe, Henry could expect no succor. From every region of Christendom a voice, addressed and audible to the supreme Pontiff, invoked a remedy for the traffic in holy things, and for the fearful pollutions beneath which the Church was groaning; and that heavenly voice promised to him, when he should have strangled those monsters of iniquity,

every honor which man could confer, and every benediction which God bestows on his most favored servants. He heard, and he obeyed it.

From the most remote Christian antiquity, the marriage of clergymen had been regarded with the dislike, and their celibacy rewarded by the commendation, of the people. Among the ecclesiastical heroes of the four first centuries, it is scarcely possible to point to one who was not, in this respect, an imitator of Paul rather than of Peter. Among the ecclesiastical writers of those times, it is scarcely possible to refer to one by whom the superior sanctity of the unmarried to the conjugal state is not either directly inculcated or tacitly assumed. This prevailing sentiment had ripened into a customary law, and the observance of that custom had been enforced by edicts and menaces, by rewards and penalties. But nature had triumphed over tradition, and had proved too strong for Councils and for Popes.

When Hildebrand ascended the chair first occupied by a married Apostle, his spirit burned within him to see that marriage held in her impure and unhallowed bonds a large proportion of those who ministered at the altar, and who handled there the very substance of the incarnate Deity. It was a profanation well adapted to arouse the jealousy, not less than to wound the conscience, of the Pontiff. Secular cares suited ill with the stern duties of a theocratic ministry. Domestic affections would choke or enervate in them that corporate passion which might otherwise be directed with unmitigated ardor towards their chief and centre. Clerical celibacy would exhibit to those who trod the outer courts of the great Christian temple, the impressive and subjugating image of a transcendental perfection, too pure not only for the coarser delights of sense, but even for the alloy of conjugal or parental love. It would fill the world with adherents of Rome, in whom every feeling would be quenched which could rival that sacred allegiance. From every monastery might be summoned a phalanx of allies to overpower the more numerous, but dispersed and feeble antagonists of such an innovation. In every mitred churchman it would find an active partisan. The people, ever rigid in exacting eminent virtue from their teachers, would be rude but effective zealots of a ghostly discipline from which they were themselves to be exempt.

With such anticipations, Gregory, within a few weeks from his accession, convened a council at the Lateran, and proposed a law, not, as formerly, forbidding merely the marriage of priests, but commanding every priest to put away his wife, and requiring all laymen to abstain from any sacred office which any wedded priest might presume to celebrate. Never was legislative foresight so verified by the result. What the great Council of Nicæa had attempted in vain, the Bishops assembled in the presence of Hildebrand accomplished, at his instance, at once, effectually, and for ever. Lamentable indeed were the complaints, bitter the reproaches, of the sufferers. Were the most sacred ties thus to be torn asunder at the ruthless bidding of an Italian priest? Were men to become angels, or were angels to be brought down from heaven to minister among men? Eloquence was never more pathetic, more just, or more unavailing. Prelate after prelate silenced these complaints by austere rebukes. Legate after legate arrived with papal menaces to the remonstrants. Monks and abbots preached the continency they at least professed. Kings and barons laughed over their cups at many a merry tale of compulsory divorce. Mobs pelted, hooted, and besmeared with profane and filthy baptisms the unhappy victims of pontifical rigor. It was a struggle not to be prolonged—broken hearts pined and died away in silence. Expostulations subsided into murmurs, and murmurs were drowned in the general shout of victory. Eight hundred years have since passed away. Amidst the wreck of laws, opinions, and institutions, this decree of Hildebrand's still rules the Latin Church, in every land where sacrifices are offered on her altars. Among us, but not of us,—valuing their rights as citizens, chiefly as instrumental to their powers as churchmen—ministers of love, to whom the heart of a husband and a father is an inscrutable mystery—teachers of duties, the most sacred of which they may not practise—compelled daily to gaze on the most polluted imagery of man's fallen heart, but denied the refuge of nature from a polluted imagination—professors of virtue, of which, from the death of the righteous Abel down to the birth of the fervent Peter, no solitary example is recorded in Holy Writ—excluded from that posthumous life in remote descendants, the devout anticipation of which enabled the patriarchs to walk meekly, but exultingly with their God—

the sacerdotal caste still flourishes in every Christian land, the imperishable and gloomy monument of that far-sighted genius which thus devised the means of papal despotism, and of that short-sighted wisdom which proposed to itself that despotism as a legitimate and laudable end.

With this Spartan rigor towards his adherents, Gregory combined a more than Athenian address and audacity towards his rivals and antagonists. So long as the monarchs of the West might freely bestow on the objects of their choice the sees and abbeys of their states, papal dominion could be but a passing dream, and papal independency an empty boast. Corrupt motives usually determined that choice; and the objects of it were but seldom worthy. Ecclesiastical dignities were often sold to the highest bidder, and then the purchaser indemnified himself by a use no less mercenary of his own patronage; or they were given as a reward to some martial retainer, and the new churchman could not forget that he had once been a soldier. The cope and the coat-of-mail were worn alternately. The same hand bore the crucifix in the holy festival, and the sword in the day of battle. Episcopal warriors and abbatial courtiers thus learned to regard themselves rather as feudatories holding of their temporal lord, than as liegemen owing obedience to their spiritual chief. In the hands of the newly consecrated Bishop was placed a staff, and on his finger a ring, which, received as they were from his temporal sovereign, proclaimed that homage and fealty were due to him alone. And thus the sacerdotal Proconsuls of Rome became, in sentiment at least, and by the powerful obligation of honor, the vicergerents, not of the Pontifex Maximus, but of the Emperor.

To dissolve this *trinoda necessitas* of simoniacal preferments, military service, and feudal vassalage, a feebleness of spirit would have exhorted, negotiated, and compromised. To Gregory it belonged to subdue men by courage, and to rule them by reverence. Addressing the world in the language of his generation, he proclaimed to every potentate, from the Baltic to the Straits of Calpé, that all human authority being holden of the divine, and God himself having delegated his own sovereignty over men to the Prince of the Sacred College, a divine right to universal obedience was the inalienable attribute of the Roman

Pontiffs, of whom, as the supreme earthly suzerain, emperors and kings held their crowns, patriarchs and bishops their mitres, and held them not mediately through each other, but immediately as tenants *in capite* from the one legitimate representative of the great Apostle.

In turning over the collection of the epistles of Hildebrand, we are every where met by this doctrine asserted in a tone of the calmest dignity and the most serene conviction. Thus he informs the French monarch that every house in his kingdom owed to Peter, as their father and pastor, an annual tribute of a penny, and he commands his legates to collect it in token of the subjection of France to the Holy See. He assures Solomon the King of Hungary, that his territories are the property of the Holy Roman Church. Solomon being incredulous and refractory, was dethroned by his competitor for the Hungarian crown. His more prudent successor, Ladislaus, acknowledged himself the vassal of the Pope, and paid him tribute. To Corsica a legate is sent to govern the demesnes of the Papacy in the island, and to recover the rest of it from the Saracens. To the Sardinians an account is dispatched of her title to their obedience, with menaces of a Norman invasion if it should be withheld. On Demetrius, Duke of Dalmatia, we find him conferring the kingly title, reserving a yearly payment of two hundred pieces of silver 'to the holy Pope Gregory, and his successors lawfully elected, as supreme lords of the Dalmatian kingdom.' Among the visitors of Rome was a youth described in one of these epistles as son of the King of Russia. The letter informs the sovereign so designated, that, at the request of the young Prince, the Pontiff had administered to him the oath of fealty to St. Peter and his successors, not doubting that 'it would be approved by the king and all the lords of his kingdom, since the Apostle would henceforth regard their country as his own, and defend it accordingly.' From Sweno the Dane he exacted a promise of subjection. From the recently converted Polanders he demanded, and received, as sovereign lord of the country, an annual tribute of an hundred marks in silver. From every part of the European continent, Bishops are summoned by these imperial missives to Rome, and there are either condemned and deposed, or absolved and confirmed in their sees. In France, in Spain, and in Germany, we find his legates exercising

the same power; and the correspondence records many a stern rebuke, sometimes for their undue remissness, sometimes for their misapplied severity. The rescripts of Trajan scarcely exhibit a firmer assurance both of the right and the power to control every other authority, whether secular or sacerdotal, throughout the civilized world.

There was, however, one memorable exception. Robert the Norman conqueror of Sicily, and William the Norman conqueror of England, steeped in blood and sacrilege, were the most shameless and cruel of usurpers. The groans and curses of the oppressed cried aloud for vengeance against them. But the apostolic indignation, though roused by the active vices of the Emperor, and the apathetic depravity of Philip of France, had for these tyrants no menaces of ghostly wrath, no exhortations to repentance. Robert was embraced and honored as the faithful ally of Rome. William was addressed in the blandest accents of esteem and tenderness. 'You exhibit towards us' (such is the style) 'the attachment of a dutiful son, yea, of a son whose heart is moved by the love of his mother. Therefore, my beloved son, let your conduct be all that your language has been. Let what you have promised be effectually performed.' The injunction was not disobeyed, for even of promises the grim conqueror of the north had been sufficiently parsimonious. As Duke of Normandy he remitted to the Pope the amount of certain dues. As King of England he indignantly refused the required oath of fealty. 'I hold my kingdom of God and of my sword,' was his stern and decisive answer. Something the papal legate dared to mutter of the worthlessness of gold without obedience; but the gold was accepted and the disobedience endured. These were not the days of John, surnamed Lackland; and for Innocent the Third was reserved by his great predecessor the glory of receiving, from an English sovereign on his bended knee, the crown which, on the head of William, challenged equal honors with the papal tiara. For concessions favorable to his hopes of unlimited dominion, the Pontiff turned to a sovereign whose crimes no triumphs had sanctified, and no heroism redeemed.

Alexander's citation had been despised by Henry, and was not revived by Hildebrand. Every post from Germany brought fresh proof that, without the use of weapons

so hazardous, the Emperor must, ere long, be reduced to solicit the aid of Rome on such terms as Rome might see fit to dictate. Dark as were the middle ages, the German court had light enough (if we may credit the chroniclers) to anticipate our own enlightened Irish policy. The ancient chiefs of Saxony were imprisoned, their estates confiscated, and granted to absent lords and prelates. Tithe proctors hovered like birds of prey over the Saxon fields. A project was formed for driving the ancient inhabitants into a Saxon pale, and for converting the land into a great Swabian colony. Castles frowned on every height. Their garrisons pillaged and enslaved the helpless people. Alliances were formed with the Bavarian and the Dane to crush a race hated for their former pre-eminence, and despised for their recent sufferings. Nothing was wanting to complete the parallel but discord and dejection amongst the intended victims.

Groaning under the oppressions, and penetrating the designs of their sovereign, the Saxons solicited for their leaders an audience at Goslar. The appointed day arrived. The deputies presented themselves at the palace. Henry was engaged at a game of hazard, and bade them wait till he had played it out. A stern and indignant demand for justice repelled the insult. A second time, in all the insolence of youth, Henry returned a contemptuous answer. In a few hours he found himself blockaded at his castle of Hartzburg by a vast assemblage of armed men, under the command of Otho of Nordheim, the Tell or Hofer of his native land.

Escaping with difficulty, the Emperor traversed Western Germany to collect forces for crushing the Saxon insurgents. But the spell of his Imperial name and of his noble presence were broken. The crimes of a defeated fugitive were unpardonable. His allies made common cause with the Saxons, whom they had so lately leagued to destroy. Long repressed resentment burst out in the grossest indignities against the recreant sovereign. Unworthy to wear his spurs or his crown, (so ran the popular arraignment,) he descended at a step from the summit of human greatness almost to the condition of an outcast from human society. A Diet had been summoned for his deposition. His sceptre had been offered to Rudolf of Swabia. A few days more, and his crown, if not his life, had been forfeited, when an opportune illness and a

rumor of his death awakened the dormant feelings of reverence and compassion. Haggard from disease, abject in appearance, destitute, deserted, and unhappy, he presented himself to the citizens of Worms. The ebbing tide of loyalty rushed violently back into its wonted channels. Shouts of welcome ran along the walls. Every house-top rang with acclamations. Women wept over his wrongs. Men-at-arms devoted their lives, rich burghers their purses, to his cause. The Diet was dissolved, Rudolf fled, and it remained for Henry to practise, on his recovered throne, the lessons he had learned in the school of adversity.

Those lessons had been unfolded and enforced by the parental admonitions of Gregory. The royal penitent answered by promises of amendment, 'full' (as the Pope declared) 'of sweetness and of duty.' Nor was this a mere lip homage. To prove his sincerity, he abandoned to the Pope the government of the great see and city of Milan, the strongest hold of the Imperialists in Italy. A single desire engrossed the heart of Henry. No sacrifice seemed too costly which might enable him to inflict an overwhelming vengeance on the Saxon people; no price excessive by which he could purchase the aid, or at least the neutrality, of Hildebrand in the impending struggle. The concessions were accepted by the Pope, the motive understood, and the equivalent rendered. With gracious words to the Emperor and to Rudolf, with pacific councils and vague promises to the Saxons, the Pope retired from all further intervention in a strife of which it remained for him to watch the issue and to reap the advantage.

It was in the depth of a severe winter that Henry, hoping to surprise the insurgents, marched from Worms at the head of forces furnished by the wealth and zeal of that faithful city. Drifts of snow obstructed his advance. The frozen streams could no longer turn the mills on which he depended for subsistence. Meteors blazed in the skies, and the dispirited soldiers trembled at such accumulated omens of disaster. In that anxious host, one bosom only was heedless of danger, and unconscious of suffering. He, who had hitherto been known only as a profligate and luxurious youth, now urged on his followers through cold, disease, and famine, to the Saxon frontier. But there Otho awaited him at the head of a large and well-dis-

ciplined army. The Imperialists declined the unequal encounter. Again Henry was reduced to capitulate. Humbled a second time before his subjects, he bound himself to dismantle his fortresses, to withdraw his garrisons, to restore the confiscated fiefs, to confirm their ancient Saxon privileges, and to grant an amnesty unlimited and universal.

The treaty of Gerstungen (so it was called) was dictated by animosity and distrust, and was carried into execution by the conquerors in the spirit of vindictive triumph. They expelled from his residence at Goslar their dejected king and his household, and destroyed the town of Hartzburg with its royal sepulchre, where lay the bones of his infant son, and of others of his nearest kindred. The graves were broken open, and their ghastly contents exposed to shameful and inhuman contumelies—a wild revenge, and a too plausible pretext for a fearful and not distant retribution.

Henry returned to his Rhenish provinces to meditate vengeance. Reckless of any remoter danger in which the indulgence of that fierce passion might involve him, he invoked the arbitrement of Hildebrand, and called on him to excommunicate the sacrilegious race who had burned the church and desecrated the sepulchres of his forefathers. Gregory watched the gathering tempest of civil war, received the appeals of the contending parties, and answered both by renewed injunctions of obedience to himself. To the Saxons he sent homilies, to the Emperor an embassy, graced by the name and the presence of his mother, Agnes. She bore a papal mandate to her son to enforce the celibacy of the clergy, and to restore to its lawful channels the patronage of the Church. Henry promised obedience. The legates then convoked a national Synod, to be held in Germany under their own presidency. To this encroachment also, Henry submitted. A remonstrance against it from the Archbishop of Bremen was answered by a legantine sentence suspending him from his see. Still the Emperor was passive. Another sentence of the papal ambassadors exiled from the court, and presence of Henry, five of his councillors whom Alexander had excommunicated. No signal of resistance was given by their insulted sovereign. Edicts for the government of the Teutonic Church were promulgated without the usual courtesy of asking his concurrence. They

provoked from him no show of resentment. Their work accomplished, the legates then returned to Rome, the messengers of successes more important than any former Pope had ventured to contemplate over the authority of the Cæsar. Applause, honors, preferments rewarded her associates; while to Agnes herself were given assurances of celestial joy, and of a distinguished place among the choristers of heaven.

Her less aspiring son fed his mind with hopes of vengeance, rendered as he thought more sure by all his concessions to the Roman Pontiff. Twice, indeed, he had recoiled ignominiously from the Saxon frontier. But from defeat itself he might draw the means of victory. By the great feudatories of the Empire, the spectacle of armed peasants and wealthy burghers imposing terms of peace on the successor of Charlemagne, had been regarded with proud scorn and indignation. They resented the rising fame and influence of Otho. He and his followers might become strong enough to resume by arms the estates they had lost by confiscation. Rumors were already rife of such designs. To fan these flames, and deepen these alarms, to excite among restless chiefs and predatory bands the appetite for war and plunder, became the easy and successful labor of the impatient Emperor. At Henry's summons, the whole strength of Germany collected on the Elbe to crush in his quarrel the power they had so lately aided to depose him. There were to be seen the crucifix of the Abbot of Fulda, and there the sacred banner of the Archbishop of Mentz. There Guelph, the Bavarian, raised his ducal standard to reconquer the broad lands restored to their former owners by the treaty of Gerstungen. There, surrounded by the chivalry of Lorraine, and restored by the Emperor to that forfeited principality, Godfrey repaid the boon by the desertion of the alliance, conjugal as well as political, which bound him to the House of Tuscany. There appeared the King of Hungary, lured by the hope of new provinces to be assigned to him on the dismemberment of Saxony. And there, in the centre of countless pennons, came Rudolf, to prove his loyalty to the prince whose throne he had so recently endeavored to usurp.

The tide of war rolled on towards the devoted land. It had been saved, if penitence, humility, and prayer were of the same power in the courts of earth as in those of

heaven. It had been saved, if courage gathered from despair, and guided by patriotism, could have availed against such a confederacy of numbers and of discipline. But prayer was vain, and patriotism impotent. A long summer's day had reached its close, when, under the command of their great leader Otho, the Saxon lines approached the Unstrut. On the opposite banks of that stream the Imperialists had already encamped. Neither army was aware of the vicinity of the other, and Henry had retired to rest, when Rudolf roused him with the intelligence that the insurgent forces were at hand, unarmed, and heedless of their danger, the ready prey of a sudden and immediate attack. The Emperor threw himself in a transport of gratitude at the feet of his adviser, and leaping on his horse, led forward his forces to the promised victory.

In this strange world of ours, tragedies, of which the dire plot and dark catastrophe might seem to be borrowed from hell, are not seldom depicted by historical dramatists, in colors clear and brilliant as those which may be imagined to repose over Paradise. One of the mitred combatants has sung, and Lambert, the chronicler of Aschaffenburg, has narrated, the battle of the Unstrut. The Bishop's hexameters have all the charm which usually belongs to episcopal charges. But Lambert is among the most graphic and animated of historians. His picture of the field glows with his own military ardor, and is thronged with incidents and with figures which might well be transferred to the real canvass. Among them we distinguish the ill-arranged Saxon lines broken, flying, and again forming at the voice of Otho as it rises above the tumult, and then rushing after him with naked swords, and naked bosoms, on the main battle of the triumphant invaders. And still the eye follows Otho wherever there are fainting hearts to rally, or a fierce onslaught to repel;—and we seem almost to hear the shrill Swabian war-cry from the van of the Imperial host, where by a proud hereditary right they had claimed to stand; and Rudolf their leader, the very minister of death, is ever in the midst of the carnage, himself, as if in covenant with the grave, unharmed; and in the agony and crisis of the strife, Henry the idol, to whom his bloody sacrifice is offered, is seen in Lambert's battle-piece, leaping at the head of his reserve on his exhausted enemies, sweeping whole ranks into confused masses, and amidst shrieks, and groans, and

fruitless prayers, and fruitless curses, immolating them to his insatiable revenge.

The sun went down on that Aceldama amidst the exultations of the victorious allies. It rose on them the following morning agitated by grief, by discord, and by disaffection. Many nobles who had fought the day before under the Imperial banner, were stretched on the field of battle. The enthusiasm of the Saxons had proved at how fearful a price, if at all, the selfish ends of the confederacy must be attained. They mourned the extinction of one of the eyes of Germany. Silently but rapidly the armament dissolved. Godfrey alone remained to prosecute the war. With his aid it was brought to a successful issue. A capitulation placed Otho and the other leaders in the Emperor's power. With their persons secured, their estates forfeited, and their resources destroyed, he returned to join with the loyal citizens of Worms in chanting the '*Te Deum laudamus.*' The same sacred strain had but a few days before celebrated at Rome a still more important and enduring victory.

Gregory had rightly judged, that while the rival princes were immersed in civil war, he might securely convene the princes of the Church to give effect to designs of far deeper significance. The long aisles of the Lateran were crowded with grave Canonists and mitred Abbots, with Bishops and Cardinals, with the high functionaries, and the humble apparitors of the Papal State. Proudly eminent above them all, sat the Vicar and Vicerent of the King of Kings. Masses were sung, and homilies were delivered, and rites were performed, of which the origin might be traced back to the worship of the Capitoline Jove; and then was enacted by the ecclesiastical Senate, a law, not unlike the most arrogant of those which eleven centuries before had been promulgated in the Capitol. It forbade the kings and rulers of the earth to exercise their ancient right of investiture of any spiritual dignity, and transferred to the Pope alone a patronage and an influence more than sufficient to balance within their own dominions all the powers of all the monarchs of Christendom. In the darkest hours of Imperial despotism, the successors of Julius had never enjoyed or demanded an authority so wide or so absolute. Even the daring spirit by which it had been dictated, drew back from the immediate publication of such a decree. The Pope intimated to the German court and

prelates the other acts of the council, but passed over in silence the great edict for which they had been assembled, and by which they were to be immortalized. It reposed in the Papal Chancery as an authority to be invoked at a more convenient season, and in the mean time as a text for the devout to revere, and for the learned to interpret. To Hildebrand it belonged neither to expound nor to threaten, but to act.

The Bishop of Lucca was dead: the Pope nominated his successor. The Bishop of Bamberg was accused of simony; the Pope suspended him. The Archbishop of Bremen still denied the right of Papal legates to preside in a German synod: the Pope deprived him of his see and of the holy sacraments. The Bishops of Pavia, Turin, and Placentia adhered to Honorius: the Pope deposed them. Henry's five exiled councillors gave no signs of repentance: the Pope again excommunicated them. The Normans invaded the Roman territory: the Pope assailed them by a solemn anathema. Philip of France continued to indulge himself, and to pillage every one else: the Pope upbraided and menaced him. Thus with maledictions, sometimes as deadly as the Pomptine miasma, sometimes as innocuous as the Mediterranean breeze, he waged war with his antagonists, and exercised in reality the powers which he yet hesitated to assert in words.

To the conqueror of Saxony these encroachments and anathemas of the Pontiff appeared more offensive than formidable. He retaliated rather by scorn than by active hostility. He heaped favors on his own excommunicated councillors—sent one of his chaplains to ascend the vacant throne—nominated an obscure and scandalous member of his own household for the princely mitre of Cologne, and forbade his Saxon subjects to appeal to Rome even in cases exclusively ecclesiastical. To Henry, the Pontiff seemed an angry, arrogant, vituperative, old man, best to be encountered by contempt. To Gregory, the Emperor appeared as the feeble and unconscious agent in a providential scheme for subjecting the secular to the spiritual dynasty. To such as could read the signs of the times, it was evident that, on either side, this contempt was misplaced, and that a long and sanguinary conflict drew near, by which the future destinies of the world would be determined.

Events hurried rapidly onward to that

crisis. Complaints were preferred to the Holy See of crimes committed by Henry against the Saxon Church which cried for vengeance, and of vices practised by him in private, which rendered him unfit for communion with his fellow Christians. Gregory cited the Emperor to appear before him to answer these charges. The Emperor, if we may believe the papal historians, answered by an attempt to assassinate the author of so presumptuous a citation.

On Christmas eve, in the year 1075, the city of Rome was visited by a dreadful tempest. Not even the full moon of Italy could penetrate the dense mass of superincumbent clouds. Darkness brooded over the land, and the trembling spectators believed that the day of final judgment was about to dawn. In this war of the elements, however, two processions were seen advancing to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. At the head of one was the aged Hildebrand, conducting a few priests to worship at the shrine of the *Virgo Deipara*. The other was preceded by Cencius, a Roman noble. His followers were armed as for some desperate enterprise. At each pause in the roar of the tempest might be heard the hallelujahs of the worshippers, or the voice of the Pontiff pouring out benedictions on the little flock which knelt before him—when the arm of Cencius grasped his person, and the sword of some yet more daring ruffian inflicted a wound on his forehead. Bound with cords, stripped of his sacred vestments, beaten, and subjected to the basest indignities, the venerable minister of Christ was carried to a fortified mansion within the walls of the city, again to be removed at daybreak to exile or to death. Women were there with women's sympathy and kindly offices, but they were rudely put aside, and a drawn sword was already aimed at the Pontiff's bosom, when the cries of a fierce multitude threatening to burn or batter down the house, arrested the arm of the assassin. An arrow, discharged from below, reached, and slew him. The walls rocked beneath the strokes of the maddened populace, and Cencius, falling at the prisoner's feet, became himself a suppliant for pardon and for life.

In profound silence and undisturbed serenity, Hildebrand had thus far submitted to these atrocious indignities. The occasional raising of his eyes towards heaven, alone indicated his consciousness of them.

But to the supplication of his prostrate enemy he returned an instant and a calm assurance of forgiveness; he rescued Cencius from the exasperated besiegers, dismissed him in safety and in peace, and returned amidst the acclamations of the whole Roman people to complete the interrupted solemnities of Santa Maria Maggiore.

That Henry instigated this crime, is a charge of which no proof is extant, and to which all probabilities are opposed. But it was current at the time; and the contest thenceforward assumed all the bitterness of personal animosity. To the charges of sacrilege, impurity, and assassination, preferred against the Emperor, his partisans answered by denouncing the Pope himself, at a Synod convened at Worms, as base-born, and as guilty of murder, simony, necromancy and devil worship, of habitual, though concealed, profligacy, and of an impious profanation of the Eucharist. Fortunately for the fame of Gregory, his enemies have written a book. Cardinal Benno, one of the most inveterate, has bequeathed to us a compendium of all those synodal invectives. The guilt of a base birth is established; for Hildebrand's father was a carpenter in the little Tuscan town of Saone. The other imputations are refuted by the evident malignity of the writer, and by the utter failure, or the wild extravagance, of his proofs.

Such, however, was not the judgment of the Synod of Worms. A debate, of two days' continuance, closed with an unanimous vote that Gregory the Seventh should be abjured and deposed. Henry first affixed his signature to the form of abjuration. Then each Archbishop, Bishop, and Abbot, rising in his turn, subscribed the same fatal scroll. Scarcely was the assembly dissolved, before Imperial messengers were on their way to secure the concurrence of other Churches, and the support of the temporal princes. On every side, but especially in Northern Italy, a fierce and sudden flame attested the long mouldering resentment of the priests whom the Pope had divorced from their wives; of the lords whose simoniacal traffic he had arrested; of the princes whose Norman invaders he had cherished; of ecclesiastics whom his haughty demeanor had incensed; of the licentious whom his discipline had revolted; and of the patriotic whom his ambition had alarmed. The abjuration of Worms was adopted with enthusiasm by another

Synod at Placenza. Oaths of awful significance cemented the confederacy. Acts of desperate hostility bore witness to their determination to urge the quarrel to extremities. Not a day was to be lost in intimating to Gregory that the apostolic sceptre had fallen from his hands, and that the Christian Church was once more free.

It was now the second week in Lent, in the year 1076. From his throne, beneath the sculptured roof of the Vatican, Gregory, arrayed in the rich mantle, the pall, and the other mystic vestments of pontifical dominion, looked down the far-receding aisle of the sacred edifice on the long array of ecclesiastical Lords and Princes, before whom 'Henry King of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor,' had been summoned to appear, not as their sovereign to receive their homage, but as a culprit to await their sentence. As he gazed on that new senate, asserting a jurisdiction so majestic—and listened to harmonies which might not unfitly have accompanied the worship of Eden—and joined in anthems which in far distant ages had been sung by blessed saints in their dark crypts, and by triumphant martyrs in their dying agonies—and inhaled the incense symbolical of the prayers offered by the Catholic Church to her eternal Head—what wonder, if, under the intoxicating influence of such a scene and of such an hour, the old man believed that he was himself the apostolic Rock on which her foundations were laid, and that his cause and person were sacred as the will, and invincible as the power, of heaven itself? The 'Veni Creator' was on the lips of the papal choir, when Roland, an envoy from the Synods of Worms and Placenza, presented himself before the assembled hierarchy of Rome. His demeanor was fierce, and his speech abrupt. 'The King and the united Bishops both of Germany and Italy,' (such was his apostrophe to the Pope,) transmit to thee this command:—Descend without delay from the throne of St. Peter. Abandon the usurped government of the Roman Church. To such honors none must aspire without the general choice and the sanction of the Emperor. Then addressing the conclave—'To you, brethren,' he said, 'it is commanded, that at the feast of Pentecost ye present yourselves before the King my master, to receive a pope and father from his hands. This pretended pastor is a ravenous wolf.' A brief pause of mute astonishment gave

way to shouts of fury. Swords were drawn, and the audacious herald was about to expiate his temerity with his blood. But Gregory descended from his throne; received from the hands of Roland the letters of the Synods, and resuming his seat, read them in a clear and deliberate voice to the indignant council. Again the sacred edifice rang with a tempest of passionate invective. Again swords were drawn on Roland, and again the storm was composed by the voice of the Pontiff. He spoke of prophecies fulfilled in the contumacy of the King and in the troubles of the faithful. He assured them, that victory would reward their zeal, or divine consolations soothe their defeat: but whether victory or defeat should be their doom, the time, he said, had come, when the avenging sword must be drawn to smite the enemy of God and of his Church.

The speaker ceased, and turned for approbation, or at least for acquiescence, not to the enthusiastic throng of mitred or of armed adherents, but to one who, even in that eventful moment, divided with himself the gaze and the sympathy of that illustrious assemblage. For by his side, though in an inferior station, sat Agnes the Empress-mother, brought there to witness and to ratify the judgment to be pronounced on her only child, whom she had borne amidst the proudest hopes, and trained for empire beneath the griefs and anxieties of widowhood. She bore, or strove to bear herself as a daughter of the Church, but could not forget that she was the mother of Henry, when, in all the impersonated majesty of that holy fellowship, Hildebrand, raising his eyes to heaven, with a voice echoing, amidst the breathless silence of the Synod, through the remotest arches of the lofty pile, invoked the holy Peter, prince of the apostles, to hear, and 'Mary the mother of God,' and the blessed Paul and all the saints to bear witness, while for the honor and defence of Christ's Church, in the name of the sacred Trinity, and by the power and authority of Peter, he interdicted to King Henry, son of Henry the Emperor, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy, absolved all Christians from their oaths and allegiance to him, and bound him with the bond of anathema, 'that the nations may know and acknowledge that thou art Peter, and that upon thy rock the Son of the living God hath built his church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'

When intelligence of the deposition of Henry first astounded the nations of Europe, the glories of Papal Rome seemed to the multitude to have been madly staked on one most precarious issue. Men foretold that the Emperor would promptly and signally punish a treason so audacious, and that the Holy See would, ere long, descend to the level of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Nor did the wisest deem such anticipations unreasonable. They reflected that Henry was still in the very prime of life—that he possessed a force of will which habitual luxury had not impaired, and a throne in the hearts of his people which the wildest excess of vice and folly had not subverted—that he reigned over the fairest and the wealthiest portion of the Continent—that he commanded numerous vassals, and could bring into the field powerful armies—that he had crushed rebellion among his subjects, and had no rival to dread among his neighbors—and that the Papacy had flourished under the shelter of the Imperial crown, the authority of which had been so arrogantly defied, and the fierce resentment of which was now inevitably to be encountered. But in the seeming strength of the Imperial resources, there was an inherent weakness, and in the seeming weakness of the Papal cause, a latent but invincible strength. Even Teutonic loyalty had been undermined by the cruelties, the faithlessness, and the tyranny of the monarch, and the doom of the oppressor was upon him. The cause of Gregory was, on the other hand, in popular estimation, the cause of sanctity and of truth, of primeval discipline and traditionary reverence, and the Pope himself a martyr, who, in all the majesty of superhuman power, was resolved either to repel the spoiler from the Christian fold, or to lay down his life for the sheep. That these high and lofty purposes really animated the soul, or kindled the imagination of him to whom they were thus ascribed, it would be presumptuous to deny. But whatever may have been his reliance on the promises of heaven, he certainly combined with it a penetrating insight into the policy of earth. He summoned to his aid his Norman feudatories, and invoked the succor of his Tuscan allies. She who now reigned in Tuscany might be supposed to have been called into being for the single purpose of sustaining, like another Deborah or Judith, the fainting hopes of another Israel.

On the death of Boniface, Duke and

Marquis of Tuscany, in 1054, his states descended to his only surviving child, who, under the title of 'The Great Countess,' ruled there until her own death in 1116, first in tutelage, then in conjunction with her mother Beatrice, and, during the last thirty-nine years of that long period, in her own plenary and undivided right. Though she married Godfrey of Lorraine in her youth, and Guelf of Bavaria in her more mature age, neither the wit and military genius of her first husband, nor the wisdom and dignity of his successor, could win the heart of Matilda. Her biographer has entered into an elaborate inquiry to establish the fact, that, notwithstanding her nuptial vows with two of the most accomplished princes of that age, she lived and died as in a state of celibacy. Even they who cannot concur with him in pronouncing the sacrifice sublime, will admit that it was at least opportune. While persuading the clergy to put away their wives, she herself repudiated both her husbands. The story, indeed, is not very tractable. Schools for scandal preceded, as they have survived, all the other schools of modern Italy; and whoever has read Goldasti's 'Replication for the Sacred Cæsarean and Royal Majesty of the Franks,' is aware that if Florence had then possessed a comic stage and an Aristophanes, he would have exhibited no less a personage than the great Hildebrand in the chains of no meaner an Aspasia than the great Countess of Tuscany. But large as is the space occupied by this charge, and by the refutation of it, in the annals of those times, it may safely be rejected as altogether incredible and absurd. At that period, the anatomists of the human heart seemed not to have described, if indeed they had detected, that hieropathic affection so familiarly known among ourselves, of which the female spirit is the seat, and the ministers of religion the objects—a flame usually as pure as it is intense, and which burned as brightly in the soul of Matilda eight centuries ago, as in the most ardent of the fair bosoms which it warms and animates now. She was in truth in love, but in love with the Papacy. Six aged Popes successfully acknowledged and rejoiced over her, at once the most zealous adherent of their cause, and the most devoted worshipper of their persons. And well might those holy fathers exult in such a conquest. Poets in their dreams have scarcely imaged, heroes in the hour of their triumph have rarely attained, so illus-

trious a trophy of their genius or of their valor.

The life of Matilda is told by Donnizone, a member of her household, in three books of lamentable hexameters, and by Fiorentini, an antiquarian and genealogist of Lucca in the seventeenth century, in three other books scarcely less wearisome; though his learning, his love of truth, and his zeal for the glory of his heroine, secure for him the respect and the sympathy of his readers. That she should have inspired no nobler eulogies than theirs, may be ascribed partly to her having lived in the times when the Boethian had subsided into the Bœotian age of Italian literature, and partly to the uninviting nature of the ecclesiastical feuds and alliances in which her days were consumed. Otherwise, neither Zenobia, nor Isabella, nor Elizabeth, had a fairer claim to inspire and to live in immortal verse. Not even her somnolent chaplain, as he beat out his Latin doggerel, could avoid giving utterance to the delight with which her delicate features, beaming with habitual gaiety, had inspired him. Not even her severe confessor, Saint Anselm of Lucca, could record without astonishment, how her feeble frame sustained all the burdens of civil government, and all the fatigues of actual war; burdens indeed, which, but for a series of miraculous cures wrought for her at her own intercession, she could not (he assures us) have sustained at all.

Supported, either by miracle, or by her own indomitable spirit, Matilda wielded the sword of justice with masculine energy in the field against the enemies of the Holy See, or in the tribunal against such as presumed to violate her laws. He who knew her best, regarded these stern exercises of her authority but as the promptings of a heart which loved too wisely and too well to love with fondness. In the camp, such was the serenity of her demeanor, and the graceful flow of her discourse, that she appeared to him a messenger of mercy, in the garb of a Penthiselea. On the judgment-seat he saw in her not the stern avenger of crime, but rather the compassionate mother of the feeble and the oppressed.

Nor did she allow to herself any of the weak indulgence she denied to others. In a voluptuous age she lived austere, subduing her appetites, and torturing her natural affections with the perverse ingenuity which her ghostly councillors inculcated and extolled. In a superstitious age she subdued her desire for the devotional ab-

stractions of the cloister; and with greater wisdom, and more real piety, consecrated herself to the active duties of her princely office. In an illiterate age, her habits of study were such that she could make herself intelligible to all the troops among whom she lived, though levied from almost every part of Europe, and especially to the Italian, French and German soldiers, whose tongues she used with equal facility. Donnizone assures us, that, though he was ever at hand as her Latin secretary, she wrote with her own pen all her letters in that language to the Pontiffs and Sovereigns of her times—a proof, as his readers will think, of her discernment no less than of her learning. On his testimony, also, may be claimed for her the praise of loving, collecting, and preserving books; for thus he sings—

*‘Copia librorum non deficit huic ve bonorum;
Libros ex cunctis habet artibus atque figuris.’*

How well she understood the right use of them, may be inferred from her employment of Werner, a jurist, to revise the ‘*Corpus Juris Civilis*,’ and of Anselm, her confessor, to compile a collection of the ‘*Canon Law*,’ and to write a commentary on the ‘*Psalms of David*.’ Such, indeed, was her proficiency in scriptural knowledge, that her versifying chaplain maintains her equality in such studies with the most learned of the Bishops, her contemporaries.

Warrior, ascetic, and scholar as she was, the spirit of Matilda was too generous to be imprisoned within the limits of the camp, the cell, or the library. It was her nobler ambition to be the refuge of the oppressed, and the benefactor of the miserable, and the champion of what she deemed the cause of truth. Mortifying the love of this world’s glory, she labored with a happy inconsistency to render it still more glorious. At her bidding, castles and palaces, convents and cathedrals, statues and public monuments, arose throughout Tuscany. Yet, so well was her munificence sustained by a wise economy, that to the close of her long reign, she was still able to maintain her hereditary title to the appellation of ‘the rich,’ by which her father, Boniface, had been distinguished. She might, with no less propriety, have been designated as ‘the powerful;’ since, either by direct authority, or by irresistible influence, she ruled nearly the whole of Northern Italy, from Lombardy to the Papal States, and received from the other monarchs of the West, both the

outward homage and the real deference reserved for sovereign potentates.

Matilda attained to the plenary dominion over her hereditary states at the very crisis of the great controversy of her age, when Henry had procured and promulgated the sentence of the Synod of Worms for the deposition of Gregory. Heedless, or rather unconscious, of the resources of that formidable adversary, he had made no preparation for the inevitable contest; but, as if smitten by a judicial blindness, selected that critical moment for a new outrage on the most sacred feelings of his own subjects. He marched into Saxony; and there, as if in scorn of the free German spirit, erected a stern military despotism, confiscated the estates of the people, exiled their nobles, imprisoned their bishops, sold the peasants as slaves, or compelled them to labor in erecting fortresses, from which his mercenary troops might curb and ravage the surrounding country. The cry of the oppressed rose on every side from the unhappy land. It entered into the ears of the Avenger.

As Henry returned from this disastrous triumph to Utrecht, the Imperial banner floated over a vast assemblage of courtiers, churchmen, vassals, ministers of justice, men-at-arms, and sutlers, who lay encamped, like some nomad tribe, round their chief, when the indignant bearing of some of his followers, and the alarmed and half-averted gaze of others, disclosed to him the awful fact, that a pontifical anathema had cast him down from his Imperial state, and exiled him from the Society of all Christian people. His heart fainted within him at these dismal tidings as at the sound of his own passing bell. But that heart was kingly still, and resolute either to dare or to endure, in defence of his hereditary crown. Shame and sorrow might track him to the grave, but he would hold no counsel with despair. The world had rejected him—the Church had cast him out—his very mother deserted him. In popular belief, perhaps in his own, God himself had abandoned him. Yet all was not lost. He retained, at least, the hope of vengeance. On his hated adversary he might yet retaliate blow for blow, and malediction for malediction.

On Easter-day, in the year 1076, surrounded by a small and anxious circle of Prelates, William the Archbishop of Utrecht ascended his archiepiscopal throne, and recited the sacred narrative which commemorates the rising of the Redeemer from the

grave. But no strain of exulting gratitude followed. A fierce invective depicted, in the darkest colors, the character and the career of Hildebrand, and with bitter scorn the preacher denied the right of such a Pope to censure the Emperor of the West, to govern the Church, or to live in her communion. In the name of the assembled Synod, he then pronounced him excommunicate.

At that moment the summons of death reached the author of this daring defiance. While the last fatal struggle convulsed his body, a yet sorer agony affected his soul. He died self-aborred, rejecting the sympathy, the prayers, and the sacraments with which the terrified bystanders would have soothed his departing spirit. The voice of Heaven itself seemed to rise in wild concert with the cry of his tortured conscience.—Thunderbolts struck down both the church in which he had abjured the Vicar of Christ, and the adjacent palace in which the Emperor was residing. Three other of the anti-papal prelates quickly followed William to the grave, by strange and violent deaths. Godfrey of Lorraine fell by the hand of an assassin. Universal horror was awakened by such accumulated portents. Each day announced to Henry some new secession. His guards deserted his standard; his personal attendants avoided his presence. The members of the Synod of Worms fled to Rome, to make their peace with the justly-irritated Pontiff. The nobles set free the Saxon prisoners who had been confided to their custody. Otho appeared once more in arms to lead a new insurrection of his fellow-countrymen. The great Princes of Germany convened a council to deliberate on the deposition of their Sovereign. To every eye but his own, all seemed to be lost. Even to him it was but too evident that the loyalty of his subjects had been undermined, and that his throne was tottering beneath him. A single resource remained. He might yet assemble the faithful or the desperate adherents of his cause—inspire dread into those whose allegiance he had forfeited—make one last strenuous effort in defence of his crown—and descend to the tomb, if so it must be, the anointed and acknowledged Chief of the Carolingian Empire.

With a mind wrought up to such resolves, he traversed the north of Germany to encounter the Saxon insurgents—published to the world the sentence of Utrecht—and called on the Lombard Bishops to concur in the excommunication it denounced. He reaped the usual reward of audacity.—

Though repelled by Otho, and compelled to retrace his march to the Rhine, he found every city, village, and convent, by which he passed, distracted with the controversy between the diadem and the tiara. Religion and awakening loyalty divided the Empire. Though not yet combining into any definite form, the elements of a new confederacy were evidently at work in favor of a Monarch who thus knew how to draw courage and energy from despair.

Yet the moral sentiment of the German people was as yet unequivocally against their Sovereign. The Imperialists mournfully acknowledged that their chief was justly condemned. The Papalists indignantly denied the truth of the reproaches cast on their leader. In support of that denial, Gregory defended himself in epistles addressed to all the greater Teutonic prelates. Among them is a letter to Herman, Bishop of Metz, which vividly exhibits both the strength of the writer's character and the weakness of his cause. Although (he says) such as, from their exceeding folly, deny the papal right of excommunicating kings hardly deserve an answer, (the right to *depose* kings was the real point in debate,) yet, in condescension to their weakness, he will dispel their doubts. Peter himself had taught this doctrine, as appeared by a letter from St. Clement, (in the authenticity of which no one believes.) When Pepin coveted the crown of Childeric, Pope Zachary was invited by the Mayor of the Palace to give judgment between them. On his ambiguous award the usurper had founded the title of his dynasty. Saint Gregory the Great had *threatened* to depose any monarch who should resist his decrees. The story of Ambrose and Theodosius rightly interpreted, gave proof that the Emperor held his crown at the will of the Apostle. Every king was one of the 'sheep' whom Peter had been commanded to feed, and one of the 'things' which Peter had been empowered to bind. Who could presume to place the sceptre on a level with the crosier? The one the conquest of human pride, the other the gift of divine mercy: the one conducting to the vain glories of earth, the other pointing the way to heaven. As gold surpasses lead, so does the Episcopal transcend the Imperial dignity. Could Henry justly refuse to the universal Bishop that precedence which Constantine had yielded to the meanest Prelate at Nicæa? Must not he be supreme above all terrestrial thrones, to whom all ecclesiastical dominations are subordinate?

To employ good arguments, one must be in the right. To make the best possible use of such as are to be had, is the privilege of genius, even when in the wrong. Nothing could be more convincing to the spiritual lords of Germany, nothing more welcome to her secular chiefs, than this array of great names and sonorous authorities against their falling Sovereign. To overcome the obstinate loyalty of the burghers and peasantry to their young and gallant King, religious terrors were indispensable; and continual reinforcements of Pontifical denunciations were therefore solicited and obtained. At length, in the autumn of 1076, appeared from Rome a rescript which, in the event (no longer doubtful) of Henry's continued resistance to the sentence of the last Papal council, required the German princes and prelates, counts and barons, to elect a new Emperor, and assured them of the Apostolical confirmation of any choice which should be worthily made. These were no idle words. The death-struggle could no longer be postponed. Legates arrived from Rome, to guide the proceedings of the Diet to be convened for this momentous deliberation. It met during the autumn at Tribur.

The annals of mankind scarcely record so solemn or so dispassionate an act of national justice. On every adjacent height some princely banner waved over the mature vintage, and joining in that pleasant toil, and in the carols of that gay season, groups of unarmed soldiers might be traced along the furthest windings of the neighboring Rhine. In the centre, and under the defence of that vast encampment, rose a pavilion, within which were collected all whose dignity entitled them to a voice in that high debate. From the only extant record of what occurred, and of what was spoken there, it may be inferred that Henry's offences against the Church were regarded lightly in comparison with the criminality of his civil government. Stationed on the opposite bank of the river, he received continued intelligence of the progress and tendency of the discussion. The prospect darkened hourly. Soldiers had already been dispatched to secure him; and unknighly indignities inflicted on his person, might for ever have estranged the reverence borne to him by the ruder multitude, when he attempted to avert the impending sentence by an offer to abdicate all the powers of government to his greater feudatories, and to retreat from the contest

as the merely titular head of the Teutonic Empire.

Palpable as was the snare to the subtle Italian legates, the simple-minded Germans appear to have nearly fallen into it. For seven successive days, speech answered speech on this proposal, and when men could neither speak nor listen more, the project of a nominal reign, shorn of all substantial authority, was adopted by the Diet; but (in modern phrase) with amendments obviously imposed by the representatives of the sacerdotal power. The Pope was to be invited to hold a Diet at Augsburg in the ensuing spring. He was meanwhile to decide whether Henry should be restored to the bosom of the Church. If so absolved, he was at once to resume all his beneficial rights. But if the sun should go down on him, still an excommunicate person, on the 23d of February 1077, his crown was to be transferred to another. Till then he was to dwell at Spires, with the Imperial title, but without a court, an army, or a place of public worship.

The theocratic theory, hitherto regarded as a mere Utopian extravagance, had thus passed into a practical and a sacred reality. The fisherman of Galilee had triumphed over the conqueror of Pharsalia. The vassal of Otho had reduced Otho's successor to vassalage. The universal monarchy which heathen Rome had wrung from a bleeding world, had been extorted by Christian Rome from the superstition or the reverence of mankind. The relation of the Papacy and the Empire had been inverted, and Churchmen foretold with unhesitating confidence the exaltation of their order above all earthly potentates, and the resort to their capital of countless worshippers, there to do homage to an oracle more profound than that of Delphi, to mysteries more pure than those of Eleusis, and to a pontificate more august than that of Jerusalem. Strains of unbounded joy resounded through the papal city. Solitude and shame and penitential exercises attended the past crimes and the abject fortunes of the exile of Spires.

But against this regimen of sackcloth and fasting, the body and the soul of Henry revolted. At the close of the Diet of Tribur, he had scarcely completed his twenty-sixth year. Degraded, if not finally deposed, hated and reviled, abandoned by man, and compelled by conscience to anticipate his abandonment by God, he yet in the depths of his misery retained the remembrance and

the hope of dominion. Youth could still gild the future. He might yet retrieve his reputation, resume the blessings he had squandered, and take a signal vengeance on his great antagonist. And amidst the otherwise universal desertion, there was one faithful bosom on which to repose his own aching heart. Contrasted with the guilt and the baseness of her husband's court, Bertha is disclosed to us as the pure surrounded by the licentious, the faithful by the false. Her wrongs had been such as to render a deep resentment nothing less than a duty. Her happiness and her honor had been basely assailed by the selfish profligate to whom the most solemn vows had in vain united her. But to her, those vows were a bond stronger than death, and never to be dissolved or weakened by all the confederate powers of earth and hell. To suffer was the condition—to pardon and to love, the necessity—of her existence. Vice and folly could not have altogether depraved him who was the object of such devoted tenderness, and who at length returned it with almost equal constancy, after a bitter experience had taught him the real value of the homage and caresses of the world.

In her society, though an exile from every other, Henry wore away two months at Spires in a fruitless solicitation to the Pope to receive him in Italy as a penitent suitor for reconciliation with the Church. December had now arrived; and in less than ten weeks would be fulfilled the term, when, if still excommunicate, he must, according to the sentence at Tribur, finally resign, not the prerogatives alone, but the title and rank of Head of the Empire. To avert this danger, no sacrifice could be declined; and history tells of none more singular than those to which the heir of the Franconian dynasty was constrained to submit. In the garb of a pilgrim, and in a season so severe as during more than four months to have converted the Rhine into a solid mass of ice, Henry and his faithful Bertha, carrying in her arms their infant child, undertook to cross the Alps, with no escort but such menial servants as it was yet in his power to hire for that desperate enterprise. Among the courtiers who had so lately thronged his palace, not one would become the companion of his toil and dangers. Among the neighboring princes who so lately had solicited his alliance, not one would grant him the poor boon of a safe-conduct and a free passage through their states. Even his wife's mother exacted from him large terri-

torial cessions as the price of allowing him and her own daughter to scale one of the Alpine passes, apparently that of the Great St. Bernard. Day by day, peasants cut out an upward path through the long windings of the mountain. In the descent from the highest summit, when thus at length gained, Henry had to encounter fatigues and dangers from which the chamois-hunter would have turned aside. Vast trackless wastes of snow were traversed, sometimes by mere crawling, at other times by the aid of rope-ladders or still ruder contrivances, and not seldom by a sheer plunge along the inclined steep; the Empress and her child being enveloped on those occasions in the raw skins of beasts slaughtered on the march.

The transition from these dangers to security, from the pine forests, glaciers, and precipices of the Alps, to the sunny plains of the South, was not so grateful to the wearied travellers as the change from the gloom of Spires to the rapturous greetings which hailed their advance along the course of the Po. A splendid court, a numerous army, and an exulting populace, once more attested the majesty of the Emperor, nor was the welcome of his Italian subjects destitute of a deeper significance than usually belongs to the pæans of the worshippers of kings. They dreamed of the haughty pontiff humbled, of the See of Ambrose exalted to civil and ecclesiastical supremacy, and of the German yoke lifted from their necks. Doomed as were these soaring hopes to an early disappointment, the enthusiasm of Henry's partisans justified those more sober expectations which had prompted his perilous journey across the Alps. He could now prosecute his suit to the Pope with the countenance and in the vicinity of those zealous adherents, and at a secure distance from the enemies towards whom Hildebrand was already advancing to hold the contemplated Diet of Augsburg. In personal command of a military escort, Matilda attended the Papal progress; and was even pointing out to her guards their line of march through the snowy peaks which closed in her northern horizon, when tidings of the rapid approach of the Emperor at the head of a formidable force induced her to retreat to the fortress of Canossa. There, in the bosom of the Apennines, her sacred charge would be secure from any sudden assault. Nor had she any thing to dread from the regular leaguer of such powers as could in that age have been brought to the siege of it.

Canossa was the cradle and the original seat of her ancient race. It was also the favorite residence of the Great Countess; and when Gregory found shelter within her halls, they were crowded with guests of the highest eminence in social and in literary rank. So imposing was the scene, and so superb the assemblage, that the drowsy muse of her versifying chaplain awakened for once to an hyperbole, and declared Canossa to be nothing less than a new Rome, the rival of that of Romulus. Thither, as if to verify the boast, came a long line of mitred penitents from Germany, whom the severe Hildebrand consigned on their arrival to solitary cells with bread and water for their fare; and there also appeared the German Emperor himself, not the leader of the rumored host of Lombard invaders, but surrounded by a small and unarmed retinue—mean in his apparel, and contrite in outward aspect, a humble suppliant for pardon and acceptance to the communion of the faithful. Long centuries had passed away since the sceptre of the West had been won in Cisalpine fields fought by Italian armies; and Henry well knew that, to break the alliance of patriotism, cupidity, and superstition, which had degraded him at Tribur, it was necessary to rescue himself from the anathema which he had but too justly incurred. And Hildebrand! fathomless as are the depths of the human heart, who can doubt that, amidst the conflict of emotions which now agitated him, the most dominant was the exulting sense of victory over the earth's greatest Monarch? His rival at his feet, his calumniator self-condemned, the lips which had rudely summoned him to abdicate the Apostolic crown now suing to him for the recovery of the imperial diadem, the exaltation in his person of decrepit age over fiery youth, of mental over physical power, of the long-enthralled church over the long-tyrannizing world, all combined to form a triumph too intoxicating even for that capacious intellect.

The veriest sycophant of the Papal Court would scarcely have ventured to describe, as a serious act of sacramental devotion, the religious masquerade which followed between the high priest and the imperial penitent; or to extol as politic and wise the base indignities to which the Pontiff subjected his prostrate enemy, and of which his own pastoral letters contain the otherwise incredible record. Had it been his object to compel Henry to drain to its bitterest dregs the

cup of unprofitable humiliation—to exasperate to madness the Emperor himself, and all who would resent as a personal wrong an insult to their sovereign—and to transmit to the latest age a monument and a hatred alike imperishable, of the extravagances of spiritual despotism, he could have devised no fitter course.

Environed by many of the greatest Princes of Italy who owed fealty and allegiance to the Emperor, Gregory affected to turn a deaf ear to his solicitations. His humblest offers were spurned; his most unbounded acknowledgments of the sacerdotal authority over the kings and kingdoms of the world were rejected. For the distress of her royal kinsman, Matilda felt as women and as monarchs feel; but even her entreaties seemed to be fruitless. Day by day, the same cold stern appeal to the future decisions of the Diet to be convened at Augsburg, repelled the suit even of that powerful intercessor. The critical point, at which prayers for reconciliation would give way to indignation and defiance, had been almost reached. Then, and not till then, the Pope condescended to offer his ghostly pardon, on the condition that Henry would surrender into his hands the custody of the crown, the sceptre, and the other ensigns of royalty, and acknowledge himself unworthy to bear the royal title. This, however, was a scandal on which not even the proud spirit of the now triumphant Priest dared to insist, and to which not even the now abject heart of the Emperor could be induced to submit. But the shame which was spared to the Sovereign was inflicted with relentless severity on the Man.

It was towards the end of January, the earth was covered with snow, and the mountain streams were arrested by the keen frost of the Apennines, when, clad in a thin penitential garment of white linen, and bare of foot, Henry, the descendant of so many kings, and the ruler of so many nations, ascended slowly and alone the rocky path which led to the outer gate of the fortress of Canossa. With strange emotions of pity, of wonder, and of scorn, the assembled crowd gazed on his majestic form and noble features, as, passing through the first and the second gateway, he stood in the posture of humiliation before the third, which remained inexorably closed against his further progress. The rising sun found him there fasting; and there the setting sun left him stiff with cold, faint with hun-

ger, and devoured by shame and ill-suppressed resentment. A second day dawned, and wore tardily away, and closed, in a continuance of the same indignities, poured out on mankind at large in the person of their chief by the Vicar of the meek, the lowly, and the compassionate Redeemer. A third day came, and still irreverently trampling on the hereditary lord of the fairer half of the civilized world, Hildebrand once more prolonged till nightfall this profane and hollow parody on the real workings of the broken and contrite heart.

Nor in the midst of this outrage on every natural sentiment and every honest prejudice, was he unwarned of the activity and the strength of those feelings. Lamentations, and even reproaches, rang through the castle of Canossa. Murmurs from Henry's inveterate enemies, and his own zealous adherents, upbraided Gregory as exhibiting rather the cruelty of a tyrant than the rigor of an apostle. But the endurance of the sufferer was the only measure of the inflexibility of the tormentor; nor was it until the unhappy Monarch had burst away from the scene of his mental and bodily anguish, and sought shelter in a neighboring convent, that the Pope, yielding at length to the instances of Matilda, would admit the degraded suppliant into his presence. It was the fourth day on which he had borne the humiliating garb of an affected penitence, and in that sordid raiment he drew near on his bare feet to the more than imperial Majesty of the Church, and prostrated himself in more than servile deference before the diminutive and emaciated old man, 'from the terrible grace of whose countenance,' we are told, 'the eye of every beholder recoiled as from the lightning.' Hunger, cold, nakedness, and shame, had for the moment crushed that gallant spirit. He wept and cried for mercy, again and again renewing his entreaties, until he had reached the lowest level of abasement to which his own enfeebled heart, or the haughtiness of his great antagonist, could depress him. Then, and not till then, did the Pope condescend to revoke the anathema of the Vatican.

Cruel, however, were the tender mercies of the now exulting Pontiff. He restored his fallen enemy at once to the communion and to the contempt of his Christian brethren. The price of pardon was a promise to submit himself to the future judgment of the Apostolic See; to resign his crown if

that judgment should be unfavorable to him; to abstain meanwhile from the enjoyment of any of his royal prerogatives or revenues; to acknowledge the validity of the release of his subjects from their allegiance; to banish his former friends and advisers; to govern his states, should he regain them, in obedience to the papal counsels; to enforce all papal decrees, and never to revenge his present humiliation. To the observance of the terms thus dictated by the conqueror, the oaths of Henry himself, and of several Prelates and Princes as his sponsors, were pledged; and then, in the name of Him who had declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and as the successor of him who had forbidden to all Bishops any lordship over the heritage of Christ, the solemn words of pontifical absolution rescued the degraded Emperor from the forfeit to which he had been conditionally sentenced by the confederates at Tribur.

Another expiation was yet to be made to the injured majesty of the Tiara. He in whom the dynasties of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, and of Otho had their representative, might still be compelled to endure one last and galling contumely. Holding in his hand the seeming bread, which words of far more than miraculous power had just transmuted into the very body which died and was entombed at Calvary,—‘Behold!’ exclaimed the Pontiff, fixing his keen and flashing eye on the jaded countenance of the unhappy Monarch,—‘behold the body of the Lord! Be it this day the witness of my innocence. May the Almighty God now free me from the suspicion of the guilt of which I have been accused by thee and thine, if I be really innocent! May He this very day smite me with a sudden death, if I be really guilty!’ Amidst the acclamations of the bystanders, he then looked up to heaven, and broke and ate the consecrated element. ‘And now,’ he exclaimed, turning once more on the awe-stricken Henry that eye which neither age could dim nor pity soften; ‘if thou art conscious of thine innocence, and assured that the charges brought against thee by thine own opponents are false and calumnious, free the Church of God from scandal, and thyself from suspicion, and take as an appeal to heaven this body of the Lord.’

That in open contradiction to his own recent prayers and penances, the penitent should have accepted this insulting challenge was obviously impossible. He trem-

bled, and evaded it. At length, when his wounded spirit and half-lifeless frame could endure no more, a banquet was served, where, suppressing the agonies of shame and rage with which his bosom was to heave from that moment to his last, he closed this scene of wretchedness, by accepting the hospitalities, sharing in the familiar discourse, and submitting to the benedictions of the man who had in his person given proofs till then unimagined, of the depths of ignominy to which the Temporal chief of Christendom might be depressed by an audacious use of the powers of her Ecclesiastical head.

The Lombard lords who had hailed the arrival of their Sovereign in Italy, had gradually overtaken his rapid advance to Canossa. There, marshalled in the adjacent valleys, they anxiously awaited from day to day intelligence of what might be passing within the fortress, when at length the gates were thrown open, and attended only by the usual Episcopal retinue, a bishop was seen to descend from the steep path which led to their encampment. He announced that Henry had submitted himself to the present discipline and to the future guidance of the Pope, and had received his ghostly absolution; and that on the same terms His Holiness was ready to bestow the same grace on his less guilty followers. As the tidings of this papal victory flew from rank to rank, the mountains echoed with one protracted shout of indignation and defiance. The Lombards spurned the pardon of Hildebrand—an usurper of the Apostolic throne, himself excommunicated by the decrees of German and Italian Synods. They denied the authority of the Emperor, debased as he now was by concessions unworthy of a king, and by indignities disgraceful to a soldier. They vowed to take the crown from his dishonored head, to place it on the brows of his son, the yet infant Conrad; to march immediately to Rome, and there to depose the proud Churchman who had thus dared to humble to the dust the majesty of the Frankonian line and of the Lombard name.

In the midst of this military tumult, the gates of Canossa were again thrown open, and Henry himself was seen descending to the camp, his noble figure bowed down, and his lordly countenance overcast with unwonted emotions. As he passed along the Lombard lines, every eye expressed contempt, and derision was on every tongue. But the Italian was not the German spirit.

They could not at once despise and obey. Following the standard of their degraded monarch, they conducted him to Reggio, where, in a conclave of ecclesiastics, he instantly proceeded to concert schemes for their deliverance, and for his own revenge.

Within a single week from the absolution of Canossa, Gregory was on his way to Mantua to hold a council, to which the Emperor had invited him, with the treacherous design (if the papal historians may be credited) of seizing and imprisoning him there. The vigilance of Matilda rescued her Holy Father from the real or imaginary danger. From the banks of the Po she conducted him back, under the escort of her troops, to the shelter of her native mountain fastnesses. His faith in his own infallibility must have undergone a severe trial. The Imperial sinner he had pardoned was giving daily proof that the heart of man is not to be penetrated even by Papal eyes. Henry was exercising, with ostentation, the prerogatives he had so lately vowed to forego. He had cast off the abject tone of the confessional. All his royal instincts were in full activity. He breathed defiance against the Pontiff—seized and imprisoned his legates—recalled to his presence his excommunicated councillors—became once more strenuous for his rights—and was recompensed by one simultaneous burst of sympathy, enthusiasm, and devotedness from his Italian subjects.

To balance the ominous power thus rising against him, Gregory now received an accession of dignity and of influence on which his eulogists are unwilling to dwell. The discipline of the Church, and the fate of the Empire, were not the only subjects of his solicitude while sheltered in the castle and city of the Tuscan heroine. The world was startled and scandalized by the intelligence, that his princely hostess had granted all her hereditary states to her Apostolic guest, and to his successors forever, in full allodial dominion. By some sage of the law, who drew up the act of cession, it is ascribed to her dread of the Emperor's hostility. A nobler impulse is ascribed to the mistress of Liguria and Tuscany in the hobbling verses of her more honest chaplain. Peter, he says, bore the keys of heaven, and Matilda had resolved to bear the Etrurian keys of Peter's patrimony in no other character than that of door-keeper to Peter. With what benignity the splendid inheritance was accepted, may

also be learned from the worthy versifier. At this hour Pope Gregory the Sixteenth holds some parts of his territorial dominion in virtue of this grant. Hildebrand is one of the saints of the church, and one of the heroes of the world. He, therefore, escapes the reproach of so grave an abuse of the hospitality of the Great Countess, and of the confidence she reposed in her spiritual guide. The coarser reproach in which it has involved them both, will be adopted by no one who has ever watched the weaving of the mystic bonds which knit together the female and the sacerdotal hearts. It was the age of feudalism, not of chivalry. Yet, when chivalry came, and St Louis himself adorned it, would he, if so tried, have resisted the temptation under which St. Gregory fell? It is, probably, well for the fame of that illustrious prince that his virtue was never subjected to so severe a test.

Canossa, the scene of this memorable cession, was, at the same time, the prison of him to whom it was made. All the passes were beset with Henry's troops. All the Lombard and Tuscan cities were in Henry's possession. His reviving courage had kindled the zeal of his adherents. He was no longer an outcast to be trampled down with impunity; but the leader of a formidable host, with whom even the Vicar of Christ must condescend to temporize.

In the wild defiles of the Alps, swift messengers from the Princes to the Pope hurried past solemn legates from the Pope to the Princes—they urging his instant appearance at Augsburg—he exhorting them to avoid any decision in his absence. Mired emissaries also passed from Gregory to the Emperor, summoning him to attend the Diet within a time by which no one unwafted by wings or steam could have reached the place, and requesting from him a suicidal safe-conduct for his pontifical judge. The Pope was now confined to the weapons with which men of the gown contend with men of the sword. His prescience foreboded a civil war. His policy was to assume the guidance of the German league just far enough to maintain his lofty claims, not far enough to be irrevocably committed to the leaguers. A plausible apology for his absence was necessary. It was afforded by Henry's rejection of demands made only that they might be rejected.

To Otho and to the aspiring Rudolf such subtleties were alike unfamiliar and unsuspected. Those stout soldiers and simple

Germans, knew that the Pope had deposed their King and had absolved them from their allegiance. They doubted not, therefore, that he was bound heart and soul to their cause. Or if, in the assembly which they held at Forcheim, a doubt was whispered of Italian honor or of Pontifical faith, it was silenced by the presence there of Papal legates, who sedulously swelled the tide of invective against Henry. At first, indeed, they dissuaded the immediate choice of a rival sovereign. But to the demand of the Princes for prompt and decisive measures, they gave their ready assent. They advised them, it is true, to confer no hereditary title on the object of their choice. Yet when, in defiance of that advice, the choice was made, they solemnly confirmed it by the name, and by the authority of Gregory. They did not, certainly, vote for the election of Rudolf; but, when the shouts of the multitude announced his accession to the Teutonic throne, they placed the crown on his head. That Hildebrand did not disavow these acts of his representatives, but availed himself of the alliances and aids to be derived from them, appeared, to these downright captains, abundantly sufficient to bind him in conscience and in honor. That the Pope had not the slightest intention of being so bound, unless it should chance to suit his own convenience, is, however, past dispute. Even in the nineteenth century he has found, in M. l'Abbé Jager, an apologist who absolves him from all responsibility for the acts of his legates at the Diet of Forcheim, because they were adopted without awaiting his own personal arrival. The Diet might just as reasonably have awaited the arrival of the Millennium.

The decretals of Rome, of Tribur, of Canossa, and of Forcheim, were now to bear their proper fruits—fruits of bitter taste and of evil augury. At the moment when the cathedral of Menz was pouring forth the crowds who had just listened to the coronation oath of Rudolph, the clash of arms, the cries of combatants, and the shrieks of the dying, mingled, strangely and mournfully, with the sacred anthems and the songs of revellers. An idle frolic of some Swabian soldiers had kindled into rage the sullen spirit with which the partisans of Henry had gazed on that unwelcome pageant; and the first rude and exasperated voice was echoed by the thousands who learned, from those acclamations, the secret of their numbers and their strength.

The discovery and the agitation spread from city to city, and roused the whole German people from the Rhine to the Oder. Men's hearts yearned over their exiled King. They remembered that, but twelve short years before, he had been basely stolen from his mother by churchmen who had yet more basely corrupted him. They commemorated his courage, his courtesy, and his munificence. They pardoned his faults as the excesses of youth, and resented, as insults to themselves, the indignities of Canossa and the treason of Forcheim. In this reflux of public opinion, the loyal and the brave, all who cherished the honors of the crown, and all who desired the independence of the state, were supported by the multitudes to whom the papal edicts against simony and clerical marriages were fraught with calamity, and by that still more numerous body who at all times lend their voices and their arms to swell the triumph of every rising cause. To this confederacy Rudolph had to oppose the alliance of the princes, secular and ecclesiastical, the devoted zeal of the Saxon people, and the secret support, rather than the frank and open countenance, of the Pope. The shock of these hostile powers was near and inevitable.

In the spring of 1077, tidings were spread throughout Germany of the Emperor's arrival to the northward of the Alps. From Franconia, the seat of his house, from the fruitful province of Burgundy, and from the Bohemian mountains, he was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. Many, even of the Bavarians and Swabians, revolted in his favor. His standard once more floated over all the greater citadels of the Rhine. He who, six months before, had fled from Spire a solitary wanderer, was now at the head of a powerful army, controlling the whole of Southern Germany, laying waste the territories of his rivals, and threatening them with a signal retribution.

Amidst the rising tempest the voice of Gregory was heard; but it was no longer trumpet-tongued and battling with the storm. The Supreme Earthly Judge, the dread avenger, had subsided into the pacific mediator. In the name of Peter he enjoined either king to send him a safe-conduct, that he might, in person, arbitrate between them and stop the effusion of Christian blood. A safe but an impracticable offer; an indirect but significant avowal of neutrality between the sovereign he had so lately deposed, and the sovereign

whom, by his legates, he had so lately crowned. Thus ignobly withdrawing from the contest he had so precipitately kindled, Hildebrand returned from Canossa to the papal city. The Great Countess, as usual, attended as the commander of his guard. Rome received in triumph her new Germanicus, and decreed an ovation to his ever-faithful Agrippina.

While the glories of Canossa were thus celebrated by rejoicings in the Christian Capital, these were expiated by blood in the plains of Saxony. Confiding in the solemn acts of the Pope and his Legates, the Saxons had thronged to the defence of the crown of Rudolf, and they had sustained it undauntedly. But the bravest quailed at the intelligence that Gregory had disowned the cause of the Church, and of their native land; and that, even in the palace of the Lateran, the ambassadors of Henry were received with honors, and with a deference denied to the humbler envoys of his rival. Sagacity far inferior to that of Hildebrand, could, at that time, have divined that the sword alone could decide such a quarrel—that the sword of Henry was the keener of the two—and that, by the cordial adoption of the cause of either, the Pope might draw on himself the vengeance of the conqueror. To pause, to vacillate, and to soothe, had, therefore, become the policy of the Sovereign of the Papal States; but to be silent or inactive in such a strife, would have been to abdicate one of the highest prerogatives of the Papacy. Pontifical legates traversed Europe. Pontifical epistles demanded the submission of the combatants. Pontifical warnings denounced woes on the disobedient. But no pontifical voice explained who was to be obeyed or who opposed, what was to be done or what forborne. Discerning readers of these mandates understood them as an intimation that on the victorious side (whichever that side might be,) the pontifical power would ultimately be found.

The appeal from these dark oracles to the unambiguous sword was first made by the rival kings in the autumn of 1078. They met on the banks of the Stren, on the plains of Melrichstadt. Each was driven from the field with enormous loss; Henry by his inveterate antagonist Otho; Rudolf by Count Herbard, the lieutenant of Henry. Each claimed the victory. An issue so indecisive could draw from the circumspect Pontiff nothing more definite than renewed exhortations to rely on the

Holy Peter; and could urge him to no measure more hazardous than that of convening a new Council at the Lateran. There appeared the Imperial envoys with hollow vows of obedience, and Saxon messengers invoking some intelligible intimation of the judgment and purposes of the Apostolic See. Again the Pope listened, spoke, exhorted, threatened, and left the bleeding world to interpret, as it might, the mystic sense of the Infallible.

To that brave and truth-loving people, from whom, at the distance of four centuries, Luther was to rise for the deliverance of mankind, these subterfuges appeared in their real light. The Saxon annalist has preserved three letters sent by his countrymen on this occasion to Gregory, which he must have read with admiration and with shame. 'You know, and the letters of your Holiness attest' (such is their indignant remonstrance) 'that it was by no advice nor for any interest of ours, but for wrongs done to the Holy See, that you deposed our King, and forbade us, under fearful menaces, to acknowledge him. We have obeyed you at great danger, and at the expense of horrible sufferings. Many of us have lost their property and their lives, and have bequeathed hopeless poverty to their children. We who survive are without the means of subsistence, delivered over to the utmost agonies of distress. The reward of our sacrifices is, that he who was compelled to cast himself at your feet has been absolved without punishment, and has been permitted to crush us to the very abyss of misery. After our King had been solemnly deposed in a Synod, and another chosen in virtue of the Apostolic authority, the very matter thus decided is again brought into question. What especially perplexes us simple folk is, that the legates of Henry, though excommunicated by your legates, are well received at Rome. Holy Father, your piety assures us that you are guided by honorable, not by subtle views; but we are too gross to understand them. We can only explain to you that this management of two parties has produced civil war, murder, pillage, conflagration. If we helpless sheep had failed in any point of duty, the vengeance of the Holy See would have overtaken us. Why exhibit so much forbearance when you have to do with wolves who have ravaged the Lord's fold? We conjure you to look into your own heart, to remember your own honor, to fear the

wrath of God, and for your own sake, if not for love of us, rescue yourself from the responsibility for the torrents of blood poured out in our land.'

To these pathetic appeals Gregory answered slowly and reluctantly; by disavowing the acts of his legates at Forcheim; by extolling his own justice, courage, disinterestedness; by invoking the support of all orders of men in Germany; and by assuring them, in scriptural language, of the salvation of such 'as should persevere to the end.' But the hour for blandishments had passed away. The day of wrath and the power of the sword had come.

The snow covered the earth, and the frost had chained the rivers, when in the winter of 1079-80, the armies of Henry and Rudolf were drawn up, in hostile lines, at the village of Fladenheim near Mulhausen. Henry was the assailant, but, though driven with great loss from the field, Rudolf was the conqueror; for in that field the dreaded Otho again commanded, and by his skill and courage a rout was turned into a victory.

The intelligence arrived at Rome at the moment when Gregory was presiding there in the most numerous of the many councils he had convened at the Lateran. Long suppressed shame for his ignoble indecision, the murmurs of the assembled Prelates, a voice from Heaven audible, as we are told, to his sense alone, and above all the triumphant field of Fladenheim, combined to overcome his long-cherished but timid policy. Rising from his throne with the majesty of his earlier days, the Pope, in the names of Peter and of Paul, 'of God and of his holy mother Mary,' excommunicated Henry, took from him the government of his states, deprived him of his royal rank, forbade all Christian people to receive him as their king, 'gave, granted, and conceded,' that Rudolf might rule the German and Italian Empire, and with blessings on Rudolf's adherents, and curses on his foes, dissolved the assembly. Then moved, as he believed, by a divine impulse, he proceeded to the altar, and uttered a prediction, that ere the Church should celebrate the festival of the Prince of the Apostles, Henry, her rebellious outcast, should neither reign nor live to molest her.

A perilous prophecy. Henry was no longer the exile of Tribur nor the penitent of Canossa. His own rage, on hearing of this new papal sentence, did not burn so fiercely as the wrath of his adherents.

With the sanction of thirty bishops, a new Anti-Pope, Guibert of Ravenna, was elected at Brixen; and at every court in Europe, Imperial embassies demanded support for the common cause of all temporal sovereigns. In every part of Germany troops were levied, and Henry marched at their head to crush the one Cisalpine power in alliance with Rome. But that power was still animated by the Saxon spirit, and was still sustained by the claims of Rudolf and by the genius of Otho.

On the bright dawn of an autumnal day, his forces, drawn up on the smiling banks of the Elster, raised the sacred song of the Hebrews, 'God standeth in the congregation of princes; he is a judge among Gods;' and flung themselves on the far-extended lines of Henry's army; who, with emulous devotion, met them with the hardly less sublime canticle, 'Te Deum laudamus.' Cries more welcome to the demons of war soon stilled these sacred strains—cries of despair, of anguish, and of terror. They first rose from one of Henry's squadrons, which, alarmed by the fall of their captain, receded, and in their retreat, spread through the rest a panic, a pause, and a momentary confusion. That moment was enough for the eagle glance of Otho. He rushed on the wavering Imperialists, and ere that bright sun had reached the meridian, thousands had fallen by the Saxon sword, or had perished in the blood-stained river. The victory was complete, the exultation rapturous. Shouts of glory to the God of battles, thanksgivings for the deliverance of Saxony, pæans of immortal honor to Otho, the noblest of her sons, soothed or exasperated the agonies of the dying, when the triumph was turned into sudden and irremediable mourning. On the field which had, apparently, secured his crown, Rudolf himself had fallen. He fell by an illustrious arm. Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the *Jerusalem Deliver ed*, struck the fatal blow. Another sword severed the right hand from the arm of Rudolf. 'It is the hand,' he cried, as his glazing eye rested on it, 'with which I confirmed my fealty to Henry my lord.' At once elevated by so signal a victory, and depressed by these penitent misgivings, his spirit passed away, leaving his adherents to the mercy of his rival.

The same sun which witnessed the ruin of Henry's army on the Elster, looked down on a conflict, in which, on that eventful

morning, the forces of Matilda in the Mantuan territory fled before his own. He now, once more, descended into Italy. He came, not, as formerly, a pilgrim and an exile; but at the head of an army devoted to his person, and defying all carnal enemies and all spiritual censures. He came to encounter Hildebrand, destitute of all Transalpine alliances, and supported, even in Italy, by no power but that of Matilda; for the Norman Duke of Apulia was far away attempting the conquest of the Eastern capital and empire. But Henry left, in his rear, the invincible Saxons and the hero who commanded them. To prevent a diversion in that quarter, the Emperor proposed to abdicate his dominion in Saxony in favor of Conrad, his son. But Otho (a merry talker, as his annalist informs us) rejected the project with the remark, that 'the calf of a vicious bull usually proved vicious.' Leaving, therefore, this implacable enemy to his machinations, the Emperor pressed forward; and before the summer of 1080, the citizens of Rome saw, from their walls, the German standards in hostile array in the Campagna.

In the presence of such danger, the gallant spirit of the aged Pope once more rose and exulted. He convened a Synod to attest his last defiance of his formidable enemy. He exhorted the German princes to elect a successor to Rudolf. In letters of impassioned eloquence, he again maintained his supremacy over all the kings and rulers of mankind. He welcomed persecution as the badge of his holy calling; and, while the besiegers were at the gates, he disposed (at least in words) of royal crowns and distant provinces. Matilda supplied him with money, which, for a while, tranquilized the Roman populace. He himself wrought miracles to extinguish conflagrations kindled by their treachery. In language such as martyrs use, he consoled the partners of his sufferings. In language such as heroes breathe, he animated the defenders of the city. The siege, or blockade continued for three years uninterruptedly, except when Henry's troops were driven, by the deadly heats of autumn, to the neighboring hills. Distress, and, it is alleged, bribery, at length subdued the courage of the garrison. On every side clamors were heard for peace; for Henry demanded, as the terms of peace, nothing more than the recognition of his Imperial title, and his coronation by the hands of Gregory. The conscience, perhaps the

pride, of Gregory revolted against the proposal. His invincible will opposed and silenced the outcries of the famished multitudes; nor could their entreaties, or their threats, extort from him more than a promise that, in the approaching winter, he would propose the question to a Pontifical Synod. It met, by the permission of Henry, on the 30th November, 1083. It was the latest council of Gregory's pontificate. A few Bishops, faithful to their chief and to his cause, now occupied the seats so often thronged by mitred churchmen. Every pallid cheek and anxious eye was turned to him who occupied the loftier throne in the centre of that agitated assembly. He rose, and the half-uttered suggestions of fear and human policy were hushed into deep stillness as he spoke. He spoke of the glorious example, of the sacred duty, of the light affliction, and of the eternal reward, of martyrs for the faith. He spoke, as dying fathers speak to their children, of peace, and hope, and of consolation. But he spoke also, as inspired prophets spake of yore to the kings of Israel, denouncing the swift vengeance of heaven against his oppressor. The enraptured audience exclaimed that they had heard the voice of an angel, not of a man. Gregory dismissed the assembly, and calmly prepared for whatever extremity of distress might await him.

It did not linger. In the spring of 1084 the garrison was overpowered, the gates were thrown open to the besiegers, and Gregory sought a precarious refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo. He left the great Church of the Lateran as a theatre for the triumph of his antagonist and his rival. Seated on the Apostolic throne, Guibert, the Anti-Pope of Brixen, was consecrated there by the title of Clement the Third; and then, as the successor of Peter, he placed the crown of Germany and of Italy on the brows of Henry and of Bertha as they knelt before him.

And now Henry had in his grasp the author of the shame of Canossa, of the anathemas of the Lateran, and of the civil wars and rebellions of the Empire. The base populace of Rome were already anticipating, with sanguinary joy, the humiliation, perhaps the death, of the noblest spirit who had reigned there since the slaughter of Julius. The approaching catastrophe, whatever might be its form, Gregory was prepared to meet with a serene confidence in God, and a haughty defiance of man. A few hours more, and the castle

of St. Angelo must have yielded to famine or to assault, when the aged Pope, in the very agony of his fate, gathered the reward of the policy with which he had cemented the alliance between the Papacy and the Norman conquerors of the south of Italy. Robert Guiscard, returning from Constantinople, flew to the rescue of his Suzerain. Scouts announced to Henry the approach of a mighty host, in which the Norman battle-axe and the cross were strangely united with the Saracenic cimeter and the crescent. A precipitate retreat scarcely rescued his enfeebled troops from the impending danger. He abandoned his prey in a fever of disappointment. Unable to slake his thirst for vengeance, he might allay it by surprising the Great Countess, and overwhelming her forces, still in arms in the Modenese. But he was himself surprised in the attempt by her superior skill and vigilance. Shouts for St. Peter and Matilda roused the retreating Imperialists by night, near the Castle of Sorbaria. They retired across the Alps with such a loss of men, of officers, and of treasure, as disabled them from any further enterprises.

The Emperor returned into Germany to reign undisturbed by civil war; for the great Otho was dead, and Herman of Luxemburg, who had assumed the Imperial title, was permitted to abdicate it with contemptuous impunity. Henry returned, however, to prepare for new conflicts with the Papacy—to drain the cup of toil, of danger, and of distress—and to die, at length, with a heart broken by the parricidal cruelty of his son. No prayers were said, and no requiem sung, over the unhallowed grave which received the bones of the excommunicated Monarch. Yet they were committed to the earth with the best and the kindest obsequies. The pity of his enemies, the lamentation of his subjects, and the unbidden tears of the poor, the widows, and the orphans, who crowded round the bier of their benefactor, rendered his tomb not less sacred than if blessed by the united prayers of the whole Christian Episcopacy. Those unbribed mourners wept over a Prince to whom God had given a large heart and a capacious mind; but who had derived from canonized bishops a corrupting education, and from too early and too unchecked prosperity the development of every base and cruel appetite; but to whom calamity had imparted a self-dominion from which none could withhold his

reverence, and an active sympathy with sorrow to which none could refuse his love.

With happier fortunes, as, indeed, with loftier virtues, Matilda continued, for twenty-five years, to wage war in defence of the Apostolic See. After a life which might seem to belong to the province of romance rather than of history, she died at the age of seventy-five, bequeathing to the world a name second, in the annals of her age, to none but that of Hildebrand himself.

To him the Norman rescue of the Papal city brought only a momentary relief. He returned in triumph to the Lateran. But, within a few hours, he looked from the walls of that ancient palace on a scene of woe such as, till then, had never passed before him. A sanguinary contest was raging between the forces of Robert and the citizens attached to Henry. Every street was barricaded, every house had become a fortress. The pealing of bells, the clash of arms, cries of joy, and shrieks of despair, assailed his ears in dismal concert. When the sun set behind the Tuscan hills on this scene of desolation, another light, and a still more fearful struggle, succeeded. Flames ascended at once from every quarter. They leaped from house to house, enveloping and destroying whatever was most splendid or most sacred in the edifices of mediæval Rome. Amidst the roar of the conflagration they had kindled, and by its portentous light, the fierce Saracens and the ruthless Northmen revelled in plunder, lust, and carnage, like demons by the glare of their native pandemonium. Gregory gazed with agony on the real and present aspect of civil war. Perhaps he thought with penitence on the wars he had kindled beyond the Alps. Two-thirds of the city perished. Every convent was violated, every altar profaned, and multitudes driven away into perpetual and hopeless slavery.

Himself a voluntary exile, Gregory sought, in the Castle of Salerno, and under the protection of the Normans, the security he could no longer find among his own exasperated subjects. Age and anxiety weighed heavily upon him. An unwonted lassitude depressed a frame till now incapable of fatigue. He recognized the summons of death, and his soul rose with unconquerable power to entertain that awful visitant. He summoned round his bed the Bishops and Cardinals who had attended his flight from Rome. He passed before them, in firm and rapid retrospect, the in-

cidents of his eventful life. He maintained the truth of the great principles by which it had been governed from the commencement to the close. He named his three immediate successors in the Papacy. He assured his weeping friends of his intercession for them in heaven. He forgave, and blessed, and absolved his enemies, though with the resolute exceptions of the Emperor and the Anti-Pope. He then composed himself to die. His faltering lips had closed on the transubstantiated elements. The final unction had given assurance that the body, so soon to be committed to the dust, would rise again in honor and in incorruption. Anxious to catch the last accents of that once oracular voice, the mourners were bending over him, when, struggling in the very grasp of death, he collected, for one last effort, his failing powers, and breathed out his spirit with the indignant exclamation—'I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile!'

It was not permitted, even to the genius of Hildebrand, to condense into a single sentence, an epitome of such a life as his. It was a life scarcely intelligible to his own generation, or to himself, nor indeed to our age, except by the light of that ecclesiastical history in which it forms so important an era.

It had ill beseeemed the inspired wisdom of the tent-maker of Tarsus, and of the Galilean fishermen, to have founded on any other than a popular basis a society destined to encounter the enmity of the dominant few by the zeal of the devoted many. From the extant monuments of their lives and writings, it accordingly appears that they conceded to the lay multitude an ample share in the finance, the discipline, and the legislation of the collective body. The deacons were the tribunes of the Christian people. This was the age of Proselytism.

In the sad and solemn times which followed, ecclesiastical authority became austere and arbitrary, and submission to it enthusiastic. Martyrs, in the contemplation of mortal agonies and of an opening paradise, had no thoughts for the adjustment and balancing of sacerdotal powers. They who braved the wild beasts of the amphitheatre, or the ascetic rigors of the wilderness, were the heroes of the Church. The rest sunk into a degraded caste. But all laid bare their souls at the confessional. All acknowledged a dominion which, discountenanced by the state, sustained it-

self by extreme and recondite maxims of government. In virtue of such maxims, the Episcopal order encroached on every other. The vicarious attributes of Deity were ascribed to those who ministered at the altar. There, and at the font, gifts of inestimable price were placed, in popular belief, at the disposal of the priest, whose miracles, though unattested by sense or consciousness, threw into the shade the mightiest works of Moses and of Christ. This was the age of Persecution.

Heretics arose. To refute them from the sacred text was sometimes difficult, always hazardous. It was easier to silence them by a living authority. The Bishops came forth as the elect depositories of an unwritten code. Tradition became the rule of the Christian world. It might crush the errors of Arius—it might sustain the usurpations of Ambrose. This was the age of Controversy.

Constantine saw the miraculous cross, and worshipped. He confirmed to the Christian hierarchy all their original and all their acquired powers. This was the age of the Church and State alliance.

The seat of empire was transferred from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. The Roman bishop and clergy seized on the vacant inheritance of abdicated authority. The Pope became the virtual sovereign of the Roman city. The Greeks and Latins became ecclesiastical rivals. Then was first heard the Roman watch-word and rallying cry of the Visible Unity of the Church. This was the age of Papal Independence.

Goths, Vandals, Huns, Bulgarians, Franks, and Lombards, conquered the dominions of Cæsar. But they became the converts and tributaries of Peter. The repulse of the Saracens by Charles Martel gave to Europe a new empire, to the Church a second Constantine. This was the age of Barbaric Invasion.

Europe became one vast assemblage of military states. The lands were every where partitioned by the conquerors among their liegemen, who having bound themselves to use their swords in their lords' defence, imposed a similar obligation on their own tenants, who, in turn, exacted it from their subordinate vassals. This was the age of Feudalism and of Hildebrand.

He ascended the Apostolic throne, therefore, armed with prescriptions in favor of the loftiest claims of the hierarchy, thus reaching back almost to the apostolic times. But he found in the Papal armory other

weapons scarcely less keen, though of a more recent fabric. Of these the most effective were the intimate alliance of the Roman See with the monastic orders, and the reëpearance, in theological debate, of that mystic word which, seven centuries before, had wrought such prodigies at Nicæa. He who first taught men to speak of an hypostatic change beneath unchanging forms, may have taught them to talk nonsense. But though he added little or nothing to the received doctrine of the Church, he made an incalculable addition to the sacerdotal power.

To grasp, to multiply, and to employ these resources in such a manner as to render the Roman Pontiff the suzerain of the civilized world, was the end for which Hildebrand lived—an unworthy end, if contrasted with the high and holy purposes of the Gospel—an end even hateful, if contrasted with the free and generous spirit in which the primitive founders of the Church had established and inculcated her liberties—yet an end which might well allure a noble spirit in the eleventh century, and the attainment of which (so far as it was attained) may be now acknowledged to have been conducive, perhaps essential, to the progress of Christianity and civilization.

To the spiritual despotism of Rome in the middle ages may, indeed, be traced a long series of errors and crimes, of wars and persecutions. Yet the Papal dynasty was the triumphant antagonist of another despotism, the most galling, the most debasing, and otherwise the most irremediable, under which Europe had ever groaned. The centralization of ecclesiastical power more than balanced the isolating spirit of the feudal oligarchies. The vassal of Western, and the serf of Eastern Europe, might otherwise, at this day, have been in the same social state, and military autocracies might now be occupying the place of our constitutional or paternal governments. Hildebrand's despotism, with whatever inconsistency, sought to guide mankind, by moral impulses, to a more than human sanctity. The feudal despotism with which he waged war, sought, with a stern consistency, to degrade them into beasts of prey or beasts of burden. It was the conflict of mental with physical power, of literature with ignorance, of religion with injustice and debauchery. To the Popes of the middle ages was assigned a province, their abandonment of which would have plunged the Church and the World into the same

hopeless slavery. To Pope Gregory the Seventh were first given the genius and the courage to raise himself and his successors to the level of that high vocation.

Yet Hildebrand was the founder of a tyranny only less odious than that which he arrested, and was apparently actuated by an ambition neither less proud, selfish, nor reckless, than that of his secular antagonists. In the great economy of Providence human agency is ever alloyed by some base motives; and the noblest successes recorded by history, must still be purchased at the price of some great ultimate disaster.

To the title of the Czar Peter of the Church conferred on him by M. Guizot, Hildebrand's only claim is, that by the energy of his will he moulded her institutions and her habits of thought to his own purposes. But the Czar wrought in the spirit of an architect who invents, arranges, and executes his own plan: Hildebrand in the spirit of a builder, erecting by the divine command a temple of which the divine hand had drawn the design and provided the materials. His faith in what he judged to be the purposes and the will of Heaven, were not merely sublime but astounding. He is every where depicted in his own letters the habitual denizen of that bright region which the damps of fear never penetrate, and the shadows of doubt never overcast.

To extol him as one of those Christian stoics, whom the wreck of worlds could not divert from the straight paths of integrity and truth, is a mere extravagance. His policy was Imperial; his resources and his arts Sacerdotal. Anathemas and flatteries, stern defiances and subtle insinuations, invective such as might have been thundered by Genseric, and apologies such as might have been whispered by Augustulus, succeed each other in his story, with no visible trace of hesitation or of shame. Even his professed orthodoxy is rendered questionable by his conduct and language towards Berengarius, the great opponent of transubstantiation. With William of England, Philip of France, and Robert of Apulia, and even with Henry of Germany, he temporized at the expense of his own principles as often as the sacrifice seemed advantageous. 'Nature gave horns to bulls:' to aspiring and belligerent Churchmen she gave Dissimulation and Artifice.

Our exhausted space forbids the attempt to analyze or delineate the character of the

great founder of the spiritual despotism of Rome. His acts must stand in place of such a portraiture. He found the Papacy dependent on the Empire: he sustained her by alliances almost commensurate with the Italian Peninsula. He found the Papacy electoral by the Roman people and clergy; he left it electoral by a college of Papal nomination. He found the Emperor the virtual patron of the Holy See: he wrested that power from his hands. He found the secular clergy the allies and dependents of the secular power: he converted them into the inalienable auxiliaries of his own. He found the higher ecclesiastics in servitude to the temporal sovereigns: he delivered them from that yoke to subjugate them to the Roman Tiara. He found the patronage of the Church the mere desecrated spoil and merchandise of princes: he reduced it within the dominion of the Supreme Pontiff. He is celebrated as the reformer of the impure and profane abuses of his age: he is more justly entitled to the praise of having left the impress of his own gigantic character on the history of all the ages which have succeeded him.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WILLIAM HARRINGTON VINCENT was as well principled a young man as if he had had no worthless relations belonging to him, and although he was himself beginning to think Baden-Baden one of the most agreeable places he had ever visited, he was also beginning to think that it would be right and proper to leave it with as little delay as possible. This self-denying opinion, however, was not occasioned by any consciousness that he was falling in love with his little cousin, Bertha, more seriously than the relative position of their respective fathers would render wise or convenient; on the contrary, if he *was* falling in love with her, he was not conscious of it at all, being honestly persuaded in his heart that the deep interest he felt for her arose solely from the forsaken loneliness of her position, joined to the affectionate memory he retained of her mother. He was aware, indeed, that she was a lovely and intelligent

young creature, and that there was something in the unrestrained and confiding frankness with which she seemed to throw herself upon his cousinly protection, which was touching and endearing in no common degree. But poor Vincent was not one of those spoilt children of fortune who never see any thing that they think pretty, and particularly worth having, without fancying that they have a right to possess it. On the contrary, it was quite sufficient that any object should appear in his eyes particularly valuable, in order to make him feel at once that he had nothing to do with it. The well conducted son of a selfish, dissolute father is ever considered, and very naturally, as a being entitled to the pity and commiseration of the whole world, and yet the fact is by no means of unfrequent occurrence that a son so situated finds in his misfortune the seeds of higher qualities, and more self-denying strength of mind, than would ever have taken root in his character under other circumstances. And so it was with the acreless heir of Everton Park. Forgetfulness of himself and his own individual interests had been taught him in a multitude of ways, among which the example received from his mother, and the warning received from his father, were about equally efficacious. He was quite aware, as I have said, that his cousin Bertha was a very fascinating as well as a very estimable little personage; but he was quite aware also that her fortune would be such as to entitle her to marry in a way to place her in a station exceedingly different from that of the wife of the son of a ruined gamester. True it was that, although only a first cousin, once removed, he stood starred in the baronetage as heir to the title and large entailed estates of Bertha's father. But that father was still almost a young man; he was now a widower, and had given both his father and himself quite sufficient indications of his hostile feelings towards them, to make it scarcely a matter of doubt that he would marry again as speedily as possible, if only in the hope of obtaining an heir less distasteful to him. The idea of gaining the affections of his young cousin had, therefore, only entered his head as a thing most scrupulously and cautiously to be avoided. He was by no means insensible to the fact that she disliked the people she was with to a degree which might almost perhaps have placed her in Dr. Johnson's honored category of a good hater, and he attributed very justly, a considerable portion of the

pleasure she so evidently took in his society, and the strong measures she adopted to make it evident that she considered him as her natural protector, as the result of it. And thus, feeling an honest confidence in himself, and a most sincere conviction that the friendship so pleasantly springing up between them could bring no danger of any kind to her, he permitted himself with a safe conscience to enjoy it; and enjoy it he certainly did, to a degree that made his suddenly determining to quit Baden an act of great self-denial.

But there was something in the style and manner in which Lord Lynberry and Miss Maria Roberts treated each other which began very seriously to alarm him. His young pupil had many good qualities, but he was hot-headed and impetuous, and his vehement admiration for beauty was so little concealed, that his tutor might have been living during the seven or eight months they had been together in a state of constant alarm from the expectation of his eloping with some fair one or other, had not the *constant inconstancy* of his youthful lordship reassured him, and converted his reiterated confessions and protestations of everlasting attachment into a source of more amusement than anxiety. But Vincent had never seen his young friend entangled before in such a web as that which the tender Maria appeared to have thrown over him; and he was the more startled by the effect it seemed to have produced, from the circumstance of his having really believed that, in the case of Bertha Harrington, an impression had been made on the heart of Lord Lynberry of a much more serious kind than any which had preceded it. In this belief he was, perhaps, partly right, and partly influenced by the consciousness that, in the case of Bertha, there was at least *de quoi faire* a lasting impression. But not only had this seemingly serious love-fit been suddenly and totally effaced, but it had been succeeded by such unprecedented marks of passionate devotion to this new charmer, on the part of the young man, and such undisguised warmth of reciprocal tenderness on that of the lady, that Mr. Vincent knew not what to think of it, yet felt that he should have no great right to be surprised if, at any moment of the day or night, he were to hear that his young charge had, by the aid of a team of post-horses, set off with Miss Maria Roberts for the nearest spot where it would be possible for them to unite their fortunes for

life. This was a consummation so very devoutly to be deprecated, that poor Vincent, with his habitual abnegation of all selfish feelings, determined upon announcing to Lord Lynberry his intention of immediately proceeding to Rome, between which city and Naples, it was the wish of Lord Southtown that his son should divide the ensuing winter.

The time that the really anxious young tutor had fixed upon for communicating the resolution he had taken was the hour of breakfast, at the interval of five days from the eventful ball at which the fickle lordling had made the transfer of his heart from Miss Bertha Harrington to Miss Maria Roberts. Vincent, as usual, was the first in the breakfast-room, but Lord Lynberry came whistling into it not long after him, and, as the tutor contemplated his very youthful aspect, he trembled to think how great a degree of responsibility must inevitably attach to himself, both in the eyes of the parent and of the world in general, if he permitted him to return to his native country as the husband of the fair but *fast* Maria.

"Well, my dear Lynberry," began the tutor, when the coffee and eggs had been handed about between them for a few minutes, "well! do you not think that we have almost had enough of Baden-Baden?"

"Thou art mad to say so!" returned the young man, in high tragedy tone. "Enough of Baden? Enough of my lovely, my adored Maria? Vincent! thou must know me for a man of very patient mood, or thou wouldst not tempt my choler so desperately—no, not for thy life."

"Good faith, my lord, I have no intention of tempting your choler, at all," replied Vincent, laughing, "but you know, I believe, that I act under orders, and if I have blundered not in the reading of them, it is about time for us to turn our faces towards Italy."

"Willingly, *mon cher*, provided always that my face at least, let it be turned which way it will, shall be so placed as to enable me to glue my eyes upon the idol of my affections."

Vincent looked grave, and remained silent, not very well knowing whether it would be most wise or least so, to lead the impetuous young gentleman to explain himself so clearly as to permit of a serious remonstrance in return. While thus absorbed in reverie, the anxious tutor kept his eyes fixed on his coffee-cup; had he

looked up and encountered the glance of his pupil, he would have seen an expression in it that would have puzzled him. The glance was both scrutinizing and comic, and as far removed as possible from what Vincent would have expected to meet had he taken courage to look at him.

"Well, Vincent," exclaimed Lord Lynberry at length, "what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking, my lord, that I have a painful duty to perform; but that, painful or not, I must and will perform it to the best of my judgment and power. Confess, my lord, that you already understand what I mean, and that your conscience tells you in what direction my duty lies."

"My conscience, Mr. Vincent," replied Lord Lynberry, with rather more gravity than was usual to him, "I doubt a little, my dear sir, whether at this moment it be not your conscience rather than mine which, if properly awakened, might assist most effectually in enabling us to understand each other."

"As how, Lord Lynberry?" said the tutor.

"As thus, Mr. Vincent," replied the pupil. "My perspicuity, though not my conscience, leads me to divine that the sort of lecture you appear to have been preparing for me relates to my devoted attentions offered at the shrine of the transcendent Miss Maria Roberts. Is it not so, sir?"

"And if it be, my lord?" returned Vincent, looking at him with some degree of surprise.

"Why then if it be, Mr. Vincent, your conscience ought to tell you that you have done your pupil and your friend less than justice in supposing that your assistance was wanting to save him from being entangled for life in the chains of such a charmer as Miss Maria. Out upon you, Vincent! I give you cause enough, and free permission to boot, to accuse me of a thousand jack-anape tricks, that do but small credit to my wisdom; but I know not, Vincent, what thought or feeling ever escaped from me in my graver moments which can justify you in suspecting that I want your assistance to save me from the peril of becoming Miss Maria Roberts' husband."

This was spoken with feeling as well as gravity, and Mr. Vincent instantly felt that he deserved the rebuke, and as instantly acknowledged it.

"Forgive me, my dear Lynberry," he said, "forgive the injustice I have done to

your taste, in favor of the deep anxiety I feel for your happiness. Had I not been your tutor, and had I not had my fears awakened to a sort of morbid sensibility by the responsibility attached to the situation, I do not believe that I ever should have suspected you of falling in love with Miss Maria Roberts. And yet, Lynberry, though my tender concern for your matrimonial projects in this instance may have been somewhat supererogatory, do you not think I should do right to lecture you a little on the sinfulness of the false hopes to which you are giving birth in the bosom of the young lady?"

"Do so, by all means, my dear Mr. Tutor, if you believe yourself called to the task by the voice of duty; but you must excuse me, if, while I listen to you, which of course I shall do with all possible respect, you must excuse me, I say, if I congratulate myself a little upon my own superior knowledge of the human heart; for I presume, when you talk of Miss Maria's hopes, you mean her tender hopes of having her fond affection for me returned, and not of her ambitious hopes of coaxing me into putting my honored mother's coronet upon her head?"

Vincent gazed at his young pupil with very considerable satisfaction as he said this, but with considerable surprise also, and then laughingly exclaimed,

"Oh, excellent young man! How much more older art thou than thy looks!"

You have relieved me from an immense load, Lynberry, both present and future. I shall not easily again take fright about you; and as to the fast young ladies, as Montgomery calls them, I believe that I must be contented to let them take care of themselves."

"Which they will do according to the fashion of their tribe, very assiduously, assuming the credit of having enslaved a viscount, if they gain nothing else. Set your heart at rest, good Vincent, and let them labor in their vocation, as it is their nature to do. They would have to thank you for small mercies if you took them out of it. But now tell me, Vincent, as frankly as I have now exposed to you the real state of my feelings towards the incomparable Maria, tell me frankly, if you think that all the enthusiastic admiration I avowed to you for Miss Harrington was of the same fashion and fabric as that inspired by Miss Maria?"

Lord Lynberry colored as he asked the question, and Mr. Vincent colored as he answered it.

"You must be perfectly aware, my lord, that I cannot think so," he said, "for that if I did—" and here the tutor stopped.

"You would blow my brains out, you would say," rejoined Lord Lynberry, "and it would be more obviously your duty, I think, than Quixotizing in the cause of the fair Roberts. But I am strongly tempted. Vincent, tutor as you are, to lecture you a little in my turn, and you ought to pay the more attention to my preaching, because it is not, as you will perceive from the nature of it, the result of jealousy. And first I will tell you, as an offering to your cousinly feelings, that, amidst all the band of adorables before whom my susceptible heart has bowed, Miss Harrington, is the only one to whom I should never have taken the liberty of making love, without hoping, as the old ladies say, that something might come of it. But I had just sense enough to perceive in the course of a very few hours, that I might just as well fall in love with the moon; so I judiciously said to my heart, '*halte la,*' and obedient to command, from being perhaps so very completely hopeless, the said heart did halt, and having taken one long breath, wheeled about, and then set off to engage in a mock fight in rather a different direction. The scheme has answered perfectly, and I am now not only quite convalescent myself, but in a condition to bestow some little care and attention on the safety and welfare of my fellow-creatures; and you, Mr. William Harrington Vincent, are the first to whom I feel disposed to address a little advice. My reverence for you is so great, generated of course by our relative positions, that I am quite ready to believe you totally and altogether above the contemptible weakness of falling in love yourself; but, notwithstanding your advanced age, sir tutor, I do suspect that your young cousin, so utterly insensible to the adoration I was so perfectly ready to offer her, is falling, or rather *has* fallen over head and ears in love with you—who have perhaps never offered her any adoration at all; and if this be so, there may be good and sufficient reasons for our leaving Baden, Vincent, without reckoning any peril from the risk of my marrying the enchanting Roberts."

"That you have formed a tolerably just estimate of the state of Miss Maria Rob-

erts' heart, Lynberry, is very likely, I think," replied Vincent, in a tone of very particular calmness, "but you must excuse me if I venture to doubt your power of reading all other young ladies' hearts as accurately as you have done hers. The character of my young cousin, for instance, is one that I confess I think it would by no means be easy to read, and, had I not thought so before, the complete blunder you have made respecting the nature of her feelings for me might convince me of it. Believe me, my dear Lynberry, the only interest I have in her eyes is that of a relation and natural protector, the want of which she feels, I am sorry to say, with most painful acuteness. You must perceive by my manner that I not only take the observation you have made in good part, but that, unfounded and blundering as it is, I give you perfect credit for sincerity and friendly feeling in making it; and on your part you will, I am sure, give me equal credit for sincerity when I assure you that you have been wholly mistaken. So now, I think, we may both stay at Baden as long as we like, having by our mutual openness convinced each other that there can be no danger for any one in our doing so."

"So be it," said Lord Lynberry, rising. "I like the place prodigiously, and could almost be tempted to quote Shakspeare, dear, old-fashioned fellow, and exclaim,

Accursed be he who first says '*hold! enough!*'"

The two young men then parted, very tolerably well satisfied with each other, and each enjoying the comfortable persuasion that he might go on in the pleasant path he was in, without any fear that it would lead him wrong.

And the elegant Montgomery? was his devotion to the captivating Miss Agatha of the same nature as that of his younger friend for the captivating Miss Maria. The following extract from a letter which he put into the Baden-Baden post about this time, addressed to a certain Lady Charlotte Polfston, may answer the question satisfactorily:—

"You are unjust, dear Charlotte; I have acknowledged and submitted to the necessity of delaying our marriage till you are of age, as mildly and meekly as you could do yourself, and I suppose you did not ex-

pect that I should listen to the perfectly unexpected reasonings which induced us to do so by any particularly rapturous form of thanksgiving—did you? The only syllable like complaint which I have uttered, since the lawyers, with such devilish perspicuity, pointed out the reasons for this delay, was when your aunt, with so much exemplary and unshrinking candor, obligingly informed me that she particularly wished me to go abroad during the odious ten months that I am to wait for you, like a second Jacob. I believe I did then burst forth a little, yet here I am, not so much, as you know well enough, to please your rich aunt, as to comply with the fastidious delicacy of her *exigeante* niece. Yet now you have actually the ingratitude to reproach me, because, forsooth, you perceive by my letters that I should like better to return to England than go on to Rome.

"Yes, Charlotte, you are unjust, and, as a proof of this, I beg to assure you that at the very time I received your letter, I was as busily engaged as a man could well be in making love. It is perfectly true, Lady Charlotte, and, though possibly I may think that you deserve to be made a little jealous, as a punishment for your severity to me, I give you my honor that I am not led to make this disclosure from any wish to inflict this painful emotion upon you, but solely to prove to you the perfect openness and sincerity of my character. I wish to heaven you were here to see her and to see me. I do not say this because I want to see you; no really, I do not mean that. I think it and say it because I would give the price of a little Watteau for the pleasure of seeing her sketched into your book of 'historical reminiscences.'

"She is a very pretty-looking girl, I assure you, this is perfectly true, but this, I fairly confess, is in my eyes her least attraction. No! it is her elegance, her grace, her fashion, which have rendered her irresistible in my eyes. Where she was born and bred I know not exactly, somewhere in or about London, I believe; but to witness the effect of the perfect conviction which has come upon her, that her having crossed the Channel has levelled every species of inequality between her citizen-race and the aristocracy of Europe in general, and England in particular, is, without any exception the highest comedy in real life, that I have ever yet had the good fortune to look upon. As to my *not* making love to her, Charlotte, it would be as impossible

as the not inhaling air when in the act of breathing. I do make love to her, Lady Charlotte, and let my sincerity in avowing the sin atone for its commission. Do not fancy, however, that the sweet creature's peace of mind is likely to be endangered by my tender attentions; be very sure that no such danger exists. My engagement to you is as notorious as the papers can make it, and there are many here who know how I am situated as well as I do myself. However, I have not trusted to this, but have delicately hinted to this charming specimen of poor England's travelling aristocracy, that, sensible as I had unfortunately become of her superior attractions, I was unhappily bound by an engagement which prevented my laying myself at her feet. And how do you think the darling answered me? By sorrow and despair?—by dignity and repulsion?—by reproaches and contempt? Nothing like it, my dear friend. Her reply, as nearly as I can remember it, was in these words.

"'I well know, Mr. Montgomery, that, among persons in our class of life, the heart cannot always be listened to in affairs of marriage; but let us thank Heaven, that, on the continent at least, there is an emancipation of sentiment, which in a great degree neutralizes the misery produced by enforced ties. The pleasures of travelling are great, doubtless, to persons of refined taste; but its *uses* are greater still, for it enables them to throw aside the absurd prejudices of insular education, and to feel that the higher classes of society ought to be in a very great measure released from them.'

"There, my Lady Charlotte, is a specimen of the diffusion of useful knowledge, obtained by *les demoiselles ambulantes de la Grande Bretagne*; but build not any false theories upon this. I most assuredly hope to take you abroad with me next year, but no part of this species of new light is at all likely to reach you. You are not to suppose, however, that I ascribe any mystical power to your rank, or mine either, as a shield against the easy morality of the Continent—I have no such stuff in my thoughts, I assure you. But there is a species of folly, which really, in some cases, almost seems to amount to madness, and from which you would be exempt—I mean that which arises from the intoxication experienced by travelling ladies and gentlemen, in stations somewhat below the middle class, on suddenly finding themselves associated with

persons of superior rank. It really seems as if the adoration of title in our country (where alone, as distinct from *race*, it is revered) generated a positive disease of the moral system. The incredible, the inconceivable tricks played on the continent of Europe by the persons, (frequently bankrupt tradesmen or merchants,) whose finances do not permit their living with ease at home, are such as can scarcely be accounted for without supposing that monomania has something to do with it. I have seen such people shun all association with travelling families of private station (however well educated, and perfectly respectable in every way, and, really holding a position in society at home, very many degrees superior to their own) with the most scrupulous and careful avoidance, while their efforts to get introduced to both women and men, however infamous, who have titles, have something of feverish eagerness, which it is at once ludicrous and melancholy to behold. And thus you see, sweet friend, that in spite of the little comedy with which I am amusing myself, I moralize the subject very seriously; but, if you think it would induce your aunt to arrive at the conclusion that I had better return to England, I will give you leave to paint my flirtation in any colors you please."

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Mr. Montgomery's statement, as given above, of what had passed between himself and Agatha, was perfectly correct, and most perfectly true, also, was his observation that there was something exceedingly like madness in the state of mind of that enthusiastic young lady. Certain it is, however, that, till her arrival at Baden, the *FINE* phrensy which had taken possession of her was not without the very usual symptom, common to young ladies of her class, of fancying that every single man who spoke to them *might* be converted, with proper skill and good management, into that necessary, or at any rate very convenient, commodity called a husband; and such was assuredly her first thought when making the acquaintance of Mr. Montgomery. But Lord Lynberry told her sister that his handsome friend was engaged to be married to a lady in England, and, though the report was a shock to her, it came accompanied with such confirmation of his being a man of fashion—for Lord Lynberry had mentioned the rank of the lady—that her wish for his acquaintance

was rather increased than diminished by it. Some hope, some slight, vague hope there might be, perhaps, that her charms might detach him from the noble lady to whom he was affianced, but such hope, if it existed at all, was so greatly less important to her than the dearer and more present one of having her name united with his as that of the lady he most admired at the baths, that, as the latter grew and prospered, the former dwindled and died away, partly under the influence of the avowal he himself made to her, but still more under that of the powerful feeling that she cared not a farthing whose husband he might be in years to come, provided that, at the present moment, she had the glory of leading him captive before the eyes of all the fair and noble ladies and all the "first-rate fashionable" gentlemen assembled at Baden. This was a great step in the young lady's progress towards deserving the epithet of "*fast*." In order, however, fully to comprehend the sort of set of which Miss Roberts is a type, it is necessary to premise that she was by no means one of that unhappily large class of females who are likely to become the victims of their own tootender hearts. Miss Agatha Roberts was as little likely to arrive at such a catastrophe as any young lady could be who, among her other bulwarks of protection, had *not* that of principle. But, notwithstanding, this deficiency, a great many things were more likely to happen to Miss Agatha than that she should be destroyed by the vehemence of her affections; yet next to the pleasure of seeing in all the eyes around her that the marked attentions of Mr. Montgomery were observed, was that of believing that she had succeeded in persuading him that of all mankind she loved and could love but him alone.

That she deceived herself in thus believing is most true, but not the less for that did she enjoy the gratification of fancying that let who would, in future years, fill the domestic English situation of mistress of his house, she, in the delightful present, filled that of mistress of his heart—a persuasion which gratified her in a thousand ways. Nevertheless, even this gratification was nothing in comparison of that arising from the conviction that all the noble eyes, both male and female, which constituted the bright congress of Baden-Baden, took cognizance of the all-important fact that the most elegant man in the society made her the object of his most particular attentions.

If any ruin of any kind threatened her, *this* was the source of it; not any weakness of the heart; and, although the conduct of the lively, thoughtless Montgomery towards her was any thing but defensible, its turpitude was of a very different order from that of a man exerting all the powers of pleasing bestowed upon him by heaven, for the purpose of amusing himself during a moment, by rendering wretched for life a creature whose worst fault, perhaps, was the loving him better than herself. Of this, or of any thing in the least degree approaching it, Mr. Montgomery was not guilty; yet he was one of a class who have a good deal to answer for too; for he was an English gentleman, and one well calculated in many respects to do that justice to his greatly misunderstood country, of which it so greatly stands in need. He, as well as many others belonging to the same class of society, might, if it so pleased them, redeem throughout Europe, in a very great degree, the national disgrace which now rests upon England of being *the worst-mannered nation in Europe*. Young men travel more than old ones, and the young men who come forth from among us are greatly too apt to carry with them the holiday feelings of boys escaped from control, and go frolicking over the world without remembering for a moment that they are undergoing the ordeal of a very strict observation, and obtaining a European reputation both for themselves and their country, which is for the most part far from being favorable, and for the most part far from being deserved. That more highly finished gentlemen can be found in any part of the world than in England, is an opinion which none can entertain who have had fair opportunities for forming a judgment on the subject; but as, from possessing both the power and the inclination for travelling greatly beyond that of any other people, the opportunities for forming this judgment arise, ninety-nine times out of a hundred not in England, but out of it, does it not become a positive patriotic duty in the young men who go forth to sun themselves and to be seen, as well as to see, does it not behoove them, each and all of them, to act a little more up to their *own* idea of what an English gentleman ought to be than it is their usual travelling custom to do? Every Englishman may in this way prove himself a patriot. We do not want any Quintus Curtius doings in these piping days of ours, but it might be as well that we should not

yield ourselves up to this imputation of being the worst-mannered nation in Europe, merely for the sake of indulging the naughty school-boy feeling that we may do what we will when we go out to play, because there is nobody by to punish us.

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Maria's case was a different one. She really was a pretty girl, and believing herself a great deal prettier and feeling convinced that a series of lucky accidents had placed her quite in the very highest ranks of society, she determined to profit by these great advantages, and make a splendid match. Though she did not exactly perceive all that passed in the mind of the young Lord Lynberry, she had become quite aware that he liked to be made love to. It was to this peculiarity in his lordship's temperament that she owed her triumph over Bertha Harrington, and it was in consequence of feeling assured of this fact that she fell immediately a thousand fathoms deep in love with Lord Lynberry, and, had a keener wit than Lord Lynberry's been at work to watch her, a great deal of very fair amusement might have been elicited by noting all the little trickeries with which she played her part. She had her gay fits and her pensive fits, each so well calculated to set off the other! and if his lordship, by accident, chanced to express any thing approaching an opinion, did not her whole being, heart, intellect, and soul imbibe it? Did it not pervade every feeling and purpose of her existence? Did a flower receive a passing word of praise from his beloved voice—was there any other flower under the wide vault of heaven which she could care to cherish in her bosom, or adorn her flowing locks withal? His lordship preferred green tea. She knew not how it was, but somehow or other she had begun to find out that if there was in the world something that she hated worse than every thing else, it was black tea. In short, it was not her fault if in him she did not live and move and have her being. A good deal of this escaped his light-hearted lordship's notice, but he saw enough to amuse him exceedingly, and if at last he did feel a little piqued at the suspicion that the young lady was thinking more of his coronet than of him, and feel a little disposed to try his powers of being personally fascinating, there was a good deal in the conduct both of mother and daughter to excuse him. And thus things went on for another month or so, the Roberts family

decidedly becoming more obnoxious to observation every day, and, in their own estimation, at least, more celebrated for their *bon ton*, high fashion, and unquestionable superiority in every thing desirable, to every body else in the place. There were a few Russian ladies, with magnificent diamonds and prodigiously high titles, with whom they became quite intimate, and in whose charming society, and that of an equal number of their highly distinguished military friends, they enjoyed many very delightful excursions, Mr. Montgomery and Lord Lynberry never failing to join them. On some of these occasions the high-born and highly-married Princess of Fuskymuskoff, a beauty of some years' standing, and not wholly unknown at any continental court, very graciously consented to enact the part of *chaperone* to the whole party, poor Mrs. Roberts not being able conveniently to ride a donkey, and not wishing to walk as far as some of their pic-nickings carried them. In a few other instances they had made acquaintance with ladies who, like themselves, were in the habit of frequenting the rooms and the public walks, but by degrees these, most of them being *slow* English, were dropped again. Two young ladies indeed had, with their respective brothers, the honor of being admitted to a considerable degree of intimacy with our distinguished friends; but it is probable that they owed their distinction to their having learned to smoke, an accomplishment which they had not only promised to teach their new friends, but they and their respective brothers taught also the art of manufacturing exquisitely elegant little cigarettes, in a style that was perfectly fascinating to all parties.

One trifling uneasiness presented itself during these halcyon days to the mind of Mrs. Roberts, which arose from perceiving that her intended daughter-in-law not only avoided, habitually, and as a matter of established custom, every sort of intercourse with her intended husband, but that moreover her intimacy with Mr. Vincent went on increasing in so very remarkable a manner that she could not help thinking it *might* come to something, notwithstanding Edward's assurances that he did not care a sixpence for it, and that he perfectly well knew how to make Bertha Harrington his wife, let Mr. Vincent like it or not. It was a comfort, certainly, to hear him say this, nevertheless, as it did not quite satisfy her, she determined to speak to Bertha

herself; not indeed on the subject of Edward—she did not think it quite time for that, but on the subject of Mr. Vincent, whose familiar manner of talking and walking with her might be truly stated as having occasioned considerable anxiety to the young lady's self-constituted guardian. To this remonstrance Bertha listened without the least appearance of impatience, and even waited, when Mrs. Roberts had ceased speaking, to see if she had any more to say before she answered her, and when that lady added, "Well, my dear, what have you got to say to me about it?" she replied, "Very little, madam. Indeed I doubt if it would not be better to say nothing."

"No, pray, my dear, don't say that!" returned Mrs. Roberts, rather reprovingly. "Young people, you know, should always speak when they are spoken to; it is one of the very first rules that are taught. I am sure you must remember it, my dear."

"Then I will say, madam, that being, from unfortunate circumstances, placed at a distance from my nearest natural protectors, I profit with great thankfulness of the accidental presence of one who is sufficiently near to me in blood to make his friendship as valuable as it is agreeable."

"Well, my dear, I suppose it is all very natural that you should think so; but it don't follow, you know, that those who are older and wiser should think just exactly the same," said Mrs. Roberts, assuming a good deal of dignity in her voice and manner, "and I hope you will please to remember who it is who is speaking to you, when I say that in *my* opinion it would be much more proper if you did not walk and talk quite so freely with this Mr. Vincent, who, after all, is but a tutor, you know, if he was twenty times your cousin."

"So well, Mrs. Roberts, do I remember who it is that speaks to me," replied the young lady, "and how perfectly unauthorized is every word which you have taken the liberty to say, that, unless I receive your promise never again to intrude any observations upon an intimacy the cause and origin of which must of necessity be totally unknown to you—unless I receive this promise, madam, I shall immediately profit by the intimacy you have observed, for the purpose of obtaining advice from the only quarter whence I can at present seek it, as to the best manner of quitting a situation which has become disagreeable to me."

"My darling child! what can you be thinking of?" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, becoming exceedingly red. "As if you did not know, my dearest Bertha, that the slightest word from you was always enough to make me do every thing you wish! And besides, I have that perfect confidence in you, my dear girl, that your merely saying, as you seem to do now, that there are good and proper reasons for your being so intimate with your cousin, would be quite enough to prevent my saying any thing more to prevent it—to say nothing of my fondness for you, which of itself would be quite enough to prevent my ever alluding a second time to any thing that gave you pain."

Miss Harrington bowed rather stiffly in return to this affectionate speech, and walked out of the room.

Nevertheless, though she had so unexpectedly found a near and dear friend in her cousin, and though a mind of more than common courage enabled her to protect herself, in some degree, from the assumed guardianship of the unsuitable associates among whom she had been thrown, notwithstanding all this, her situation was, in truth, most pitiable. Her deep dislike to every individual of the family of which she had so strangely become a member seemed to increase with every hour that was added to the length of their acquaintance; for towards Mr. Roberts, though less detestably absurd than the rest of the family, she could feel no esteem. The weakness with which he yielded in all things to the ill-disguised tyranny of wife, daughters, and son, was, in her opinion, too degrading even to excite pity—contempt was the gentlest feeling she had to bestow upon him; and towards the rest of the family her feelings of dislike were stronger still. And yet, though she kept them in some sort of awe of her, by their sordid fears of losing the money she brought, she was far, oh! very far from feeling that it was possible for her to leave them. There were circumstances connected with her terrible departure from her home, which she never had nor ever could hint to her cousin, though in all else there was not a thought of her heart that she wished to conceal from him. And these same circumstances, creating as they did a horrible though vague suspicion against her father, made her feel it more possible to endure forever the detestable association of the Roberts family than apply to him for

leave to return home: for that home which had once been to her the very perfect model of all that home should be, was now become to her imagination the abode of all the horrors that could most appal her heart. But not a word, not a sigh, not a look which might indicate this must ever reach any human being, and least of all her cousin! Alas! there were causes enough of family estrangement between them already. Should she add another that might lead, if possible, to still more dreadful scenes than all which had gone before? Not for her life, no, not if her life could have been forfeited a thousand times over to prevent it. In short, the situation of poor Bertha was very sad; and though a buoyant, ardent spirit, elastic in youth, and stimulated by an imagination of no common strength and vivacity, did occasionally bring her moments, and even hours, perhaps of enjoyment; there were many more, during which a melancholy reaction fell upon her, and then it would not have been easy to find an innocent young creature of seventeen more profoundly unhappy.

TOWARDS the close of this first delightful month at Baden-Baden, poor Mrs. Roberts found her admirable talents for managing the financial concerns of her family rather severely called upon in many ways. In the first place, the eloquent and unanswerable reasonings of her son and daughters, the power of which, upon her mind, seemed daily to increase, had proved to her, beyond the power of contradiction, that not only all their pleasure for the present, but the greatest portion of their happiness and prosperity during their future lives, depended upon their dining at the *table d'hôte* with the favorite *fast* party, to which they now appeared to belong by prescriptive right, four days out of every week. Now this, although Lord Lynberry, Mr. Montgomery, and the two noble friends of the Russian princesses, invariably paid for all the champagne and extra wines which were consumed (neither Mr. Roberts nor his son Edward ever appearing sufficiently acquainted with the manners of the place to be at all aware of what was going on), notwithstanding that these greatly-prized and various advantages were obtained gratis, Mrs. Roberts found that the paying ready money for the half-dozen chairs so frequently engaged for

the use of herself and her family, was exceedingly *troublesome*, to say the least of it; and besides this, the intervening days generally brought a good deal of extra expense with them in the way of preparing for picnics. True, again, the wine was always furnished by the same gentlemen; but, even in Germany, hams, chickens, turkeys, tongues, lamb, salads, craw-fish, and fruits, cost something, though not so much, "thank Heaven!" Mrs. Roberts observed, "as they did in Leadenhall-market." Yet still they did cost something, and so much, in fact, that, had not a very convenient large poultry farmer, willing to sell produce to English *my lords*, on credit, been happily discovered, with an obliging butcher and Italian warehouseman acting on the same principles, the inconvenience would have been considerable. As it was, however, the victualling department went merrily on, and many were the *fast* dinners eaten within the sober shades of the Black Forest during that delightful season. Although there was, for the most part, a good deal of sympathy and happy community of feeling among the members of the Roberts family on the subject of all these *fêtes* and festivals, there were occasions on which the daily improving Edward seemed inclined to assert the rights of independent manhood, and to estrange himself from the rest of the party. He had, in truth, made an attempt to introduce his admired, or, as he called her, his *adored* Madame de Marquemont, to the society of his family and their elegant friends; but this attempt was effectually checked by that lady herself, who confessed to him, amidst a great deal of very touching agitation, that she was growing conscious of feelings towards him which she could not endure to expose to the scrutiny of either curious or indifferent eyes. I scarcely need say that such a reason as this could not be combated, and it therefore followed, as a matter of course, that Edward was not always, or even often, of the picnic parties, a privation which his mother endured the better, as it exonerated him from the bore of contributing his contingent to the fees for sight-seeing, horse-holding, and the like, which such excursions are sure to bring with them. By degrees, too, Mrs. Roberts discovered that it would be more convenient, for the same reason, to have his father absent likewise, and then came the amiable feeling that it would be very kind if she staid at home herself to dine with him. This made it quite unnecessary

to send a large basket, and the excessive liberality of the Princess Fuskymuskoff, who thus became *chaperone* of the party, soon made it quite unnecessary to send any basket at all, and from this time forward the pic-nics gained upon the *table d'hôte*, so that a week seldom passed without four of these excursions being arranged.

No country in the world can be more favorable for these pretty variations upon the old air, "*Amussons nous*," than the neighborhood of Baden-Baden; and, during the first half-dozen parties of this kind, Bertha, notwithstanding all her sorrows, enjoyed herself exceedingly. She had new landscapes to look upon, new sketches to make, and her well-beloved cousin William at her side to take care of her, and to make every thing look still fairer than it was. As to her highness of Fuskymuskoff, how she performed the duties of *chaperone*, or how she took care of herself, Bertha neither knew nor cared; and, if asked to give an account of each party on her return from it, by any one whom she thought worthy of an answer, she would have assured them that it had been the most delightful scheme she had ever been engaged in, and that she only hoped a great many more would follow like it. But, somehow or other, Mr. Vincent did not like these picnic parties quite so well as his young cousin. It was not that he felt himself unhappy either, for he certainly enjoyed the scenery, admired Bertha's power of rapid sketching exceedingly, and appeared to like the walking about with her in search of subjects, and the sitting down beside her while she executed them very much. Yet, nevertheless, he said to her one evening after their return from one of these excursions which she thought the most agreeable they had yet taken, "I am afraid, Bertha, that you will think me a very tyrannical sort of cousin, for I am going to desire you not to do what I believe you like doing better than any other thing within your reach at present. Do you think you shall be able to forgive an interference so little amiable?"

Bertha looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then replied with great simplicity, "I think I could forgive you for any thing except your telling me that you would not talk to me or walk with me any more. And do you know, cousin William, I cannot help thinking that it is exactly this that you are going to say," she added, while the color mounted to her cheeks, and a tear

began very visibly to gather in her eye, "for you *must* know that it is what I like best—and certainly I shall think it very unkind."

Vincent colored too as he listened to her. But the emotion was not caused by his finding in her words any reason for supposing that Lord Lynberry was right in the fears he had expressed for the fair Bertha's peace of mind. It was rather, perhaps, the assured conviction that he was quite wrong which caused the change in his complexion. Not, perhaps, that the almost destitute Vincent would have wished it otherwise—under the circumstances, it would have been a sin to do so. But whatever the source of the feeling, he mastered it quickly and replied, "No, dear Bertha, no, it is not that. Could any thing make me think *that* necessary, I should be quite as sorry as you could be. On the contrary, however, what I have to say to you will, I fear, sound very like desiring you neither to talk nor to walk with any one but me."

"Indeed?" said Bertha, with a very happy-looking smile.

"Yes, indeed, it must sound very like it; for the fact is, that I want you to promise me that you will not go to any more of these pic-nic parties," he replied.

"Oh! if that be all, I can promise it with perfect readiness," she returned.

"And yet, dear Bertha, I am sure you enjoy them greatly."

"I enjoy seeing the beautiful country, and I enjoy drawing in the open air, with you at my elbow to tell me when I am right and when I am wrong—but as to enjoying the parties, because they *are* parties—I don't think you suspect me of it."

"That is quite true, Bertha, it would be but affectation if I said I did. And yet I almost wonder, too, that you should not be a little offended at my interference, because I suspect it must appear so very unreasonable to you."

"Perhaps," replied poor Bertha, "I am not offended, as you call it, at your interference, because it is such a comfort to me to know that I still have a relation near me, who cares for me enough to interfere about me at all. And besides that, cousin William, I know perfectly well that you would not do this, nor any thing else, without having good and sufficient reasons for it. And you may be very sure that I shall go to no more pic-nics at Baden."

"I thank you, dear Bertha, for your confidence in me—and I thank you the

more because you do not ask for my reasons, which, to say truth, I should not be very well able to give explicitly. I certainly know very little, either for or against these Russian people, but yet I think that I am only doing what is right in wishing you not to join any more in their gay doings. I heard them talking yesterday of sending a band of wind instruments to some place in the forest, where they said there was a level turf that would do to waltz upon. Now all this might be very pleasant, and perfectly unobjectionable among intimate friends and acquaintance. But the very fact that we do not really know any thing about these people is, in my opinion, quite reason sufficient to render it objectionable for Miss Harrington to be thrown into such very familiar association with them."

"Then Miss Harrington will associate with them no more," replied Bertha, smiling; "or, at least, not in such a sort as to involve any species of familiarity."

And Bertha kept her word, in spite of the very strongest hints that Mrs. Roberts could venture to give about its not being right for young people to affect singularity, and separate themselves from their young companions, particularly when they might have the great advantage of being *chaperoned* by a princess.

In the first instance, it is probable that Mrs. Roberts' objection to Bertha's staying at home, arose from the being obliged to provide a dinner for her, the *tête-à-tête* repasts of Mr. Roberts and his lady being upon a very small scale indeed; but a very strong additional objection soon became obvious to her, although she dared not make any open remonstrance on the subject; for Mrs. Roberts had quite given up her notion that Bertha was an idiot, though she still thought her the very stupidest girl she had ever known, but she thought that this dullness was mixed with a monstrous deal of self-willed obstinacy, which might lead her any day, if she got into an ill-humor, to write to her father, for the purpose of asking him to let her come. This new objection to Bertha's constant refusal to join the pic-nics arose from the manner in which her afternoons and evenings were passed at home. When the Roberts family had been first blessed with the acquaintance of Lord Lynberry, Mrs. Roberts had, in the most cordial manner, expressed both to the young man and his tutor her hope that they would make her pleasant balcony room as useful as if it were their own; and, at any rate,

that they would always come and take their tea with her. Their doing so, when nothing else was going on to prevent it, had become quite a habit, and it was one of which Mr. Vincent profited without scruple now, treating Bertha precisely as if she had been a younger sister, bringing such books as he wished her to read, and assisting her in her study of German with all the steady perseverance of a professional instructor.

"This will never do, Edward," said the alarmed lady to her son, eagerly seizing a momentary *tête-à-tête* that she caught with him one morning before breakfast. "If you can believe that such a girl as Bertha, growing prettier and prettier every day, and such a young fellow as Vincent, can go on in the way they do without making love, if you can believe it, I can't."

"How you do delight to plague me about that girl, ma'am," replied the young man, continuing his search in the table drawer for a lost glove; and how many more times will it be necessary for me to tell you, that I don't care the tenth part of a penny whether she fall in love with Mr. Tutor Vincent or not."

"Then if *you* don't care, sir, I do," replied his mother with more anger than she had ever evinced towards him during the course of his whole life, "and how many times will it be necessary for me to tell *you*, I wonder, that without her fortune we are one and all of us likely to prolong our residence on the Continent by being locked up in a gaol. Your father says that he can't get at a single penny of principal money without a most horrible loss, and what is worse still, both to him and to me too, it can't be done without exposing whatever little mistakes we have made about prices abroad to that nasty low fellow that manages the old banking concern. Think, then, what it must be to me, Edward, to hear you speak in this light, careless way, about the only thing that there seems left in the wide world to save us! Your father says that he can't give me another shilling for the next month without actually borrowing it or taking it up. And I don't believe there is a shop in the town where we don't owe something."

"I dare say not, ma'am," replied the young man, taking out a small pocket-comb, and currying his little moustache in the glass, "I can answer for a good many of them myself. The taking this great house has proved very convenient in that respect, and so has our intimacy with Lynberry and Montgomery. They have both

of them more money, lucky dogs, than they know what to do with—for they neither of them play—every body knows that, so their credit is first-rate."

"But what has that to do, Edward, with your marrying Bertha Harrington? For mercy's sake speak to me like a reasonable being! What has that to do with your marrying Bertha Harrington?"

"It has a great deal to do with it, ma'am. It will enable me to go on and keep moving till the proper time comes for me to take her."

"Gracious goodness! how you talk, Edward! it is really enough to drive one wild. Take her, indeed! I should like to know what good it will be to take her when she is the wife of another man?—and so she will be if you do not look about you a little."

"Mother!" said the young man, raising his voice, "let me tell you once for all, that I will not be plagued about this odious girl before it is necessary. At this moment I not only hate her, but am passionately in love with another woman, and I will not have my happiness interfered with. That I *must* have her money, I know as well as you do, and have it I will, ma'am, you may depend upon it."

"But, my dear boy, this is dreadfully wild talk. You can't rob her of her money; you can't take it out of her pocket, Edward."

"No, mother, I intend to take it, pocket and all. But it must be done at my own time, and in my own way."

His mother gazed at him with a look half-puzzled, half-admiring.

"Oh Edward!" said she, "I do think, considering what a mother I have been to you, that you might take me into your confidence, and tell me exactly what you mean."

"Well, ma'am, I will," he replied, "provided you will give me your promise not to tell my father, nor, indeed, any one else. I may, perhaps, want a little of your assistance when the time comes, so it is as well that you should know it. But, remember! you must swear to mention it to no one."

"Well, Edward, well, I swear I won't."

"Then I will tell you," replied her son, "but upon my soul not even the winds must hear it," and, leaving the glass, pocketing his little comb at the same instant, he came close to his mother, and whispered something in her ear.

The color mounted to her face, and she shook her head, but she smiled, and betrayed no token of displeasure, though for a moment or two she remained perfectly silent. At length she said, "But it will require money, my dear fellow, where will you be able to get ready money from?"

"Where I have got it from before, ma'am. Do you really suppose, mother, that I can go on in such a place as this with nothing but the odd dollars and francs that I squeeze out of you? You are monstrously mistaken if you do. Lynberry, ma'am, will lend me whatever money I want."

"Lynberry!" exclaimed the delighted mother, in a perfect ecstasy of hope and joy, "Lynberry? is it possible that that dear creature, Lynberry, has lent you money, Edward? Then, thank Heaven! I *am* right, as, I must say, I generally find that I am. Lynberry is in love with Maria, my dear Edward. No young man lends money, you may depend upon it, without having some such motive for it. I thought it, Edward, from the very first—that is from the very first after he got over his ridiculous fancy for Bertha, of which I must say he seemed heartily ashamed afterwards. Well then, my dear boy, I will teaze you no more about Bertha, but trust entirely to you, who I must in common justice say, have shown in every way that you deserved my confidence. And now, my dear, I won't detain you any longer; and, indeed, I have enough to do myself, for before we sit down to breakfast I must settle with my darling Maria what she is to do about getting a new bonnet—whether it will be better to go again to the same shop, or to begin a little bill at the one just opposite to us. It is not quite so stylish a shop, but then it may be convenient, so I'll justgo—"

And not perceiving that her son had already escaped from her, the happy mother went on commenting on her own admirable contrivances, till she had passed through the door which opened upon the apartment of her daughters.

DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH.

From The Literary Gazette.

THE character used in the inscriptions nearly resembles, if it is not identical with, that found in the middle column of the inscriptions of Hamadan, Van, and (?) Bisu-

tun.* It appears to be the connecting link between the Babylonian and Persian forms of the arrow-headed character; less complex than the former, and less simple than the latter. It has frequently been termed the Median; but perhaps on insufficient grounds. At Van, where this character occurs singly in inscriptions far more ancient than the trilateral inscriptions of the same place, it has been vaguely attributed to Semiramis. With equal probability it might be assigned to the second Assyrian dynasty, or to a pure Medich epoch. The same character also occurs singly on various monuments in Susiana and Elymais. At Nineveh, on bricks discovered in the foundation of edifices evidently of the very highest antiquity, on cylinders, and on fragments of sculptured stones, generally basalt, we find the character called Babylonian, or a character equally complex. It appears, therefore, that two characters were at different times in use at Nineveh. If the complex were the most ancient form of the cuneiform, which from all discoveries hitherto made we are led to believe was the case; and if it were used in Babylon prior to the Medo-Persic conquest, then we may conjecture that it was employed throughout the Assyrian empire under its earlier dynasties. We should, at the same time, have less difficulty in admitting the title of Median, now given to the intermediate form, as if modifications were gradually introduced, and the character assumed its greatest simplicity when last used by the Persians,† who combined the three classes in their trilateral inscriptions. This is, however, a question of considerable difficulty, which

* In my former remarks I had inadvertently included Persepolis; it is the third column to the right of the inscriptions of that place which correspond with those above mentioned. The following classification may be useful to those who take any interest in the cuneiform character:—The first columns to the left (of the spectator), in the trilateral inscriptions of the Hamadan and Persepolis, resemble in character the first column to the right of Van; the third column to the right of Hamadan, the middle column of Persepolis; the third column to the right of Persepolis, the middle columns of Van and Hamadan; the first column to the left of Van, the third to the right of Hamadan. I have not yet been able to examine an accurate copy of the inscriptions of Bisutun; but I have reason to believe, from a hasty survey with a telescope, that they resemble those of Persepolis.

† Compare the gradual modification of the ideographic into the phonetic in Egypt. A similar process might easily have taken place in the Chinese.

could only be determined satisfactorily by a lengthened and minute inquiry into the history of cuneiform writing. It is sufficient here to point out the evidence afforded by the exclusive use of what is usually termed the Median character in M. Botta's monument.

Nineveh was completely destroyed by Cyaxares the Mede. Although it appears once more to have risen from its ruins, it never again became the seat of royalty, nor even a place of considerable importance. It is not, therefore, probable, that a palace so vast and magnificent as that of which the ruins have now been discovered, should have been built after that event. Xenophon does not even notice the city,—an additional proof of its subsequent insignificance.*

The absence of columns should indicate a close alliance with the massive forms of Babylonian architecture, in which that elegant as well as useful ornament appears to have been unknown. No fragments of antiquity are more durable than the shafts of columns; and as none have been found at Chorsabad, it is evident that they were not employed in the building. It can scarcely be supposed that this would have been the case had this edifice been erected by those who planned the palaces of Persepolis.

The principal arguments in favor of the reference of the building of Chorsabad to the Medo-Persic dynasty of the Archæmēnides, appear to be, the similarity of its sculptures in general character and execution with those of Persepolis, and with other remains in Persia, usually called Kayanian, and the identity of some of the figures. The sculptures may be included in that class which is usually, though erroneously, termed Persepolitan; but it must be remembered that a generic name has thus been given to a style of art which derives its source, according to the best opinions, from a period long previous to the foundation of the capital of the Persian empire.

Although the extreme minuteness in the details is equally observable in Persepolis, yet the sculptures of Chorsabad are undoubtedly superior in the general elegance and taste displayed in the forms, and in the remarkable spirit and *mouvement* of the figures. The entrances to the halls in both

places are formed by monstrous animals, identical in shape at Persepolis and Chorsabad,—uniting the human head and breast with the body of a bull and the wings of a bird. Heeren, arguing upon the presumption that the body of the monster is that of a lion, has endeavored to trace in it the Martichoras of Ctesias, and to bring it, with other symbols, into the system of Indo-Bactrian mythology.* Admitting even the body to be that of a lion, the other parts of the figure do not agree with the description of Ctesias. But we need not search for its origin in the Indo-Bactrian mythology. The bull with a human head was a pure Semitic symbol. It was found in the temple of Bel, or Baal, amongst other monstrous figures, in the earliest period of Babylon; and at the same time was, perhaps, provided with two or four wings, like other symbols preserved in the same building.† There is, moreover, every reason to believe that the bull was a favorite type in Assyrian worship. It might, indeed, have been employed as symbolical of the Assyrian nation.‡ I remember to have somewhere seen the god Baal himself represented with the horns and ears of a bull. It may therefore be conjectured that the Medes and Persians borrowed the symbol from the nations of Assyria or Babylonia, and employed it as an ornament without any mythological reference; and this conjecture appears to be strengthened by the fact, that no other figures have been found at Persepolis combining the human with the brute form. These facts will be of importance when we come to inquire into the origin of the style of art used in the edifice at Chorsabad.

There is a further identity in the attendants of the king, his eunuch and his sword-bearer; in the led-horses and in the chariots. But it is remarkable that at Persepolis we have no instances of warriors represented in armor and helmets.

The arguments against the reference of

* Much discussion seems to have taken place amongst travellers as to the nature of the brute portion of the figure at Persepolis; some contending for a lion with the hoofs of a horse, whilst others discover a bull. The admirable delineation of the animal in the sculptures of Chorsabad can permit of no doubt whatsoever upon the subject. This fact alone would prove the superiority of these sculptures.

† See a remarkable passage in Eusebius, Chron. ed. Aucher, vol. i. p. 23.

‡ The Semitic word *shour* signifies a bull; the Chaldee form is *tour*: hence, perhaps, the Greek and Latin.

* Nineveh must not be confounded with Larissa (? Resen), the ruins of which, probably, now exist at the junction of the Zab with the Tigris.

the edifice of Chorsabad to the dynasty Archæmenides are far more weighty than those in favor of the supposition.

1. The absence of the *ferooh*, that invariable attendant of the king in all Medo-Persic monuments with which we are acquainted.* The *ferooh*, it will be remembered, was in the Zoroastrian faith the archetype of created beings; the pure soul or essence, detached from the human body, which existed contemporaneously with each living thing, both man and animal. In the sculptures of Bisutun and Persepolis it is always placed above the image of the king, in his perfect likeness; the lower part of the body being, however, replaced by wings.

2. No traces whatsoever of Magian worship are to be found at Chorsabad; whilst at Persepolis we have the constant recurrence of the fire-altar of the priests, and of various symbols of Zoroastrianism, such as the sacred cup Havan in the hand of the king.

3. The king is nowhere portrayed as struggling with monstrous animals, to denote his superior greatness and strength, as at Persepolis.

4. The absence of the simple cuneiform character, which appears to have been always employed by the Medo-Persic kings, and represents the pure Persian dialect.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that whilst valid objections appear to exist against the reference of the edifice discovered at Chorsabad to the dynasty of the Archæmenides, equally valid arguments cannot be advanced against its reference to the first Assyrian period. The second Assyrian dynasty has evidently, however, the best claim; and if I could venture to point out any particular monarch to whom the sculptures could with some plausibility be attributed, I would name Sennacherib, or Essarhadon, whose conquests over Jews, Egyptians, and Ethiopians, may perhaps be traced in the physiognomy of the captives and vanquished in the bas-reliefs of Chorsabad.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—Marvellous rumors are afloat respecting the astronomical discoveries made by Lord Rosse's monster telescope. It is said that Regulus, instead of being a *sphere*, is ascertained to be a *disc*; and, stranger still, that the nebula in the belt of Orion is a *universal system*—a sun, with planets moving round it, as the earth and her fellow-orbs move round our glorious luminary!!! Can such things be?—*Lit. Gaz.*

It is even found in cylinders.

ON THE BUREAUCRACY OF PRUSSIA.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Die Preussische Bureaukratie, von Karl Heinzen. Darmstadt. 1845.

It has been continually found in England, that to 'suppress' a book by order of government is to make it known to the public, and to give it, whether for good or evil, the first great impetus to popularity. This fact has been figuratively, yet truly expressed by the celebrated American essayist, Emerson, in these axiomatic words:—'The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth.' To what degree such a fate awaits Karl Heinzen we do not pretend to determine; but certainly the preliminary measures for martyrdom and popularity have been taken with regard to his 'Bureaukratie.'

This book has been suppressed by order of the Prussian Government; the police have taken possession of all the copies at the public libraries, at the booksellers' shops, and wherever else they could ascertain there was a copy to be found; and the author has been obliged to fly his country. But however vigilant the police may have been in their searches and inquiries, some copies will always remain in private hands, will be read and treasured up all the more for the prohibition; the subject will be the more considered and reasoned upon in all its bearings; and the work will excite an interest about its author, not merely as the author of so bold a publication, but as being an object of persecution in the cause of rational liberty.

That Heinzen clearly foresaw the animosity his book would excite, and the persecution he would have to endure, a few lines from his brief Preface will sufficiently show.

"People will be inclined to discover all possible crimes in the book, because it contains nearly the greatest of all—namely, an unsparing judgment of the Bureaucrats. They will accuse the author of all the offences commonly adduced by the Bureaucratical Inquisition—namely disloyalty to majesty; then, high treason; then, insolence towards the laws of the country and the authorities; excitement to dissatisfaction; outrages, malevolence, and who knows what else, may not be laid to his account. He confesses himself to be disloyal,

only, inasmuch as he subordinates the majesty of the king to the majesty of Truth."

The author, moreover, declares that he will not remove himself out of the reach of the laws, provided he be allowed deliberately to adduce all the proofs in support of his statements and opinions in a fair and open trial; but, warned by the experience of others, he protests against all measures that deviate from the regular, straightforward and lawful path. He demands to have the right of making a free defence, and to have his personal security respected previous to the judgment and sentence of the Court. Any thing short of this he designates as a barbarism and an abuse of power. That he was not at all likely to fare better than others under similar circumstances he must have well known.

Bürokratie may be defined as the instrumental government of public and of secret civil officers. Before quoting Heinen's opinions concerning it, we will refer to certain remarks which have been made by two celebrated Prussian ministers.

The Baron von Schön wrote as follows concerning the origin and condition of the Bureaucrats. Schön never held the office of minister; but the title was given him for official services.

Frederick the Second found a people uncivilized, thoughtless, and hardly capable of thought. From his mind a new world of ideas first came upon the nation, which was penetrated by the power of his spirit. The people, inspired by the highly-gifted king, followed wheresoever he led. But light kindles light. The king's designs should be realized; ministers of the crown must execute his orders; and some rays from the splendor of the ruling spirit came also upon them. His servants thus acquired a greater importance, and higher consequence in the eyes of the people, than otherwise belong to the executors of given commands. This reflex light, however, from the illustrious king grew weaker and weaker before the light of general culture, continually increasing. But as the Church likes to keep up its Saints, so the tradition of this radiance propagated from generation to generation, till the caste of civil officers attained its highest point; concerning which Strauss rightly says, that the Prussian *Bürokratie* proceeds in accordance with the Catholic Church; for as the priest there performs the rituals only for himself, without reference and regard to the community, so the Prussian civil officer, who especially stands apart from the people, fancies that the service of government exists only for himself, and not he for the people, but the people for him."

The minister, Baron von Stein, who remodelled the government in conjunction with Hardenberg, in the old Prussian provinces, must inevitably have had the greatest opportunities of seeing into the whole of the secret, as well as public machinery of the state; and, on the subject in question, he expressed himself in these strong terms:—

"We are governed," says Stein, "by paid, book-learned Bureaucrats, who are without property, and have no interests at stake; and this will last as long as it can. The above epithets and characteristics fairly represent our own (and some other) spiritless governing machines. Paid—therefore striving to render permanent and increase the officers and the salaries. Book-learned—men living in the world of letters, and not in the actual world. Without interests—because they have no transactions with any other class of the citizens who constitute the state; they are a class by themselves—the Writing Class. Without property—and therefore all movements of property do not affect them. It may rain; the sun may shine; the taxes may rise or fall; all laws of old standing may be destroyed, or may remain as they are; the Writing Class cares nothing about the matter. They receive their salaries out of the government cash-box, and write—write in silence, in their offices with locked doors, unobserved, unrenowned, unknown; and they educate their children to become the same useful government machines. One machinery (the military) I saw fall in 1806, on the 14th of October. Perhaps these writing machines will also have their 14th of October. This is the vice from which our dear fatherland suffers—the Power of the Bureaucrats, and the Nothingness of the Citizens."

Before proceeding further, it is requisite to notice one or two remarks in the latter extract, because most readers in England will think, either that they prove the contrary of the intended argument, or else that, at any rate, they require some comment. When Baron von Stein tells us that the Bureaucrats are paid, we naturally ask, if he could expect officers of state to work for nothing, any more than any other class. That they are paid, therefore, is surely no reproach. That they are reading and writing officers, in fact, theorists, or, at all events not practical men, is also in itself an accusation of no apparent weight; because we know that whatever is done practically must have been originated by thought; and whatever is done systematically must have been preceded by a theory. There are many, likewise, who consider that a civil officer, having no property except his salary,

is more unbiased in his opinion, and can exercise a more pure, abstract judgment in questions relating to property; and if he has no commercial interests, and does not feel his own concerns directly involved in those of the community, it may be argued that, being thus disinterested, and free from all personal considerations, he is more likely to decide with single-minded honesty for the general good. These reflections will naturally occur to many Englishmen; but they are not so weighty as at first they may appear. If they be applicable to some parts of the machinery of government in England, the same application will not hold good with regard to Prussia. It should be understood that we allude to the question of no property and no interests in the affairs of the working community, which facts are adduced, among other circumstances, as tending to display the unfitness of the Bureaucrats for the management of public affairs. And with good reason; for they are often called upon to decide, and must decide, upon matters of which they have had no sort of experience, and no direct knowledge; and they do thus decide, without asking the advice of those who *have* such experience and knowledge. Hence, having no actual experience and knowledge, and their wits *not* being sharpened by the possession of property, and private interests at stake; if they are called upon to make the terms of a commercial treaty with another nation, they are at all times liable to commit errors, the results of which are a direct and manifest injury to the community. The treaty of commerce, for instance, made about two years ago with Holland, has already proved to be of the most disadvantageous kind to Germany. The heavy, matter-of-fact Dutchmen, who drew up the treaty for their own country, 'knew their business,' and were men of business themselves; the 'penmanship' of the paper-wise Bureaucrats had no chance with them. The injury to Prussia is of the most serious kind. But who is responsible? Nobody. It is a different matter in England, though we do not see great reason to be complimentary to our own country on this score. Without doubt, the English House of Commons (to say nothing of the Lords) contains many members who are very ignorant of commercial affairs, and of business generally; a few book-learned men, and a few theorists; but on the other hand, these are checked by the presence of some excellent men of business, of men who have had ex-

perience, and possess practical knowledge of commercial and other social affairs; and when in difficult cases, Select Committees are formed, those who are known to be the best men for the given subject are pretty sure to form some part, at least, if not the principal part of them. Moreover, if great ignorance and great errors are committed, it is a public matter, can be discussed, and the due amount of odium or blame attached to the right parties, who would become thenceforth less liable to obtain the chance of doing similar mischief to the public interests. But in Prussia all is transacted with closed doors; the framers of laws, acts, and treaties, settle every thing 'to their own minds;' their statements of facts, arguments, discussions, are not known, and even their ignorance is seldom known except by its results. Nobody is publicly responsible for what is done, or how it works. It emanated from the Bureaucracy; that is the only answer. Nobody, however instructed, can offer a timely word of advice or warning, no public measure being previously open to public discussion. The first thing that is heard of it with certitude is from "authority." The government announces that a law or treaty has been made, an act passed. The thing is done.

The reader is now sufficiently prepared for the introduction of Karl Heinzen. In his chapter, entitled 'Woher, und was ist die Bureaukratie,' he says, 'The Prussian Bureaucracy springs out of the Prussian absolutism;' and he proceeds to show that it is a natural result of despotism on the one hand, and of slavery on the other.

Despotic power must have many instruments to do its work, or else it may die, using the words of Frederick the Great, who died 'worn out with ruling over slaves.' Something to the same effect has been said by various princes; Frederick William I., for instance, who 'endeavored to establish the sovereignty like a rock of bronze,' and Frederick William III. who, both in word and deed, regarded the people and the state as 'the tools of the greatness and splendor of the royal houses.' But as the majority of princes, and especially of absolute princes, are not so fond of a life requiring such constant activity, and we may say, actual hard work, the labor was gradually distributed among a number of civil officers, all, however, under the direct influence of the spirit of despotism by their *secret* as well as public responsibility to the ministers of these absolute princes.

"Any power, especially in the state, must be represented. Who then represents the Bureaucracy? Chiefly, of course, the ministers. We do not weaken this general assertion by admitting some highly honorable exceptions, since even the minister who came into office with the intention of not being a Bureaucrat, was compelled to give way to the existing and in-rooted system. We congratulate Herr von Schön that he never became a minister. It is not a monarchy in reality, and in the executive, governs in Prussia, but an oligarchy. Each minister is a monarch in his own way. The ministers—servants of the state—are become the masters of the state; the domestics of the house constitute the house. The ministers in Prussia will, therefore, often go beyond their authorized power, because the mass and the dependency of their subordinates is so immense, that it gives them an overweening sense of the supremacy of their authority. For this reason, the Bureaucracy is equally the opponent of the king and of the people. It will easily believe it has too little power precisely because it has too much. In England the ministers command through the medium of their commission from the people; in Prussia the ministers exercise command over the business of the people, and over the people themselves. It is, therefore, necessary to keep ministers within bounds on all sides; and from beneath by means of a free constitution and a real representation of the people."—*Heinzen, Preuss. Bureaukratie*, pp. 20, 21.

In the chapter entitled, 'Beschwerden gegen die Bureaukratie,' Heinzen says it is of 'divine origin' (an irony which has, of course, been regarded as one of the proofs of high treason); and thus it is, therefore, irresponsible, in any public way, and all-powerful. 'What weapons,' continues he, 'can we use against Bureaucracy? None. The Press does not attack it, because the Censor is its seconder; Justice does not chastise it, because Justice has no power over it.' He then asks why complaints are not publicly made against all these abuses of authority; and the answer that naturally occurs is, because, in almost all cases, Bureaucracy itself has to decide upon these complaints. Moreover, these same officials are intrenched on all sides, and laugh at the inimical marksmen who, as Heinzen humorously expresses it, 'rove about here and there with their pen-shooters.' In fine, this class of functionaries is a regularly organized machinery of government, established and supported by all the powers of an absolute monarchy. A really popular representation and a free constitution would be its death-blow. 'This is why the resist-

ance has been so great to all such projects, and has caused such palpable vacillation on the part of the present king.

Heinzen gives a chapter on the subject of a proposed constitution, (as opposed by the Bureaucrats), and the royal promise. 'Du sollst dein Wort halten,' says the author, at the head of the chapter. It is very interesting, but prodigiously long, in comparison with the others, and so diffuse, as to set any amount of extracts at defiance. The substance of it, however, may be thus briefly stated:

The present King of Prussia promised his people to give them a constitution; and at the Congress of Vienna in 1814, these articles were agreed upon as a minimum for each state;—

1. A definite part in the legislature.
2. The sanction of the taxes.
3. Representation of the Constitution against an undue interference of the King or the Diet.

The King of Prussia now published the well-known order of the 22d of May, 1815, in which he says, among other things,—

"That the principles upon which we have governed may be truly handed down to posterity by means of a written document as a Constitution of the Prussian realm, and preserved for ever, we have decreed,—

- "1. There shall be formed a Representation of the people.
 - "3. Out of the provincial diets shall be selected a Diet for the whole kingdom, which shall have its seat at Berlin.
 - "4. The efficiency of the representatives of the kingdom extends over all the legislature, including taxation.
- "If any body should ask,' says Heinzen 'whether we know an instance in which Frederick William III. has broken his word, we must answer—It is certain that he has never publicly revoked it as he publicly pledged it—but he has, in fact, left it unfulfilled.' "

How unanswerable these remarks are must be sufficiently apparent; but those only who are aware of the shackled condition of the press in Prussia can properly estimate the moral courage of the man who has thus dared to use the powerful simplicity of the language of truth. And this naturally leads us to turn to Heinzen's chapter of the Bureaucracy and the Press.

There are in Prussia, and even in its smallest towns, civil officers called censors, and nothing can be published any where without the examination and permission of

this officer.* He sees every thing that is intended to be printed and published—even mercantile advertisements and circulars! He is guided by secret orders from the government, and is not liable to any other check upon his conduct. He can erase what he pleases from a manuscript or printer's proof, and need give no sort of explanation to an author or other writer; the censor's will or caprice being arbitrary and admitting of no question. Two years ago, it is true, the king constituted a high court of appeal, called Ober-Censur-Gericht, to which complaints may be addressed; but the judges are Bureaucrats. With regard to newspapers, the censorship is more especially stringent. The 'Leipzig Gazette' was prohibited throughout the kingdom of Prussia, because it commenced a contest with the Bureaucracy. The 'Rhenish Gazette' was utterly quashed for the same unpardonable offence, the Bureaucrats cried out that the 'State and Church' (meaning their offices and salaries) 'were in danger.'

The censorship has different departments. There is a censor whose business in each town is solely with newspapers; another 'looks sharp' over the pamphlets; another takes care of the novels and romantic literature generally; nor is poetry by any means forgotten. But the newspapers are more especially the objects of watchful solicitude. The Prussian government does not consider the censor a sufficient power to keep the editors of newspapers within the bounds of 'a most undangerous discussion of affairs,' and therefore, it suspends over their heads a threat, like the sword of Damocles, that any slip of the pen may be visited by the loss of the license of the paper. No newspaper can appear in Prussia without a license—and licenses are very difficult to be obtained, and, for the most part, are only given *conditionally*. But after all this care in the licenses, and making preliminary conditions, and the constant supervision of the censor, (who may erase any thing he pleases here and there all over the printer's proofs, the gaps being ordered to be closed so that nobody shall know the alarming spot where an erasure was made,) after all this, the editor or other responsible person is *still* amenable to the law!

* Except books which exceed twenty sheets, but these may be suppressed by a summary order, before the sale of them commences.—See 'For. Quar. Rev.' No. lxvi. pp. 376—7.

The prohibition of works is, moreover, of a wholesale kind in some cases. All the works of some of the ablest authors, such as Heinrich, Heine, and Ludwig Börne, are prohibited in Prussia; and every thing printed in Switzerland, (that is to say, at Zurich and Winterthur im litterarischen Comptoir,) is prohibited throughout the Prussian dominions. This is a bad state of things, and needs alteration. A change has already been demanded by the Diet of West Prussia, (the oldest and most genuinely Prussian province,) and the Rhenish Diet; while there now lies before us a well-argued proposal presented to the latter diet, which is at this time sitting at Coblenz. It is supported by many petitions.

The Army Service, as one might expect, is severely dealt with by Heinzen. How far any of his remarks will apply to the military institutions of other countries, we leave the reader to determine. We should, however, observe that although the principle of the power of brute force is the same in all cases, there is yet a great difference in the circumstances between the standing army of a nation, and a 'nation of soldiers.'

"There is a brilliant misery and a brilliant slavery in the institution of the standing army; both are most beautifully united. When it is beautiful to be a machine under a coat of two colors; when it is a blessing to be a slave under stunning music; when it is dignifying to have the soul and body drilled for gaiter-service and parade; then will you find beauty, happiness, and human dignity, united in a life in the standing army.

"Nothing presents a greater contrast to the culture of our times, than the reflection that the security of the state should still be based on a military institution! an institution by which every independent power of man becomes a fault; by which each free volition is annihilated, together with all spirit; by which the nature that distinguishes us from other creatures of the earth is destroyed; in which even the rudest word of command becomes reason; the most arduous order, law; the blindest obedience, virtue; and the most god-deserted loss of free-will (*die gottverlassenste Willenlosigkeit*) is a duty!"—Reinzen, *Büreaukratie*, p. 101.

The chapter on 'Justice' is interesting. We offer the following abstract of the principal points.

Ministers can make what laws they please without submitting them to public consideration, there being no representation of the people in Prussia; and the

ministers can generally make the judges decide as they wish, inasmuch as the former have the power, if displeased with them, of dismissing them from office.

Heinzen very truly remarks, that 'where justice is not wholly free and inviolate in all respects, there is no right and no security of the citizens possible.' 'In Prussia,' continues he, 'this security does not exist. Neither the author of this book, nor the author of any other,' (nor, we might humbly add in a whisper, the writer of the present article,) 'is at any time sure that he may not be taken out of his house by the police, and conducted in custody to Berlin or any other place, the moment the Bureaucracy thinks him deserving of its especial consideration.' Among other examples, they have treated in this way no less a person than the Archbishop of Cologne. The poor author and the rich prelate fare alike; but that is very indifferent consolation to actual sufferers. They took the archbishop out of his house under mere accusations, and out of the district of his jurisdiction, withdrew him from all clerical functions, treated him for several years as a prisoner, and finally—declared that nothing could be proved against him!

In the old Prussian provinces, (as distinguished from the Rhenish,) the Book of Laws is called 'Landrecht.' It first appeared in the last century, in the reign of Frederick II.; but since that time it has been so much altered by cabinet orders (from the king) and ministerial rescripts, (which in Prussia have the power of laws,) that it now creates more difficulties and errors than it cures, and the most experienced lawyer can scarcely find his way through the immense complexity. The late king had already ordered the formation of a law commission to compile a new Book of Laws for the entire kingdom. At the head of this commission stands the celebrated professor and state-minister, Von Savigny; but up to this time the commission has never published any of its labors. In the Rhenish provinces, which it will be recollected were for many years under the dominion of the French, the 'Code Napoleon' is still the recognized Book of Laws. All the Prussian ministers, and more especially the minister Von Kamptz, endeavored to do away with this admirable code, and to give the Rhenish provinces the 'Landrecht' instead. But public feeling and opinion were so very strong against the design, that none of the ministers

could venture to do it for fear it should excite the loyal inhabitants of these provinces to an insurrection, or at least to a state of dissatisfaction with their present government. It was not thought prudent to inspire them with any regrets concerning their late rulers, the French. Nevertheless, the ministers have continued virtually to alter the 'Code Napoleon' to a very great extent, without making any nominal or literal change by the addition of all sorts of new laws, and the alteration of others. This manoeuvre was sometimes so glaring that they did not dare to publish these new laws in the government papers, where they ought all by right to appear, in order to acquire the power of laws, by being thus made known to the population. They, therefore, sent them quietly to the different courts of law and other administrations, and thus the new law was first learnt by its effect being felt. The trick would be laughable were it not a serious thing to play with justice. Heinzen says, 'After the rescript of the 22d of December, 1833, the verdicts of a court of law in matters that concern high-treason, or disloyalty towards the king or country, are *no* verdicts, but only *advice*s for a verdict! The minister of justice, after having had them minutely examined and *brought into unison* with the laws, makes them verdicts!' Falsehoods ludicrously palpable have also been told. Although the Minister von Kamptz continually made the greatest alterations, virtually, in the 'Code Napoleon,' by issuing new ministerial rescripts in direct opposition to the corresponding cases in the Code, he nevertheless declared, on leaving his seat as Minister of Justice in 1838, that 'not a single article in the Civil Code, in the Civil Process Order, or the Penal Code, had been altered.' Heinzen says, 'This I call cutting off the nose and ears of a man, and then saying we have not hurt a hair of his head!'

Nor is the system of Education in Prussia, excellent as this is in so many respects, free from the reproach of despotic influence. Children and young men acquire a great general knowledge; but professors and schoolmasters are not allowed to teach according to any views of their own, or to instil any convictions they may entertain which are not in strict accordance with the regular government system. Hence, besides other limitations, the pupils do not acquire the knowledge of matters that concern actual life, and which might enable

them to stand upon their own ground in entering the active world. But a free instruction could hardly be expected in a country where the free expression of thought is not permitted either to the pen or the tongue. This applies not merely to politics, but also to theology, and to philosophy generally. 'A professor,' says Heinzen, 'who should indulge in a free expression of thought at his lecture-desk, would be equally punished with a rebel who de-claimed in the streets.'

Heinzen's work is divided into three Parts, the first and most important of which we have now gone through. The remainder we have seen, but do not at present possess, the separate Parts being handed about privately. Should we obtain them, however, as we fully expect, we shall probably return to the subject; and after exhibiting the work in detail, offer some general comments on the whole, together with the state of things it discusses.

It is by means of a few such men as Heinzen—men who, as Carlyle expresses it, possess 'the true martyr spirit,' that Liberty gradually uplifts her head, and triumphs over the despotism that on all sides oppresses her. We cannot do better than conclude with the author's words.

"For all who have an opinion of their own these few words are written. That which makes man a slave, is the mean fear of a prison. But to be obliged to take one's conviction into the grave is a greater punishment than a prison could be; and to spread one's free opinion is a greater happiness than the security derived from a timorous silence. It is a duty and an honor to enter a gaol, when its doors are opened for rectitude and truth. The path to liberty lies through the prison."—*Heinzen, Preuss. Bureaukratie*, p. 207.

Heinzen has at present taken refuge in Belgium; but we understand that he offers to return and submit himself to the laws, provided they will try him by the 'Code Napoleon,' and not by a secret tribunal. Meantime a subscription for his wife and family has been made in Cologne.

MR. JOHN MARTIN, late secretary to the Artists' Benevolent Fund, has been presented with a silver inkstand, as a testimony for his services to that Institution. It originated entirely with the members of the Committee, on the suggestion of Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart, the President. The subscription was confined to the Committee. —*Athenæum*.

JAMES, FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY.

From the Quarterly Review.

Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, containing an Account of his Missions to the Courts of Madrid, Frederick the Great, Catherine II., and the Hague; and of his special Missions to Berlin, Brunswick, and the French Republic. Edited by his grandson, the Third Earl. Vols. III. and IV. London. 1844.

TOWARDS the conclusion of our recent notice of the two first volumes of this series, we said—'we suppose that a further publication is intended, which perhaps has been postponed from considerations of delicacy towards persons still living.' We find, however, that we were mistaken in supposing that there was any delicacy in the case—the postponement seems to have been but another instance of the practice which has of late grown up of bringing out in *livraisons* works which might as well, for aught we see, have been brought out at once. We may hereafter have occasion to make some observations on the effect of this system, but we notice it on this occasion only because it led us into expectations which have been disappointed, and has obliged us to divide into two articles a subject which we should rather, on account of some principles which it involves, have discussed in one.

If these latter volumes of Lord Malmesbury's diaries and correspondence were to be published in our day, they must naturally have excited considerable surprise in the public mind, and have raised—in addition to the suggestion which we made as to the respect due to private feelings—the more important question as to the *right* of a public minister or his representative to publish, at his private pleasure, and for his private objects, documents or information obtained in his public character and in the execution of his official duties. This abstract question might have been raised in the case of even the two first volumes, where there are many things which ought not, we think, to have been published as part of the official or even private correspondence of a British minister; but as they related to days comparatively remote, and to interests for the most part obsolete, and as we presumed (erroneously it seems) that a discreet pause was made for the purpose of precluding any complaints either public

or private, of too near an approach to our own times, we forbore raising a question which might seem invidious, and which the good sense and delicacy of the noble Editor himself appeared to avoid; but, as the appetite of the public for these revelations, and the profit-prompted liberality of the possessors of such documents, seem rapidly increasing we feel it our duty to offer some observations on a subject of, as it seems to us, some novelty and considerable importance.

We must begin by stating that these volumes contain matters so various as to be at first sight hardly reducible to any common rule as to the right or propriety of their publication. We have, 1. The ordinary official despatches and communications between the minister and his own court, and that to which he was accredited. 2. The more secret and confidential correspondence, which under the form and style of private letters are essentially official, and affect in the highest degree the public interests. 3. Memoranda, minutes, of conferences, or conversations, and intelligence, collected in the ministerial character, and for the purposes of the mission. 4. Extracts of Diaries which Lord Malmesbury seems to have kept with great assiduity all through his life, and of which, during the periods of his public employment, all the most essential portions relate to his ministerial duties, and are as it were a kind of log-book of his official and in some degree of his personal proceedings:—the fourth volume is almost wholly composed of extracts from the Diary from 1801 to 1808, when Lord Malmesbury was residing in London in the centre of an extensive political acquaintance, and keeping very copious notes of the political news and occurrences of the day.

Of these classes there can be little doubt, we think, that the three first may be considered as belonging to the same category, and as subject to whatever custom or rule of law may exist as to the antagonist rights of the Crown, and one of its official agents, over the documents connected with the agency. The question on the Diaries is rather more complicated, from the difficulty of distinguishing how far papers of such a mixed character can be classed as public or private. But the difficulty is more superficial than real: on the one hand, no one can pretend that Lord Malmesbury's representative had not a *legal* right over his *private* diaries; those, for instance,

kept when he was out of office; but on the other it may, we think, be doubted whether such a right extends to a journal like, for instance, that kept during his mission to Brunswick, which is really a history of the mission—containing scarcely one word or fact that had not a direct relation to it, and which but for the mission could have had no existence.

Now, putting aside for the moment all question of discretion and delicacy, and regarding only the *strictness of law*, we hold that it is clearly established that a public minister can have, with regard to his official papers, no private and independent right of publication.

Judge Story, in his 'Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence,' has collected all the cases which constitute the law on this subject, and classed and condensed them in his usual masterly style. He states, on all the authorities, that 'private letters, even as literary compositions, belong to the writer and not to the receiver, who at most has a special property in them which does not give him a right to publish them' (§ 944); and again, that 'by sending a letter the writer gives to the person to whom it is addressed a property in it for the purposes of reading, and, in some cases, of keeping it; but the gift is so restrained that, beyond the purposes for which the letter is sent, the property remains in the sender' (§ 945). These decisions were made on the principle involved in this and all such like cases, namely, the *copyright* in and the pecuniary value of such papers. But the argument goes still further, and protects letters, not merely as *property*, but as the sacred depositories of private *confidence*. 'It would, indeed,' says Dr. Story, 'be a sad reproach to English and American jurisprudence if Courts of Equity could not interpose in cases where the very nature of the letter imports—as matters of business, or friendship, or advice, or family or private confidence—the *implied* or necessary intention and *duty* of privacy and secrecy' (§ 947); and thence the cases lead to a still closer analogy to our point. '*Courts of Equity will restrain a party from making a disclosure of secrets communicated to him in the course of a confidential employment*' (§ 952). And he further shows that these rules apply not merely to letters received, but equally so to letters *written* by a person—in short, 'they have been applied in all cases where the publication would be a violation of trust

or confidence, founded in contract or implied from circumstances' (§ 949). And, if this doctrine be true in private cases, it is infinitely stronger in that of a sworn servant of the State, who is not merely what the law would call an agent, but is invested with a still more confidential character, and a much higher, and much deeper responsibility. This is common sense, common honesty, common equity, and common law.

A case occurred a few years ago, in which we had occasion to consider this question incidentally, and our opinion then was in perfect accordance with these principles. This was in our review of '*A Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London, by Richard Rush, Esq.,*' Envoy from the United States. Mr. Rush in this work chose to publish, without any authority from his government, and on his private responsibility, many of his diplomatic communications with our ministers, and gave some reasons—very bad ones as we thought and showed—for this deviation from the ordinary course of diplomacy. For our present purpose we need only quote our general *résumé* of the question. The first part of our argument had applied to the mere act of publishing what had never been intended for publication, and then we proceeded to say with regard to the publication by Mr. Rush—

'But Mr. Rush is in a still graver error as to the general principle. He seems to think that, if such documents may be published, he has a right to publish them. No such thing. The State has such a right, but not the servant of the State, without the express permission of the head of the Government. In all a minister's negotiations, whether verbal or documentary, he can acquire no personal right—no right to publish or otherwise employ the papers he may have collected, or the information he may have obtained, for any purpose of his own. The whole belongs to the State, and he has no more right to make any use of them than a lawyer would have to turn something which he has found amongst his client's title-deeds to his own advantage.'—(Q. R., xlix. p. 325.)

To this general doctrine we have never heard any objection; we believe it to be indisputable, and we will therefore venture to repeat our matured judgment—one not, as we have shown, formed on or for the present occasion,—that the noble Editor had no right whatsoever to publish the diplomatic papers of his grandfather. We have no doubt that such a publication might

have been stopped by an injunction; and as the case now stands, we suspect that the law of copyright would not protect a publication where there was no right to publish.

But this applies only to the absolute right—which is, we admit, susceptible of various modifications in practice. In the first place the consent of the Government for the time being, as representative of the sovereign or the state, would hardly be denied on a fit occasion, and would remove all difficulty. Of the two earliest publications by private persons of diplomatic papers that we possess—'The *Cabala*' and Diggs's '*Complete Ambassador*'—it is observable that both, and particularly the latter, referred to transactions quite obsolete, and were published during the license of the Commonwealth, but that when the '*Cabala*' was republished after the Restoration with some additional matter, it was with the express sanction of the Secretary of State. The second volume of Sir William Temple's works, published by Swift, which contained his diplomatic letters, was especially dedicated to King William—which the first volume was not—and had no doubt his Majesty's countenance and sanction. But we have now before us a case of recent and decisive authority—Sir Robert Adair's publication, May, 1844, of '*An Historical Memoir of his Mission to Vienna*.' This memoir is based on, and is accompanied by a selection from the despatches written and received by him during that period. Sir Robert Adair, taking the true legal and statesmanlike view of the case, obtained from Lord Palmerston, then the Secretary of State, '*an official permission—not withdrawn by Lord Aberdeen*—to publish such parts of his despatches as might not be prejudicial to the public service;' and he also, he tells us, obtained '*Prince Metternich's consent*;' and he announces on his title-page that these despatches are '*published by permission of the proper authorities*.' All this is right and proper, and establishes, we think, the true principles of the case.

But though we suppose that in strictness no state-papers can be printed without the consent of the Crown, yet in practice any formality of sanction has been reasonably considered as unnecessary in cases which, by long lapse of time and entire change of circumstances, can no longer affect either private feelings or public interests, and have passed into the fair and undisputed

domain of history. It might be difficult to fix the precise boundary of this domain, in which every year makes a degree of change; but it is creditable to the discretion of the eminent men who have served in public stations for the last century—of the hereditary possessors of their official papers—and of the literary men who have had access to those papers—that till within very late years little or nothing has been published to which any serious objection could be made. When Lord Kenyon and Dr. Phillpotts published, in 1827, the letters between the King and Lord Chief Justice Kenyon on the subject of the Coronation Oath, Lord Chancellor Eldon—with all his political and religious predilections for the views that publication was intended to serve—could not help expressing ‘considerable doubts’ as to the propriety of that publication, (Twiss’s ‘Life,’ vol. i. p. 360)—not from any disapprobation of the sentiments, nor doubting that they did honor to both parties, but evidently because it seemed to make public a privileged communication too near our times to be altogether considered, as in all other respects they certainly are, historical documents. Lord Eldon’s own biographer, who states this doubt, has gone much farther, for he has printed not only private letters of recent date, but a number of the most secret and confidential notes from King George III. to his Chancellor on the most delicate subjects. In our review of Mr. Twiss’s work, (Q. R. vol. lxxiv. p. 71,) we said that, taking for granted that Mr. Twiss had obtained permission from the parties or their representatives for the publication of these private communications, there were still some for which it was too early even to ask such permission—a sufficient intimation of the judgment which we now more broadly state—that without such permission, those documents were, according to all admitted principles, no more the property of the Chancellor’s grandson, in respect to *publication*, than Lord Malmesbury’s despatches were of *his* grandson. It seems clear that the present Earl has not thought of obtaining any such permission or sanction, and for this as well as other reasons we cannot but think that his publication infringes on those *ill-defined*, but *well understood* rules of discretion and delicacy, by the nice observance of which the publication by private hands of official documents can alone be justified.

We are satisfied that the noble Editor

had not the least intention of infringing these rules, and will be surprised at finding that he can, by any ill-natured critic, be supposed to have done so. We assure him we are not towards him ill-natured critics;—we are satisfied that he was as far as we ourselves should be from publishing any thing which he could have imagined to be injurious to the public service or reasonably displeasing to individuals. But in our judgment he has happened to do both; and it is lest the involuntary error of a justly respected nobleman should in these all-publishing days create a dangerous precedent, that we have thus ventured to express our opinion that, *strictly* speaking, the official and confidential—that is the greater and more important—divisions of these papers were not *his* to *publish*, and that the customary and conventional rights which a sufficient lapse of time confers on the possessor of such documents have not yet accrued to him.

We are sorry to be obliged to pronounce this judgment, which is much against our own private interest and predilections. We have been very much amused by these two latter volumes, and chiefly, we fear, with those parts the publication of which we have thus presumed to criticise. We wish we could, consistently with our duty to the public, encourage this mode of anticipating history: it has great charms. How much more delightful *to us* must be the sketches of George III. and George IV.—Queen Charlotte and Queen Caroline—Pitt and Fox—Canning and Windham—(to say nothing of the minor portraits)—all fresh, as it were, from the hand of a painter, *their* contemporary, and in some degree *ours*—than they will be in another generation, when they might be exhibited without offence, and received with indifference! Nor can it be denied that historic truth may gain something by what we have hitherto considered as premature publication. If there be misunderstanding or misrepresentation of facts or of motives, there may probably be those living who will feel an interest in correcting the error and in doing justice to themselves or their party; and when the mention is favorable, there will be many to relish the praise of a well-remembered parent or friend, with a keenness of pleasure that cannot be felt by a more distant progeny. It may be also said that no such publication is ever made without *some* reserve and delicacy—that even when nothing is added to praise some-

thing is often subtracted from censure, and that traits likely to be offensive to individuals may be easily, and generally are tenderly softened or omitted: and this, we dare say, may be said of the Malmesbury publication. But then this process is likely to destroy the truth and unity of the work: after being strained through such a cullender an author may be no more like himself than a *purée* to a potato. Unless we have the *whole* evidence we cannot be satisfied of his veracity, nor appreciate his distribution of praise or blame. It is like asking us to give implicit credit to a witness without allowing us the test of a personal examination.

Upon the whole, however, of these considerations, we fall back to our original position that such publications are of very doubtful propriety, and that in the present instance it has been somewhat premature as regards individuals, and somewhat incautious as affects national interests; and we solicit the attention of the public and the government to the inconveniences which may arise if this practice of dealing with official documents as private property should become—as from the taste of the times, and the activity of the literary trade, we think probable—an ordinary speculation with the sons and grandsons of public servants. Take three or four instances. The Armed Neutrality twice died away; but is another revival impossible, and would the maritime interests of this country be much strengthened by an appeal to Lord Malmesbury's Russian correspondence? Is the union of France and Spain against England so entirely out of the question that some British negotiator may not be told on the authority of Lord Malmesbury, or *Lord St. Vincent* (!), that Gibraltar is worthless, or at best but a counter on the great card-table of Europe? Will it tend much to exalt our character for honesty and good faith to have it said that a British minister of the highest rank prided himself on having *bribed* the menial servant of a friendly sovereign to betray the humble duty of opening or closing the door of his master's closet? Or will European confidence in our national pride and integrity be in any degree confirmed by the fact that pending the Lisle negotiations we received, not only without indignation, but with complacency, projects of pecuniary corruption, which, if it disgraced our adversaries to propose, it did us no great honor to listen to? In four large volumes, pretty nearly

divided between twaddle and gossip, such passages as we have referred to may be overlooked by ordinary readers; but we submit it to graver judgments, and even to public opinion, whether—be they truly represented, or, as we rather hope, discolored and exaggerated—these arcana are fit to be divulged in the style and for the motives with which they are now presented to the world.

Turning, however, from these speculations, which, though they come too late in this case, may be applicable to others, we proceed to our examination of the contents of these volumes, premising, once for all, that our space will allow us to give a very inadequate summary of so great a variety of transactions, and that we shall chiefly endeavor to bring before our readers topics on which Lord Malmesbury either throws a new light, or gives, in doubtful points, a preponderating evidence.

We left Lord Malmesbury at the close of the last volume separated in politics from Mr. Fox, and united with the Duke of Portland and his section of the Whigs in the support of Mr. Pitt and the prosecution of the war with France. An early opportunity was taken, we will not say of rewarding his conversion, but of employing his known abilities and still greater reputation, in the public service. For any diplomatic duty he had certainly at that moment, in public opinion, no competitor; and the policy he was called upon to forward was in full accordance with his own previous opinions.

Towards the close of 1793 the King of Prussia—under a strange combination of political embarrassment, private intrigue, and fanatical delusion—exhibited a strong disposition to break off his defensive alliance with England, and to withdraw from the contest against France—in which he had been, originally, the most zealous and prominent actor. Such a design, and especially the motives that prompted it, were so contrary to good faith, and so full of peril not only to Prussia herself but to all Europe, that Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville proposed to Lord Malmesbury a special mission to endeavor to counteract this pusillanimous, and indeed, as regarded us, fraudulent policy, and to induce the King of Prussia to adhere to what was at once his duty to himself, and his engagement to his allies. Lord Malmesbury had, before his departure, an audience of George III. in the closet—the first time since the

Regency Bill—on which, it will be recollected, Lord Malmesbury had not behaved with quite so much gratitude and duty as might have been expected. His Majesty, however, was very gracious, and gave his Lordship some advice on the subject of his mission, which, if only as an additional corrective of the false notions that were so long and so industriously propagated as to the infirmity of his Majesty's intellect and judgment, is worth extracting.

'He began by saying something complimentary on my accepting the Prussian Mission, then went on by saying, "A few clear words are better perhaps than long instructions. I believe that the King of Prussia is an honest man at the bottom, although a weak one. You must first represent to him, that if he allows his *moral* character the same latitude in his explanation of the force of treaties, as he has allowed it in other still more sacred ties" (referring to his marriage), "all good faith is at an end, and no engagement can be binding. You must then state to him how much his *honor* is engaged in joining in this business, in not giving up a cause in which he had begun so nobly. Then you should apply to his *interest*, that the event of the war must either fail or succeed; that if he withdrew himself from the number of coalesced Powers, in either case he would suffer from leaving them. In the first case (the failure of the war) he perhaps would be the first to feel the consequence of suffering this *Tartarian horde* to overrun Europe. In the second, if *we* succeed, he certainly might be sure that not having contributed his share to the success, would put him, in respect to the other Powers, in a situation of want of consideration and consequence, and that he would not be consulted or referred to in the general system of Europe, when that became a matter of discussion. That if you fail on referring him to these three great points—his *integrity*, his *honor* and his *interest*—it will be certain nothing can be done; and although I have the greatest confidence in your skill and abilities, yet I shall rest assured in that case that *no* skill or any ability would be equal to success.'—vol. iii. p. 7.

'And this,' says Lord Malmesbury, 'his Majesty delivered with great perspicuity and correctness;' and then he went on to an explanation without which the first article of these oral instructions, as to the King of Prussia's moral conduct, would appear very strange—'The King of Prussia,' he said, 'was an *illuminé*;' and, as Lord Malmesbury afterwards found, persuaded himself—under the influences of that mysterious sect—that he might reconcile with strict morality the having a wife and three mistresses, and with sound policy the form-

ing an intimate alliance between his own despotism and the Jacobin democracy.

In one of the early letters from Berlin Lord Malmesbury writes to Lord Grenville what surely ought not to have been yet—if ever—published:—

'My dear Lord,—The inside of this Court is really a subject fit only for a private letter: unfortunately it is so closely connected with its public conduct, and influences it so much, that I wish to give you every information relative to it in my power.

'The female in actual possession of favor is of no higher degree than a servant maid. She is known by the name of Mickie, or Mary Doz; and her principal merit is youth and a warm constitution. She has acquired a certain degree of ascendancy, and is supported by some of the most inferior class of favorites; but, as she is considered as holding her office only during pleasure, she is not courted, though far from neglected, by the persons of a higher rank.

'The two candidates for a more substantial degree of favor are Madlle. Vienk and Madlle. Bethman. The first (I really believe, extremely against her will and her principles) is forced forward by a party who want to acquire consequence; and I am told she has the good wishes of Lucchesini, who thinks he shall be able to lead her. Madlle. Bethman plays a deeper game; she acts from, and for, herself; she professes to love the King, but that her principles prevent her giving way to it; she is all sentiment and passion; her aim is to be what his first mistress was, and to turn to her account all the licentious latitude it is said the *illuminés* allow themselves. Madlle. Bethman is cousin to the wealthy banker of that name at Frankfort, and, from what I have learnt there, is perfectly qualified to act the part she has undertaken.'—vol. iii. p. 44.

The noble editor is rather at a loss to explain what the tenets of this religious or irreligious freemasonry of *Illuminés* were, and we cannot much help him. All that we know is, that it was a deep secret—and a very safe one withal—for we strongly suspect they did not know it themselves. Their principal rites seem to have been muddling, smoking, raising ghosts, and dealing with the devil—which devil was of a scale of intellect little above that of his votaries. But the influence of this folly became considerable in the dreamy twilight of German metaphysics, and had, at an early period—even in the time of the *philosopher* Frederick—made its way into the palace of Berlin, where the twin-sisters—infidelity and superstition—held rival, and yet congenial, courts. Wraxall tells us that the *quondam* hero Prince Ferdinand of

Brunswick abandoned himself to the doctrines and reveries of the *Illuminés* till they reduced his once powerful mind to a state of imbecility. 'It will hardly be believed,' says Wraxall, 'that prior to 1773 he was so subjugated by them as frequently to pass many hours of the nights in churchyards, engaged in evoking and endeavoring to raise apparitions.' Old Frederick was forced to dismiss the poor visionary general from his public employments; but was not, it seems, able to check the growth of the mischief in his own family. We ourselves have heard, from indisputable authority, that the king whom Lord Malmesbury visited (in addition to the moral or rather immoral *illumination* which we have mentioned), was so preternaturally enlightened as to confound the garden of Charlottenburgh with the garden of Gethsemane, and would reverentially take off his hat when he fancied that he met our Saviour in his walks.

But throughout this negotiation with Lord Malmesbury the Prussian monarch, however visionary-mad he might be in the garden, was in a very matter-of-fact state of mind in his cabinet; and the whole affair appears to have been on his part a greedy and unprincipled scheme to obtain the largest possible number of English guineas for services in which England had an interest—strong, no doubt, as part of the general cause against France,—but exceedingly inferior and remote compared with that of Prussia herself. The Prussian cabinet insisted on having their whole army of 100,000 subsidized! And when England was so liberal, or as we think extravagant, as to propose a sum of 2,000,000*l.* for the annual subsidy of that power, to be paid, 2-5ths or 800,000*l.* by England, 1-5th by Austria, 1-5th by Holland, and the other 1-5th to be charged to Prussia herself, Prussia refused to contribute this quota, and insisted that her army should be fed and foraged into the bargain. And when this monstrous pretension was rejected, another still more monstrous was produced, as a conciliatory expedient forsooth—that Prussia would bear her quota, provided the subsidy was raised to 2,500,000*l.*—only a more impudent mode of reasserting that she would pay nothing at all. In the mean while Austria, most naturally we think, declined to take any part of the expense of the Prussian army on her shoulders, and great distrust and acrimony arose between the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, for which Prussia and her minister Lucchesini (prob-

ably sold to the French) were most to blame.

The negotiation was in this nearly hopeless state, when, as appears by the correspondence, the Prussian minister, Haugwitz, proposed to transfer it to the Hague. The Editor states, in a note from the Malmesbury papers, that this was an *artful suggestion of Lord Malmesbury* to get the negotiation out of the influence of Lucchesini and the French. We believe this is a mistake. In his private diary, Lord Malmesbury says that Haugwitz proposed and he accepted the change: and we cannot discover what possible motive Lord Malmesbury could have had for such a move. Haugwitz's is obvious—it relieved the King of Prussia from the presence of Lord Malmesbury, and the personal embarrassment of having to bear the brunt of the most infamous *escroquerie* that was ever attempted—it removed Lord Malmesbury from the capital, where the appearance of the Court and the army contradicted the professions of extreme penury, on which the whole Prussian case rested—it removed him also from the auxiliary influence of the cabinet of Vienna—and finally, it threw him into Holland, where the pressure of the immediate danger and the necessity of the Prussian protection would be most severely felt. It was Lord Malmesbury's fortune, on this occasion, as it seems to have been all through life, to be baffled and bamboozled, or, to use the more modern, and, we suppose, politer term, *mystified*, and then, like a very able diplomatist, as he no doubt was, he *suggests*, though he does not venture to affirm, that it was all a subtle device of his own 'cleverness.' And truth obliges us to say—though it be said of the great Earl of Malmesbury—that a more *goosey* despatch never met our eyes than that in which he announces with great joy this change of place to Lord Grenville, together with a new project, by which Austria was to be left altogether out of the question; and we were to have the great advantage of reducing our subsidy from 800,000*l.* to only 750,000*l.*—a prodigious saving of *one-sixteenth*, but accompanied by this slight drawback, that the force to be supplied for it was diminished in a rather larger proportion—from 100,000 to 60,000 men, or about *seven-sixteenths*.

But even this would have been better than what was really obtained, for Lord Malmesbury signed, on the 19th April, a treaty, by which Prussia was to place

62,400 men at the disposal of England and Holland, at the price of 50,000*l.* a-month, with 1*l.* 12*s.* per man per month for bread and forage—in all 150,000*l.* a-month; besides 300,000*l.* for putting them in motion, and 100,000*l.* more at the end of the year for sending back again: so that, instead of getting 100,000 men for 800,000*l.* per annum, as at first proposed, we had eventually to pay near 1,200,000*l.* for 62,400, for six months nominally, but not for one day in reality. The intention was to employ these troops on the Dutch frontier in connexion with our own army then in Flanders under the Duke of York; but it soon became clear that Lord Malmesbury had been again deceived, for the Prussians seem never to have had the remotest idea of executing any part of the treaty, except pocketing the money. The Editor very naturally wishes to palliate this discomfiture of his grandfather; and—Lord Malmesbury having been invited to bring to England for the consideration of the ministers the opinion of the Duke of York and of the Dutch government as to the best mode of employing the subsidiary army—the Editor states,

‘It appears that this *ill-judged* recall contributed much to the success with which the French party, taking advantage of treachery and national prejudices, contrived through Lucchesini to stultify the treaty.’—p. 93.

We cannot see how this recall was *ill-judged*, or what Lord Malmesbury’s quitting the Hague for a visit to London of three weeks—after the treaty had been signed—could have had to do with French intrigues at Berlin or Lucchesini’s negotiations at Vienna. When Lord Malmesbury returned to the Hague—he had been in London only from the 6th to the 24th of May—he was met by complaints from the Prussians that the money, without which their army *could* not move, had not yet come; and Malmesbury, in his diary, under date of the 2nd of June, complains in very bitter terms against the English ministers that the first instalment under this prodigious treaty had not yet arrived, as if such sums as hundreds of thousands of pounds in a particular coin could be collected at a few days’ notice. It turned out that the first instalment of 300,000*l.* had been already remitted from the British treasury on the 27th of May. For the few days that the remittance was on the road nothing could exceed the complaints of the Prussian ministers at the delay. The Prussian army could not and would not

move a mile without the money, and Lord Malmesbury was very well inclined to join in all their prognostics of mischief from this supposed delay. In the midst of all these complaints the money arrived;—the complaints ceased—but not a Prussian marched. The monthly subsidies were to commence on a most propitious and auspicious day—the *first of April*; and they were regularly paid in Prussian coin procured for the purpose; yet we find Lord Malmesbury confessing that for these ‘*immense sums*,’ as he justly calls them, the Prussians had not moved a step—nor did they ever; but exaggerating the effects of a trifling skirmish which they had with the French near Kesserslautern, which even the exemplary modesty of the French military writers hardly notices, and complaining beyond all credibility and truth of their own loss, they at last got up a kind of mutiny in the army against a compliance with the treaty, and having received 1,105,000*l.* up to September, out of the gullibility of Lord Malmesbury and the too prodigal confidence of the British ministry, the whole bubble burst;—and then Lord Malmesbury writes home, with the most wonderful self-complacency, that he is not at all ashamed of the failure of his treaty, because it

‘must be considered as an alliance with the *Algerines*, whom it is no disgrace to pay, nor any impeachment of good sense to be cheated by.’—vol. iii. p. 126.

O lame, and impotent, and disgraceful conclusion! Instead of regarding Lord Malmesbury’s temporary recall as injudicious, or the delay in paying the swindled subsidy as blameable, every one who reads *even* these papers will rather wonder at the blind confidence that the ministry reposed in him.

And here we have to observe, what we have already hinted at, the danger to historical truth of this sort of revelations—where we are not sure that the *whole* story is told. Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville are seriously censured in *selections* from Lord Malmesbury’s despatches, and in a *note* by the Editor; but in such a case we should have liked to see the *whole* despatch, and the document on which the note is founded;—and above all, as regards the high praise given to Lord Malmesbury’s diplomacy, would it not have been candid to have afforded us (what we have taken some pains to collect from other sources) an account of the sums actually paid to the

Prussians under this boasted treaty, of which they on their side never performed—nor, we are satisfied, ever meant to perform—one iota? We confidently trust that with the change of our continental relations, the system of subsidies has vanished for ever; but if any future minister should be tempted to deal in that vicarious species of warfare, we doubt whether he could have a better dissuasive than the study of the full history of Lord Malmesbury's treaty of 1794, and its profligate and disgraceful consequences. Of all the manifold errors committed in the revolutionary war, the most injurious to ourselves and even to our allies was the unhappy system of subsidies. We are surprised that Lord Malmesbury did not see this even at the time, for we find that at the close of this unlucky mission he gives Lord Grenville an alarming picture of the state of the public mind in Germany at that period, which ought to have opened his own eyes to the folly and mischief of the very efforts he was making.

'The nobility, the gentry, and large capitalists . . . attribute the evils of war and its duration, not to the enemy, who is endeavoring so strenuously to destroy them, but to *the very powers* who are endeavoring to rescue them from destruction . . . and it is impossible to awaken them to a sense of their danger.'

'To every attempt of this kind which I have made, I receive for answer, "*England finds its own account in the war, and only wants to engage us to continue from views of ambition and conquest.*"'

'It is useless to argue against such miserable reasoning, as it would be childish to resent it; but it is impossible not to be deeply affected when we see an immense country like this, *abounding at this moment with wealth, and possessing within itself alone means sufficient to resist and repel all the efforts of France*, poisoned with doctrines and prejudices which falsify all its faculties, and make those very powers which ought to ensure its safety act as instruments to forward its destruction.'—pp. 142, 143.

What was more likely to accredit this imputation of selfish and dishonest motives than to see us squandering such enormous sums on countries themselves '*abounding with wealth, and possessing within themselves alone means sufficient to resist and repel all the efforts of France?*' And what was more likely to palsy the feelings and exertions of such a country than the blind, demoralizing, and to their eyes most suspicious system of hiring them to do their

own business, and bribing them to the protection of their own property and honor? Subsidies, alas, could not remedy, but, on the contrary, tended rather to increase and develop the real weakness of the continental powers, which was, as Lord Malmesbury was at length convinced—not want of the legitimate means of war, but—in their armies, party, corruption, and disaffection—in the Courts jealousies, animosities, and greedy speculations, and in that of Prussia treachery—in the people mysticism, infidelity, and jacobinism—these were the causes that helped, if they did not altogether produce, the early successes of the French on the Rhine, and eventually, by a signal course of retributive justice, brought them, twice over, to Berlin and Vienna.

We now arrive at that portion of these volumes about the propriety of the publication of which we entertain on every account the most serious doubts,—a very copious and unreserved diary kept by Lord Malmesbury during his mission to the Court of Brunswick at the close of 1794, to demand the Princess Caroline in marriage for the Prince of Wales, and to conduct her to England. We confess that no publication that we have ever seen (and we have recently seen some of very doubtful discretion) has surprised us more than this. The protection of the law against unauthorized publication is not, as we have seen, limited to *letters*—it applies to *all cases where the publication would amount to a violation of trust and confidence*, or where it should be made for the purpose of *indulging a gross and diseased public curiosity by the circulation of private anecdotes, or family secrets, or personal concerns* (*ubi supra*, § 948). Now there is not a fact—hardly a word—in this Diary that does not relate to *private anecdotes, family secrets, and personal concerns*—all arising out of and belonging to the mission—nothing that was not done or said by or to Lord Malmesbury in his *official character*. In this character he received the most important and delicate confidences, both personal and political; and we cannot conceive how he or his representative could acquire any right to divulge—much less to print and publish to the whole world—informations given to him under a seal as sacred, we think, as that of *confession*. If ever there was a case in which the Crown had a paramount interest in documents written by its public servants, it is especially such a

one as this, where the Sovereign is interested not only by her royal rights, but as the head of the Family whose domestic affairs are here divulged, and as connected with the Persons principally concerned by the highest obligations of duty and the closest ties of blood. And in addition to the general question of *right*, one cannot help being struck, on the first view of this case, by manifest breaches of delicacy and good taste. The parties to that unfortunate alliance have left a numerous and illustrious kindred (to say nothing of private friends and servants) still living, whose feelings cannot but be painfully affected by some of Lord Malmesbury's revelations—which seems indeed to compromise his Lordship's own character, for many of the memoranda are such as a gentleman, if obliged by his duty to make them, ought to have destroyed before his death, or at least taken effectual measures for their subsequent destruction.

This cannot be denied, and must be regretted; but on the other hand it would be unjust not to suggest, in excuse for the noble Editor, that revelations of an infinitely more deplorable character had been five-and-twenty years ago paraded and produced in the most flagrant publicity *by the parties themselves*—they are registered in our archives, they are engraven on the tablets of our history. Lord Malmesbury's anecdotes are but the light clouds that presaged that dark storm, and the Editor probably thought that the pain that they can excite in any mind that recollects the proceedings of 1820, must be of a very mitigated degree. But whatever may be thought of the act of publication, the facts are now *history*, and we must deal with them accordingly.

It was at the conclusion of the subsidiary mission to Prussia that Lord Malmesbury was commissioned to take Brunswick in his way home, and to conclude another treaty still more deplorable in its consequences. Before we enter on that business, we must introduce our readers to the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick. His Highness, in disgust at the untoward result of his unfortunate campaigns of 1792-3, had resigned the command of the Prussian army, and was living at home a mortified and alarmed spectator of the great military and political game then playing, in which, though he no longer held a hand, his all was at stake. It was a secondary object of Lord Malmesbury's mission to prevail on

the Duke to take some measures for re-assuming the command of the Prussian army, or, if that could not be accomplished, to take the command of the Dutch army, and to act in concert with the Duke of York. The Duke of Brunswick, had not, we believe, the option of doing the first, and he would not do the latter; and Lord Malmesbury, while admitting his talents and courage, pronounces him, from his wavering, suspicious, intriguing temper, utterly unfit for any great station, and incapable of any great service. This may have been, and was, we think, his general character; but we believe that the Duke did not deserve his Lordship's reproaches, in the particular case which produced them. He was a marshal in the Prussian army; situated as his duchy was, he had no support but Prussia; and though his strong inclination was to active exertions against France, he said that he could not safely take command of any army but a Prussian one, or at least one to which a large Prussian force should be attached. It was very well for Lord Malmesbury, who had a safe retreat in England, to make light of the Duke's difficulties; but the result justified, we think, all that prince's apprehensions; and we feel not contempt, but sympathy, for the perplexity of a brave soldier and benevolent sovereign—resisting the impulses of his own personal gallantry and political opinions, under the humiliating certainty of the ruin that a false step would entail on his family and his people. We are, however, inclined to believe that he was deficient in decision and moral courage, and of this defect the following anecdote, with regard to his too celebrated Manifesto, is a slight but sufficient indication.

'Dec. 10th, 1794.—He [the Duke of Brunswick] was less *thinking* this day than usual' [poor man, he had abundant cause to be *thoughtful*]; 'he was conversable with the ladies at dinner—said that his famous Manifesto was drawn up by a *Brabançon* of the name of Himon* (now here); that it was ap-

* This is a mistake for the Marquis de Limon—another of the too numerous and inexcusable errors of the press which disgrace this publication. We made the same observation on the former series, and produced a few instances, which we find given in a fly-leaf to this livraison as '*errata*' to the former volumes—two only being added to our list, though there might have been two score. But the blunders of the present publication are infinitely worse, particularly in all proper names, which are so mutilated as to be, in

proved by Count Schulenburg and Spielman, and forced upon him to sign; that he had not even a *reto* on this occasion.'—p. 169.

The fact is true; but to have signed what he disapproved, and afterwards to throw the blame on other parties, showed but a feeble character; and Lord Malmesbury states that the Duchess herself was convinced that he wanted firmness for the crisis.

'Dec. 1st.—The Duchess told me she was sure he [the Duke] felt himself unequal to it [the command of the army]—that he was grown nervous, and had lost a great deal of his former energy.—She said, when he returned from Holland in 1787, he was so shaken, and his nerves so worn out, that he did not recover for a long time. She confirmed what I long since knew, that the Duke wants decision of character, and resolution.'—p. 161.

The Duchess was probably desired by the Duke himself to express this opinion, for the purpose of damping Lord Malmesbury's solicitations; but even that would have been the resource of a feeble mind. He, however, was a good prince—an honest man—a benevolent sovereign—and so sincere in his hostility to French influence that Buonaparte in his 16th Bulletin, 1806, charged the whole resistance of Prussia to his advice; and he died, in every way a victim to his patriotism, on the 10th of November, of wounds received in the fatal battle of Jena, when the dukedom of Brunswick and the kingdom of Prussia fell together.

many cases, quite unintelligible; and prove that the printed sheets cannot have been seen by any one at all acquainted with the persons or occurrences referred to—*Craggs*, for *Craig*; *Armin*, for *Arnin*; *W. Eden*, for *Morton Eden*; *W. Boothby*, for *Brook Boothby*; *Gensau*, for *Gneisenau*; *Kalkreuther*, and *Kalkreuthen*, for *Kalkreuth*; *St. Armand*, for *St. Amand*; *Fleury*, for *Fleurus*; *Colegrave*, for *Cologne*; *montebaner*, for *Montabauer*; *Fuhl*, and *Pfuhl*, and *Tuhl*, for the same person; *Benden*, for *Bender*; *Pigot Monbaillard*, for *Pigault-Maubaillecq*; *Maco*, perhaps for *Maret*; *Boncarrer*, probably for *Bonne Carriere*; *Sausur*, for *Lauzun*; *Grenville*, for *Granville*; *Moussen*, for *Mousseaux*; *Cabarras passim*, for *Cabarus*; *Fabre Eglon*, for *Fabre d'Eglantine*; *Ladies Moira* and *Hutchinson* for *Lords*; *Asperno passim*, for *Asperne*; *Dantzic*, for *Dunkirk*; *Melville*, for *Moleville*; and fifty others. Most of these seem, when explained, to be small matters, easily set right; but we are not quite sure that *we* have always guessed the right name; and unless one is tolerably well acquainted with the personal history of everybody that Lord Malmesbury has happened to have mentioned, there is no certainty as to who or what may be meant.

The Duchess was the elder sister of King George III.; and after the death of her husband and the ruin of her house, returned, in July, 1807, to England, where she died on the 23rd of March, 1813, in her seventy-sixth year. She will be longest familiar to English eyes by her graceful figure as a girl of fifteen in the poorly painted but very interesting picture by Knapp-ton, at Hampton Court, of the family of Frederick, Prince of Wales. She seems to have been a most good-humored, unaffected, gossiping lady; and, whatever good example she may have given her daughter in moral conduct, appears not to have afforded her, either by precept or example, much instruction in manners, discretion, dignity, or even in the more ordinary and superficial proprieties of feminine deportment. We shall see that Lord Malmesbury soon found himself invested with the strange duty of instructing the young lady, not only on points of behavior and of moral and religious conduct, but even on certain arcana of her personal toilet—upon which never before, we suppose, had an ambassador, or even a male, been called upon to advise: and it appears to us that in this new and unexpected trial of his good temper and good sense, Lord Malmesbury conducted himself with consummate tact and ability. He played the part of—as she herself good-humoredly called it—'*Mentor*' to the young princess admirably; but would forfeit all the merit, if we could believe that he ever meant that it should be thus blazoned forth.

But it was not for neglect and bad taste in her daughter's education that the good-humored but narrow-minded Duchess was alone blameable—she had given her wrong impressions on some most important subjects. She had, it seems, before her marriage (as sisters-in-law are sometimes apt to do), taken a foolish dislike to Queen Charlotte, and had impressed her daughter with the same unreasonable and, as far as the grounds are stated, ridiculous prejudices; and the same may be said of a similar antipathy against the Duke and Duchess of York. The real but unavowed cause of this dislike was, we believe, a fact—not publicly known, but which we have heard from indisputable authority, and with which the old Duchess was probably then acquainted—that the Duke of York was unfavorable to this match, auguring, from his knowledge of the parties, very ill of it from the beginning; and it is probable that he may have

communicated to the Queen, his mother, something of his early impression. But, however that may be, her Majesty's conduct to her daughter-in-law was, like every other circumstance of her life, admirable; and, strange vicissitude, both the mother and the daughter were destined within a few years to rely in their deep distresses on the tenderness and justice of her against whom they had nourished such unfounded prejudices.

We shall now allow Lord Malmesbury to introduce the Princess to our readers, and to tell the rest of this strange story in the familiar style of his own unpremeditated—and we must presume unmutilated—diary.

'Nov. 28th, 1794.—The Princess Caroline much embarrassed on my first being presented to her—pretty face—not expressive of softness—her figure not graceful—fine eyes—good hand—tolerable teeth, but going—fair hair and light eyebrows, good bust—short, with what the French call "*des épaules impertinentes*." *Vastly happy with her future expectations.*"—p. 153.

'Dec. 3rd.—Day fixed for my audiences. Major Hislop and a messenger arrive at eleven from the Prince of Wales. He brings the Prince's picture, and a letter from him to me, urging me *vehemently* to set out with the Princess Caroline *immediately*.—Duke answers very well—rather embarrassed. Duchess overcome, in tears. Princess Caroline, much affected, but replies distinctly and well.'—pp. 161, 162.

'Dec. 4th.—Very much puzzled how to decide about going [to England]—Duchess presses it—Duke cautious to a ridiculous degree in assisting me. Princess Caroline in a hurry. Prince of Wales's [eager] wishes in flat contradiction to my instructions.'—p. 163.

'Dec. 5th.—After dinner the Duke held a very long and very sensible discourse with me about the Princess Caroline. He entered fully into her future situation—was perfectly aware of the character of the Prince, and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill effect, either from his liking the Princess too much or too little. He said of his daughter, "*Elle n'est pas bête, mais elle n'a pas de jugement—elle a été élevée sévèrement, et il le falloit.*" The Duke desired me to advise her never to show any jealousy of the Prince; and, if he had any *goûts*, not to notice them. He said he had written her all this *in German*, but that enforced by me, it would come with double effect.'—p. 164.

The Duke's laxity as to the *goûts* of his future son-in-law, and his *severity* towards his daughter, are not surprising when we find the scenes in the midst of which the Princess lived. Very brilliant and prominent in the Duchess's court and society, Lord Malmesbury found—

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'Nov. 22nd, 1794.—Madlle. de Hertzfeldt—old Berlin acquaintance—*now Duke's mistress*; much altered, but still clever and agreeable—her apartment elegantly furnished—and she herself with all the *apparel* of her situation—she was at first rather ashamed to see me, but soon got over it.'—pp. 155, 156.

And from this lady he received accounts of the Princess's character, not very favorable, though apparently sincere and well meant; but she seems not to have thought—nor indeed does Lord Malmesbury—of the injurious effect that her own example, and that of a general laxity of manners, must have had on the Princess—but in which it is impossible not to see the seeds and the hotbed of future imprudence.

'Dec. 5th, 1794.—Dinner at Court—ball and ombre. Madlle. Hertzfeldt repeats to me what the Duke had before said—stated the necessity of being very strict with the Princess Caroline—that she was not clever, or ill-disposed, but of a temper easily wrought on, and had *no tact*.'—p. 165.

'Dec. 10th.—Concert at Court—Madlle. Hertzfeldt takes me aside, and says nearly these words: "*Je vous conjure, faites que le Prince fasse mener, au commencement, une vie retirée à la Princesse. Elle a toujours été très gênée et très observée, et il le falloit ainsi. Si elle se trouve tout à coup dans le monde sans restriction aucune, elle ne marchera pas à pas égaux. Elle n'a pas le cœur dépravé—elle n'a jamais rien fait de mauvais, mais la parole en elle devance toujours la pensée; elle se livre à ceux à qui elle parle sans réserve, et de là il s'ensuit (même dans cette petite Cour) qu'on lui prête des sens et des intentions qui ne lui ont jamais appartenus—que ne sera-t-il pas en Angleterre—où elle sera entourée de femmes adroites et intrigantes (à ce qu'on dit) auxquelles elle se livrera à corps perdu (si le Prince permet qu'elle mène la vie dissipée de Londres), et qui placeront dans sa bouche tel propos qu'elles voudront, puisqu'elle parlera elle-même sans savoir ce qu'elle dit? De plus elle a beaucoup de vanité, et quoique pas sans esprit, avec peu de fond—la tête lui tournera si on la caresse et la flatte trop—si le Prince la gâte; et il est tout aussi essentiel qu'elle le craigne que qu'elle l'aime. Il faut absolument qu'il la tienne serrée, qu'il se fasse respecter, sans quoi elle s'égarrera. Je sais (continue-t-elle) que vous ne me compromettrez pas, je vous parle comme à mon vieux ami. Je suis attachée cœur et âme au Duc. Je me suis dévouée à lui, je me suis perdue pour lui. C'est le bien de sa famille que je veux. Il sera le plus malheureux des hommes si cette fille ne réussit pas mieux que son aînée. Je vous répète, elle n'a jamais rien fait de mauvais, mais elle est sans jugement et on l'a jugée à l'avant. Je crains (dit Madlle. Hertzfeldt) la Reine. La Duchesse ici, qui passe sa vie à pen-*

ser tout haut, ou à ne jamais penser du tout, n'aime pas la Reine, et elle en a trop parlé à sa fille. Cependant son bonheur dépend d'être bien avec elle, et pour Dieu répétez-lui toujours cette maxime que vous avez déjà plus d'une fois recommandée. Elle vous écoute. Elle trouve que vous parlez raison d'une manière gaie, et vous ferez bien plus d'impression sur elle que son père, qu'elle craint trop, ou sa mère, qu'elle ne craint pas du tout."—pp. 169, 170.

'Dec. 28th.—Madlle. Hertzfeldt again talks to me as before about the Princess Caroline—"Il faut la gouverner par la peur, par la terreur même. Elle s'émancipera si on n'y prend pas garde—mais si on la veille soigneusement et sévèrement elle se conduira bien." The King of England, in a letter to the Duchess, says, 'Qu'il espère que sa nièce n'aura pas trop de vivacité, et qu'elle menera une vie sédentaire et retirée.' These words shock Princess Caroline, to whom the Duchess very foolishly reads the letter.'—p. 189.

Madlle. de Hertzfeldt seemsto have been a sensible woman, though in a very awkward position; and these were ominous confidences; and although Lord Malmesbury was at first disposed to hope that they might be exaggerated, it is plain that he every day became less and less sanguine as to the result of the alliance:—

'Dec. 10th, 1794.—Masquerade—I walked with the Princess Caroline, and had a very long conversation with her. I endeavored not to mix up much serious matter at such a place, but whenever I found her inclined to give way too much to the temper of the entertainment, and to get over cheerful and too mixing, I endeavored to bring her back by becoming serious and respectful.

'She entered, of her own accord, into the kind of life she was to lead in England, and was very inquisitive about it. I said it would depend very much on her; that I could have no share in settling it, but that my wish was, that in private she might enjoy every ease and comfort belonging to domestic happiness, but that when she appeared abroad, she should always appear as Princess of Wales, surrounded by all that 'appareil and etiquette' due to her elevated situation. She asked me what were the Queen's drawing-room days? I said, Thursday and Sunday after church, which the King and Queen never missed; and I added that I hoped most ardently she would follow their example, and never, on any account, miss Divine Service on that day. "Does the Prince go to church?" she asked me. I replied, she would make him go; it was one of many advantages he would derive from changing his situation. "But if he does not like it?" "Why then your Royal Highness must go without him, and tell him that the fulfilling regularly and exactly this duty can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly

those you owe him—this cannot but please him, and will, in the end, induce him also to go to church." The Princess said mine was a very serious remark for a masquerade. I begged her pardon, and said it was, in fact, a more cheerful one than the most dissipated one I could have made, since it contained nothing *triste* in itself, and would infallibly lead to every thing that was pleasant. She caught my idea with great quickness, and the last part of our conversation was very satisfactory, as I felt I had done what I wished, and set her mind on thinking of the *drawbacks* of her situation, as well as of its "*agrémens*," and impressed it with the idea that, in the order of society, those of a very high rank have a price to pay for it, and that the life of a Princess of Wales is not to be one of all pleasure, dissipation, and enjoyment; that the great and conspicuous advantages belonging to it must necessarily be purchased by considerable sacrifices, and can only be preserved and kept up by a continual repetition of these sacrifices.'—pp. 170, 171.

'Dec. 16th.—At dinner next Princess Caroline; she says it is wished here that her brother William should marry the Princess Sophia of Gloucester; I advise her not to meddle in it. She talks about the Duke of Clarence, whom she prefers to the Duke of York, and it struck me to-day for the first time that *he* originally put her into the Prince's head, and that with a view to plague the Duke and Duchess of York, whom he hates, and whom the Prince no longer likes; well knowing that the Princess Caroline and Duchess of York dislike each other, and that this match would be particularly unpleasant to her and the Duke. I praise the Duke of York to her, and speak with great applause of the behavior of the Duchess, who by her discretion and conduct has conciliated to herself the good-will of the whole nation. I did this to pique her, and to make her anxious to do the same. She has no *fond*, no fixed character, a light and flighty mind, but meaning well and well-disposed; and my eternal theme to her is, *to think before she speaks, to recollect herself*. She says she wishes to be *loved* by the people; this, I assure her, can only be obtained by making herself respected and *rare*—that the sentiment of being *loved* by the people is a mistaken one—that sentiment can only be given to a few, to a narrow circle of those we see every day—that a nation at large can only respect and honor a great Princess, and it is, in fact, these feelings that are falsely denominated *the love of a nation*: they are not to be procured, as the good-will of individuals is, by pleasant openness and free communication, but by a strict attention to appearances—by never going below the high rank in which a Princess is placed, either in language or manners—by mixing dignity with affability, which, without it, becomes familiarity, and levels all distinction.'—pp. 179, 180.

These extracts do infinite credit to

Lord Malmesbury's good sense and good taste; but his advice was sadly counteracted. There was at court a sister of the Duke's, the Princess Augusta, who bore a title that sounds as farcical as her conduct and character seem to have been—she was the Abbess of *Gandersheim*. Lord Malmesbury had formerly known her—an advantage he would now have willingly forgotten, for she not only honored him with recollections of a supposed attachment in their younger days, but (if we understand his Lordship rightly) she was not unwilling, in spite of her age and ecclesiastical dignity, to have renewed it. This lady of *Gandersheim* seems to have thought it necessary to school her niece against the immoral propensities of all mankind—nay, against the possible designs of the ambassador himself—in a style which the Princess, if she had been well brought up, would hardly have listened to even from an aunt, and still less repeated to the object of such strange suspicions.

'Dec. 18th, 1794.—At supper Princess Caroline tells me of a kind of admonitory conversation the *Abbesse* had held to her—it went to exhort her to trust not *in men*, that they were not to be depended on, and that the Prince would certainly deceive her, &c., and all the nonsense of an envious and *desiring* old maid. The Princess was made uneasy by this, particularly as her aunt added that she was sure she would not be happy.'—p. 181.

'Dec. 21st.—She talked of her aunt the Abbess—said she had endeavored to inspire her with a diffidence and mistrust of *me*—had represented me as *un homme dangereux*. I tried to get rid of this sort of conversation, but the Princess stuck by it, and I was forced to say that I believed her aunt had forgotten that twenty years had elapsed since she had seen me, or heard of me; and that, besides, such an insinuation was a tacit accusation of my being very *foolishly* unprincipled. She said she meant well, that she thought too partially of me herself, and was afraid for her. It was in vain to attempt to turn the subject—she went on during the whole supper—was in high spirits and laughed unmercifully at her aunt, and her supposed partiality for me.'—pp. 183, 184.

But we find that these and similar communications brought very strange prospects into the poor Princess's view:—

'Dec. 28th, 1794.—Princess Caroline shows me the anonymous letter about Lady —, evidently written by some disappointed milliner or angry maid-servant, and deserving no attention; I am surprised the Duke afforded it any. Aimed at Lady —; its object to frighten the Princess with the idea that she

would lead her into AN AFFAIR OF GALLANTRY, and be ready to be *convenient* on such an occasion. This did not frighten the Princess, although it did the Duke and Duchess; and on my perceiving this, I told her Lady — would be more cautious than to risk such an audacious measure; and that, besides, it was death to presume to approach a Princess of Wales, and no man would be daring enough to think of it. *She asked me whether I was in earnest*. I said such was our law; that anybody who presumed to *love* her was guilty of *high treason*, and punished with *death*: if she was weak enough to listen to him—so also would she. *This startled her.*'—p. 189.

These were strange conversations—so strange that Lord Malmesbury confesses with a serious kind of pleasantry that he himself was treated with so much personal kindness by the Princess, that the case of '*The Duke of Suffolk and Queen Margaret*' came across his thoughts.

The treaty of marriage was soon concluded, but Lord Malmesbury was in great doubt how to convey his precious charge to England. It had been at first arranged that they were to go through Holland, and they departed from Brunswick with that hope on the 29th of December; but the irruption of the French into Holland frustrated that intention, and forced Lord Malmesbury, after having advanced two stages beyond Bentheim, to retrograde to Osnabruck and Hanover; and it was not till the 5th of April that they arrived in London.

The Duchess, at Lord Malmesbury's pressing instances, was to accompany her daughter to the sea-side, and to deliver her into the hands of the ladies appointed to attend her. In consequence of this unexpected and vexatious delay, the Duchess was exceedingly anxious to get back to her own capital, only a few leagues off, and to leave her daughter—(who being now Princess of Wales, could not well reappear at Brunswick)—in the sole guardianship of Lord Malmesbury; but he, with great propriety and firmness, resisted the proposition, and forced the Duchess, to her great dissatisfaction, to remain with her daughter.

We shall extract some of the many remarkable particulars that occurred during the journey:—

'Jan. 9, 1795.—Leave Bentheim at seven—Delden at twelve; about four leagues further on, meet letters from Lord St. Helens [then our minister in Holland], saying the French had passed the Waal—that they were near

Baren, and that there had been fighting all day; he recommends our turning back. I mentioned this to the Princesses, and I must in justice say that the Princess Caroline bore this disappointment with more good temper, good humor, and patience, than could be expected, particularly as she felt it very much. . . . A heavy cannonade was heard all night at no great distance. The Princess in the morning seemed sorry not to go on towards the fleet. I mentioned this cannonade. "Cela ne fait rien," says she, "je n'ai pas peur des canons."—"Mais, Madame, le danger d'être pris." "Vous ne m'y exposerez pas," said she. I told her the story of the Queen of France (St. Louis's wife) during the siege of Damiette, and Le Sieur de Joinville—I said, "Qu'elle valoit mieux que celle-là, que les François seroient pires que les Sarrazins, et que moi j'ai pensé comme le Chevalier."* The story pleased. "J'auois fait et désiré comme elle," said she.—vol. iii. pp. 194, 195.

'Jan. 2.—I persuade the Princess Caroline to be munificent towards some poor *Emigrés* dying of hunger, and through want—she disposed to be, but not knowing *how* to set about it. I tell her, liberality and generosity is an enjoyment, not a severe virtue. She gives a louis for some lottery tickets—I give ten, and say the Princess ordered me—she surprised; I said I was sure she did not mean to give for the ticket its *precise* value, and that I forestalled her intention. Next day a French *émigré*, with a pretty child, draws near the table—the Princess Caroline *immediately*, of her own accord, puts ten louis in a paper, and gives it the child; the Duchess observes it, and inquires of me (I was dining between them) what it was. I tell her a *demand on her purse*. She embarrassed—"Je n'ai que mes beaux doubles louis de Brunswick." I answer, "Qu'ils deviendront plus beaux entre les mains de cet enfant que dans sa poche." She ashamed, and gives three of them. In the evening, Princess Caroline, to whom these sort of virtues were never preached, on my praising the coin of the money at Brunswick, offers *me very seriously* eight or ten double louis, saying, "Cela ne me fait rien—je ne m'en soucie pas—je vous prie de les prendre." I mention these facts to show her character: it could not distinguish between *giving* as a benevolence, and flinging away the money like a child. She thought that the act of getting rid of the money, and

not seeming to care about it, constituted the merit. I took an opportunity at supper of defining to her what real benevolence was, and I recommended it to her as a quality that would, if rightly employed, make her more admirers, and give her more true satisfaction, than any that human nature could possess. The idea was, I was sorry to see, new to her, but she felt the truth of it; and she certainly is not fond of money, which both her parents are.

'Jan. 4.—Princess Caroline very *gauche* at cards—speaks without thinking—gets too easy—calls the ladies (she never saw) "Mon cœur, ma chère, ma petite." I notice this, and reprove it strongly. The Princess, for the first time, disposed to take it amiss; I do not pretend to observe it. Duchess wants to return to Brunswick, and leave us to go on by ourselves; this I oppose, and suppose it impossible. "If I am taken," says she, "I am sure the King will be angry."—"He will be very sorry," I reply; "but your Royal Highness must *not* leave your daughter till she is in the hands of her attendants." She argues, but I will not give way, and *she* does.—vol. iii. pp. 192, 193.

'Jan. 18.—Princess Caroline very *missish* at supper. I much fear these habits are irrecoverably rooted in her—she is naturally curious, and a gossip—she is quick and observing, and has a silly pride of finding out every thing—she thinks herself particularly acute in discovering *likings*, and this leads her at times to the most improper remarks and conversation. I am determined to take an opportunity of correcting her *coûte qu'il coûte*.—vol. iii. p. 200.

'Jan. 10, 1795.—On summing up Princess Caroline's character to-day, it came out to my mind to be, that she has quick parts, without a sound or distinguishing understanding; that she has a ready conception, but no judgment; caught by the first impression, led by the first impulse; turned away by appearances or *enjouement*; loving to talk, and prone to confide and make missish friendships that last twenty-four hours. Some natural, but no acquired morality, and no strong innate notions of its value and necessity; warm feelings and nothing to counterbalance them; great good humor and much good nature—no appearance of caprice—rather quick and *vive*, but not a grain of rancor. From her habits, from the life she was allowed and even compelled to live, forced to dissemble; fond of gossiping, and this strengthened greatly by the example of her good mother, who is all curiosity and inquisitiveness, and who has no notion of not gratifying this desire at any price. In short, the Princess in the hands of a steady and sensible man would probably turn out well, but where it is likely she will find faults perfectly analogous to her own, she will fail. She has no governing powers, although her mind is *physically* strong. She has her father's courage, but it is to her (as to him) of no avail. He wants mental decision; *she* character and *tact*.—vol. iii. pp. 196, 197.

* After the capture of St. Louis, his Queen, Margaret, who was besieged in Damietta, being on the point of lying-in, was in a constant panic, and imagining every possible outrage from the barbarians, she extorted an oath (not from Joinville, as Lord Malmesbury states—Joinville only tells the story—but) from 'un Chevalier *viel et anxien de l'age de quatre-vingtz ans et plus*' who guarded her bed, to grant her one request—that if the Saracens should take the place, that he would save her from insult by putting her to death. 'I was thinking of it,' replied the *viel Chevalier*.

'Jan. 23.—I have a long and serious conversation with the Princess about her conduct at Hanover, about the Prince, about herself and her character. She much disposed to listen to me, and to take nothing wrong. I tell her, and I tell her truly, that the impression she gives at Hanover will be that on which she will be received by the King and Queen in England. I recommend great attention and reserve. That the habit of *proper, princely* behavior was natural to her; that it would come of itself; that acquired by this (in that respect) fortunate delay in our journey, it would belong to her, and be familiar to her on her coming to England, where it would be of infinite advantage. She expresses uneasiness about the Prince; talked of his being *unlike*, quite opposite to the King and Queen in his *ideas and habits*; [I replied] that he had contracted them from the *ruide* in his situation; that she was made to fill this up; she would domesticate him—give him a relish for all the private and home virtues; that he would then be happier than ever; that the nation expected this at her hands; that *I knew* she was capable of doing, and that she would do it.—She hesitated.—I said, that I had seen enough of her to be quite sure her mind and understanding were equal to any exertions; that, therefore, if she did not do *quite* right, and come up to *everything* that was expected from her, she would have no excuse. I added, I was so sure of this, that it would be the *first* thing I should tell the *King and Queen*, and that therefore she must be prepared; that they would know her as well, and judge her as favorably, and at the same time as *severely* as I did. I saw this had the effect I meant; it put a curb on her desire of amusement; a drawback on her situation, and made her feel that it was not to be all one of roses. She ended an retiring by saying, she hoped the Prince would let her see him, since she never could expect any one would give her such good and such free advice as myself; and, added she, "I confess I could not bear it from any one but you."—vol. iii. pp. 203, 204.

This protracted interval of domesticity with the Princess brought to Lord Malmesbury's notice another defect of a strange and unexpected kind, which must have reached a very unusual height before he would have perceived it or felt himself justified in interfering even by the most distant allusion:—

'Feb. 18.—Argument with the Princess about her toilette. She piques herself on dressing quick; I disapprove this. She maintains her point; I however desire Madame Busche to explain to her that the *Prince* is *very delicate*, and that he expects a long and very careful *toilette de propreté*, of which she has no idea. On the contrary, *she neglects* it sadly, and *is offensive from this neglect*.

Madame Busche executes her commission well, and the Princess comes out the next day well washed *all over*.—vol. iii. pp. 207, 208.

This extraordinary paragraph explains a main incident in the catastrophe, at which we shall arrive presently, and which, but for the word '*offensive*' in the foregoing extract, would appear, we believe, to every reader perfectly unaccountable. But it seems that this, in every sense of the word, wholesome lesson made, as Lord Malmesbury laments that most of his lessons did, only a momentary impression, for in about three weeks he found himself obliged to resume a subject which nothing but the last necessity could have induced him to approach:—

'March 6.—I had conversations with the Princess Caroline, on the *toilette*, on *cleanliness*, and on *delicacy* of speaking. On these points I endeavored, as far as was possible for a *man*, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well as to what was hid, as to what was seen. (I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings, and these never well washed, or changed often enough.) I observed that a long toilette was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a "*short*" one. What I could not say myself on this point, I got said through women; through Madame Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an English woman, was inattentive to it.—vol. iii. pp. 211, 212.

At last, on the 28th of March, they embarked on board the *Jupiter*, Commodore Payne, and, accompanied by a small squadron, arrived in the Thames on the 4th of April, after a smooth and beautiful passage (delusive omen!)—they reached St. James's Palace about two o'clock—and in *five minutes* the first step in a long series of scandal and misery was suddenly and irretrievably made:—

'April 5.—I immediately notified the arrival to the King and Prince of Wales; the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough), and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said, "Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy." I said, "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?"—upon which he, much out of humor, said, with an

oath, "No; I will go directly to the Queen," and away he went. The Princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and, on my joining her, said, "Mon Dieu! est-ce que le Prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait." I said His Royal Highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to farther criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the King had not ordered me to attend him.—vol. iii. p. 218.

Of this extraordinary scene, supposing, as we are bound to do, that Lord Malmesbury has accurately stated the facts, and that there has been no suppression, we can imagine no explanation but that to which we have already alluded. During the delay that had occurred on the journey, the Prince had shown all the impatience and *empressement* that could be flattering to the Princess—the only letter of his given in the Correspondence is written in a style of perfect delicacy and good sense.

'Carlton House, Nov. 23, 1794.

'My dear Lord,—I have sent Major Hislop back again to Brunswick, which I judge to be an advisable measure on many accounts, as more particularly, I think, he may prove, from his knowledge of the country, a very useful *avant courier* to you and your fair charge in your journey to the water's side. I have charged him with letters for the Duke, Duchess, and Princess, which I will beg of you to present to their different destinations, with every proper expression on my part, and to which no one can give so agreeable a *tourment* as yourself. I have likewise desired Major Hislop to give you an ample and thorough account of the steps I have taken towards the expediting every thing on this side of the water, as well as with my brother the Duke of York, to whom I have written also by Hislop; and as to what is now necessary to forward the completing everything at Brunswick. I must leave that to you, hoping that you will make every exertion possible to put the Princess in possession of her own home as near the 20th of the ensuing month as possible,' &c., &c.—vol. iii. pp. 221, 222.

And so on.—We see too that he hastened to the Princess on her arrival with becoming eagerness, and received her at the first moment with propriety and grace. What was there to change so suddenly all these good feelings at the first embrace?

From that mysterious moment the affair seems to have been desperate. Lord Malmesbury proceeds,—

'The drawing-room was just over. His

Majesty's conversation turned wholly on Prussian and French politics, and the only question about the Princess was, "Is she good-humored?" I said, and very truly, that in very trying moments, I had never seen her otherwise. The King said, "I am glad of it;" and it was manifest, from his silence, he had seen the Queen *since* she had seen the Prince, and that the Prince had made a very unfavorable report of the Princess to her. At dinner, at which all those who attended the Princess from Greenwich assisted, and the honors of which were done by Lord Stopford as Vice-Chamberlain, I was far from satisfied with the Princess's behavior; it was flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse vulgar hints about Lady —, who was present, and though mute, *le diable n'en perdait rien*. The Prince was evidently disgusted, and this *unfortunate dinner* fixed his dislike, which, when left to herself, the Princess had not the talent to remove; but, by still observing the same giddy manners and attempts at cleverness and coarse sarcasm, increased it till it became positive hatred.*

'From this time, though I dined frequently during the first three weeks after the marriage at Carlton House, nothing material occurred, but the sum of what I saw there led me to draw the inferences I have just expressed. After one of these dinners, where the Prince of Orange was present, and at which the Princess had behaved very lightly, and even improperly, the Prince took me into his closet, and asked me how I liked this sort of manners; I could not conceal my disapprobation of them, and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée*; that she had been brought up very strictly, and if she was not strictly kept, would, from high spirits and little thought, certainly emancipate too much. To this the Prince said, "I see it but too plainly; but why, Harris, did not you tell me so before, or write it to me from Brunswick?"—vol. iii. p. 219.

Lord Malmesbury replied—and the Editor elsewhere repeats—that he was sent to *contract* the marriage and not to *advise* upon it, and that if he had advised upon it, it would only have been to the King; but that in fact there was nothing in what the Duke of Brunswick had said to effect either the Princess's moral character or conduct. These reasons were perhaps a sufficient answer to the Prince's expostulation—particularly as we must admit the extraordinary

* We perceive that with a well-meant duplicity, Lord Malmesbury gave his friends a more favorable report of the matter than the facts warranted. He writes on the 10th of April to Mr. Crawford—'The marriage was celebrated on Wednesday, and if they go on as well as they have begun, all will do well.'—iii. 254. Alas! they did go on as they had begun, and all went ill.

difficulty of Lord Malmesbury's situation. He had become acquainted with the less favorable details about the Princess after the treaty of marriage was concluded; and in fact from the first day of his appearance there was no power of retrocession. But we must add, in further justice to Lord Malmesbury, that we are satisfied he could have told the Prince nothing as to 'moral character or conduct' that he did not already know, for we are assured that before the match was at all advanced, the Prince was apprised by a near relative and friend of many circumstances that were likely to render the alliance an unsatisfactory, if not an unhappy one. So that he had no one to blame but himself. We are sorry to be obliged to add, that it seems as if his chief object in marrying was to get his debts paid; and, acting on so low a principle, he was very likely to take, on very slight and inadequate grounds, a personal disgust. The disgust certainly existed—but we see that before any such feeling could have been excited, the inexcusable indecency of placing in the first attendance on the Princess the very last lady in England who ought to have been brought to her notice, had been already committed—an outrage in every way so offensive as to be in the eyes of the world—certainly not a justification, but—a plea *ad hominem* for the species of retaliation to which, by a strange inconsistency, the Prince was afterwards as sensitive as if he had been the most decorous and devoted husband in the world.

Here we close this most curious and painful episode—which, as we could not omit to notice it, we have stated not more fully than the case required, and, we trust, with candor, decency, and truth.

The most, perhaps we might say the only, historical fact of general interest and importance, that Lord Malmesbury's correspondence brings to light, is Mr. Pitt's constant, active, and eager desire for peace with France. No one on the Continent, and but few in England beyond a narrow ministerial circle, had any idea of the extent of Mr. Pitt's pacific disposition. It is indeed very well known, and must, we think, be admitted to be an imputation on his sagacity, that at the dawn and even after some of the earlier excesses of the Revolution, he saw in it no European, and above all no British danger. On the contrary, he seems to have believed that it would for a time weaken the influence of France; and full of his great and patriotic design

of repairing the loss of our American colonies and recruiting the finances of England, he was unwilling to contemplate the possibility of another war; and accordingly it was in the spring of 1792, when we should have thought that no one could have doubted the volcanic nature of the French Revolution, and that it was about to inundate Europe with its lava or cover it with its ashes, that Mr. Pitt proposed in the speech from the throne a reduction in the Army and Navy far lower than had ever before been ventured upon. The warning voice and energetic counsels of Mr. Burke—that great political prophet—failed for a considerable period to arouse Mr. Pitt from his pacific theories to a sense of the rapidly approaching danger. On the first day (in the autumn of 1791) that Mr. Burke ever dined with Mr. Pitt, it was in a *partie quarrée* at Downing-street, the others being Lord Grenville and the then speaker, Mr. Addington. Mr. Burke endeavored to alarm Mr. Pitt on the aggressive nature of French principles and the *propagandism* of Revolution. Mr. Pitt made rather light of the danger, and said in colloquial phrase, that 'this country and constitution were safe to the day of judgment.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Burke quickly—'but 'tis the day of no judgment that I am afraid of.' This anecdote the writer took down many years ago from the mouth of one of the party. We are tempted to add another of the same kind from the same authority. At a subsequent and more formal dinner, when the whole coalition—the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. Burke, &c.—dined with Mr. Pitt, the conversation had turned, in a desponding strain, on the ruin of the French monarchy; and when the party rose to go to coffee, Mr. Burke, as his parting advice, addressed them in a loud voice—

“— illic fas regna resurgere Trojæ—
Durate—et vosmet rebus servate secundis.”

When war was at last forced upon Mr. Pitt, he met it with a high and indignant spirit, and pursued it with all the energy and resources of his great mind—so earnestly indeed, that public opinion, both at home and abroad, did injustice to the sincerity of his various pacific declarations and overtures; but every line of Lord Malmesbury's most secret and confidential correspondence with him prove the *quo semel imbuta recens servabit odorem*—that all his predilections were for peace, peace, peace—and that he was

always willing to pay for it a greater price than men of a less conscientious and commanding spirit would have ventured to think of.

It was in this feeling that, in 1795, some unavailing overtures were made through Mr. Wickham, to Barthelemi, the minister of the French Government in Switzerland. And again in the autumn of 1796, the successes of the Archduke Charles over Jourdain induced Mr. Pitt to believe it a favorable moment to attempt to put an end to the war, and Lord Malmesbury was selected for this mission—in which he obtained the consent of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville to his being accompanied, as a private friend, by Mr. George Ellis (our early colleague in this Review). Lord Granville Leveson, now Earl Granville, seems to have begun his diplomatic career in this mission, and Mr. Canning appears for the first time in office as under-secretary to Lord Grenville. These young gentlemen and the present Lord Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth, and one or two others, formed a kind of coterie in the Pitt party, and were all, as we shall see, much in the society and confidence of Lord Malmesbury. This mission was, we think, hopeless from the beginning, and indeed was commenced under circumstances not calculated to command either respect or success, and which justified, as Lord Malmesbury himself good-humoredly admitted, an indignant sarcasm of Mr. Burke's—who, when some one observed that Lord Malmesbury's journey to Paris (which was impeded by the badness of the roads) had been a slow one, replied—'*No wonder—he went the whole way on his knees.*' If, however, the advances on the part of England seemed more eager than dignified, her conduct in the negotiation gave ample proof of her sincerity and disinterestedness. She made no pretensions of her own, but solely stipulated—as she was bound by her treaties to do—for the restoration to the Emperor of Germany of his Belgic provinces, for which she offered to compensate France by an adequate cession of her own colonial conquests. Lord Malmesbury's instructions might, to use his own expression, be compressed in one phrase—'*Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.*' This the Directory met by an assertion that those provinces had become an integral part of the Republic, and could not by their Constitution be ceded; and they would listen to no expedients on that point. The truth is, that the Directory were distracted with

their own internal struggles, and afraid to venture on a peace, and had moreover strong hopes from the expedition then preparing under Hoche for Ireland; and were thus, on every account, resolved that the negotiation should have no other effect than to display their republican arrogance. The French public, both on the road and in Paris, did not seem to partake of this feeling, and showed the mission, as occasion offered, something of civility, and even cordiality. But the insolent deportment of the Directory was increased both by the death of the Empress of Russia—whose successor was supposed to be favorable to France—and by the rapid and surprising successes of Buonaparte over the Austrians in Italy, which peculiarly embarrassed a negotiation for the *status quo*. After a few weeks of idle and insulting fencing, the Directory, on the 20th of December, ordered Lord Malmesbury, in the most insolent manner, to quit Paris '*dans deux fois vingt-quatre heures,*' and the territories of the Republic '*de suite.*'

We do not find that these papers throw any more light on the essentials of this negotiation than we already have in the ordinary historical works, but there are a few incidental circumstances that may be worth notice. Lord Malmesbury found the wearing of the *national cockade* so universal in the streets, and so unpleasantly enforced by the populace, that it was impossible to appear in them without it. The Government did not insist on it, but were so powerless when opposed to the temper of the people, that they could, in case of insult, have afforded no redress. Lord Malmesbury repudiates the idea of his or his suite wearing it when in any official character, but states to Lord Grenville that he trusts they do right in wearing it, in compliance with a general usage, when they walk out in the morning (vol. iii, p. 270). To this appeal Mr. Canning tells him privately that 'he will receive no answer at all from home, and that Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt seem to be of opinion that he must do as he might think best, or find necessary.' A shabby reply; for if the French Government was not strong enough to protect an ambassador from insult, it was hardly in a condition to be treated with. But we are surprised that Lord Malmesbury did not state the most important element for the judgment of our ministers in such a case, namely, what the practice was with other foreign missions—of which there were a dozen in Paris; and those of Prussia, Spain, Naples, and Den-

mark were important enough to have afforded a precedent either of refusal or compliance on such a point of etiquette.

Again; we must observe that in the conclusion of his last notes with the French minister, Lord Malmesbury seems beyond all measure over-civil. For instance, Citizen Delacroix writes:—

‘Monsieur—Le Dictatoire Exécutif me charge expressément devons requérir de me remettre officiellement dans les vingt-quatre heures votre *ultimatum*, signé de vous.

‘Agréez, &c. CH. DELACROIX.’

The Editor should have given this concluding compliment, ‘Agréez, &c.’ at full length, since he so gives the conclusion of Lord Malmesbury’s reply. We find, however, in Debrett’s State Papers for 1796, that the translated form was:—

‘Accept, Sir, the assurance of my high consideration.’—vol. v. p. 198.

Lord Malmesbury’s reply to this cold form was, what it ought not to have been, a shade more civil:—

‘Le Lord Malmesbury prie le Ministre des Relations Extérieures d’agréer les assurances de sa haute considération.’—p. 364.

And to this the rejoinder was the order to quit Paris in *deux fois vingt-quatre heures*—signed *tout court* and without any compliment—“Charles Delacroix.” To which gross impertinence Lord Malmesbury hastens with all humility to say that he will quit Paris the next day, and

‘Il prie le Ministre des Relations Extérieures d’agréer les assurances de sa haute considération.’—p. 365.

As Citizen Delacroix ended his note so unceremoniously, Lord Malmesbury should have tempered his own civility with a little dignity, by saying, that “*not wishing to derogate from the ordinary usages of diplomatic courtesy* (or something of that sort), he requests Citizen Delacroix to accept the assurances of his high consideration.” There are, we admit, *beaucoup de puérilités dans la diplomatie*; but the maintenance of national dignity, even in trifles, is not of that class; and Lord Malmesbury’s failure on this point was peculiarly unlucky, as he was specially instructed to be, and professes to have been, very nice on points of etiquette, and justifies some sarcastic observations which his old friend, Mr. Fox, made

in Parliament on his too well bred ‘assurances of high consideration.’

One of Lord Malmesbury’s entries in his diary is

‘Nov. 8th.—Buonaparte said to be son of le Général Marbœuf, by a Corsican woman—well brought up by him at l’Ecole Militaire—clever, desperate Jacobin, even terrorist.’—p. 304.

To which the Editor subjoins this note:—

‘It is almost needless to state that this rumor (current at the time) was perfectly untrue. Madame Buonaparte’s supposed partiality for General Marbœuf existed long after the birth of Napoleon. It is equally superfluous to add, that he never was a ‘Terroriste.’”—p. 304.

We see no reason why Napoleon Buonaparte—the second of eight children, and bearing a striking likeness to his elder and younger brothers—should be singled out as the son of the Comte de Marbœuf; but all the statements, and of course the reasoning, of the noble Editor’s note are completely erroneous. M. de Marbœuf went to Corsica in command of the French army as early as 1765—four years *before* Napoleon’s birth; and we know that it was to the patronage of M. de Marbœuf, the friend of the whole family, that Napoleon was indebted for his education at the Ecole Militaire. As to his “*never having been a Terrorist!*” why, he never was any thing else! But even in the more peculiar sense of the word, it would have been by no means “superfluous” if the noble Editor could have shown him not to have been one of *La Queue de Robespierre*. He and his brother Lucien were protégés of the younger Robespierre in his *Terrorist* pro-consulate in the south; and after the 9th Thermidor the first measure of the *reaction* was to arrest and imprison both the brothers (as Lucien himself tells us), for having belonged to Robespierre’s faction—or to use the common language of the time, as *Terrorists*; and Lord Malmesbury writing in Paris, two years only after the events, and while living in the best-informed circles, is better authority, even if there were no other (and there is abundance) than his grandson’s wholly unsupported assertion.*

* We insist upon this point for the sake of historical truth, which might be compromised by the uncontradicted assertion of so respectable a publication as this; and with the same object we will take this opportunity of clearing up a doubt with respect to Buonaparte’s age. We stated in *Q. R.*, vol. xii. p. 239, and again in vol. xvi., p. 495, on what seemed to us the best possible authority—

We have seen that the impediment to the negotiation of 1796 was the restitution to be made to Austria; but by the preliminary treaties of Leoben and Montebello (18th April and 24th May, 1797) *Cæsar* made his own bad terms; and England had now no other continental engagements than the interests of her faithful, but (in this matter) unimportant ally, Portugal; and a desire to make some arrangement as to the private property of the House of Orange. Mr. Pitt, in his unwearied desire for peace, again thought this a favorable moment to renew the negotiation with France, where there seemed both in the Government and in the Legislative Councils a growing spirit of moderation, or even, as it afterwards appeared, of counter-revolution. The Editor says:—

‘Lord Grenville was decidedly opposed to this step, and long argued it with Pitt; but the latter remained firm, repeatedly declaring that it was *his duty, as an English Minister and a Christian*, to use every effort to stop so bloody and wasting a war. He sent Lord Malmesbury to Lisle with the assurance that “he (Pitt) would stifle every feeling of pride to the utmost to produce the desired result;” and Lord Malmesbury himself went upon his Mission, anxious to close his public life by an act which would spare so much misery, and restore so much happiness to mankind.

‘On the brink of success, it will be seen by what unforeseen events he failed, for Europe was destined to eighteen more years of battles.’—p. 369.

Lord Malmesbury was no doubt personally gratified at being again selected for this mission,—but as Delacroix, his late discourteous antagonist, was still minister, he with great propriety and candor suggested that his nomination might not be considered as conciliatory. His surmise was just, for the first French answer stated that—

‘Le Directoire consent à ce que la Négoci-

namely, a certificate of birth produced by Buonaparte himself at his marriage with Josephine, and deposited and then and still existing in the proper office at Paris—that he was born on the 5th of February, 1768. Why or how he was led to produce this false statement has never been explained; as the *Constitution* of that day required that public functionaries should have attained certain ages, Buonaparte was probably willing to advance by a year and a half the period of his eligibility: but from whatever motive, he assuredly produced a false certificate, for we have since collected many testimonies of dates prior to his celebrity and therefore of indisputable authority, which fix his birth to the 15th of August, 1769—the common date. See also the note, Quart. Rev. vol. lvii. p. 386.

ation soit ouverte avec le Lord Malmesbury; cependant un autre choix lui eût paru d’un plus heureux augure pour la prompte conclusion de la paix.’—p. 373.

Mr. Pitt, however, persisted, and was right on every account,—the very circumstance of Delacroix’s being still in office was a sufficient reason for Lord Malmesbury’s reappointment. But his Lordship escaped the ‘*practical epigram*,’ as Mr. Canning called it (iii. 437), of being met by Delacroix, by the selection of Lisle as the scene of the negotiation, and the nomination of Citizens Letourneur, Pléville le Peley, and Maret, as plenipotentiaries on the part of France. The choice of these gentlemen seemed also a pledge for the sincerity of their government, as they were all anti-jacobinical. Letourneur had just left the Directory by lot,—an unlucky chance (if chance it was) which eventually produced the predominance of Barras and Rewbell, and the revolution of the 18th Fructidor. Pléville was a seaman of moderate politics as well as capacity. Maret, the afterwards celebrated Duke of Bassano, had, in addition to manners and feelings of the old school, principles by no means revolutionary, and the additional recommendation of having in a short mission to London in 1793 obtained some degree of favorable notice from Mr. Pitt. As Maret played so large a part in this negotiation, and so much a more important one in after-life, we shall extract the account which he gave of himself when on a subsequent occasion Lord Malmesbury artfully suggested that, if the negotiation succeeded, the embassy to England might repair his fortune, which he confessed to be much deranged.

‘Aug. 30.—Maret assented, and intimated that if he was asked for it would forward his nomination. He then told all the story of his two missions to England, in 1792 and 1793; his connexion with Le Brun.* He said Mr. Pitt had received him very well, and that the failure of his negotiation could be attributed to the then French Government, who were bent on that war; that the great and decisive cause of the war was “quelques vingtaines d’individus marquans et en place qui avoient joué à la baisse dans la fonds et de là ils

* ‘Maret’s first mission related to the domestic concerns of the Duke of Orleans. He had an interview with Mr. Pitt, and gave a favorable account of it to the Convention, who sent him over again in January, 1793, with a conciliatory mission, which was rendered nugatory by the murder of Louis XVI. Le Brun was French Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1792–93.’—*ib.*

avaient porté la Nation à nous déclarer la guerre. Ainsi," said he, "nous devons tous nos malheurs à un principe d'agiotage." He said, on his return to France, he was informed of this, and was considered as in possession of so *dangerous a secret*, that they wanted first to send him to Portugal, which he refused; then to Naples, which he was *forced to accept*; and that he had every reason to believe that his arrest and confinement were settled and concerted at Paris before he left. He said he spent thirty months in prison, partly at Mantua (where, if he had staid, he must have died), and partly in the Tyrol; that the academicians in Mantua, out of regard to the memory and character of his father, interested themselves about him, and that he believed he owed his change of prison to them; that, after all, his long confinement saved his life, as he certainly should have been guillotined had he remained in France, under the government of Robespierre.—pp. 502-3.

Lord Malmesbury was again attended by Mr. George Ellis, still as a private friend, by Mr. Wellesley, now Lord Cowley, as official secretary, and by Lord Granville Leveson and Lord Morpeth as attached to the mission. The first symptoms were, however, not auspicious. He was met at the outset by three almost *sine quâ non* demands. 1. The renunciation of the style and title of *King of France*. 2. The restitution of the Toulon ships, which having been taken only in deposit for the *lawful government* of France, we were bound—now that we admitted the republic to be a *lawful government*—to restore specifically as far as they existed, and in value, if we had destroyed them; and finally, that we should admit as a basis that we were to restore *all* our conquests from France, or any of her allies, and especially from Holland. The first of these demands perplexed our ministers very much—but *they* (rather, we presume, than Lord Malmesbury) had brought it on themselves by presenting the French with a *projet* of a treaty, which incautiously and unnecessarily began by setting forth our sovereign's *full* style and title. We say incautions and unnecessary—because when the point was hit, Lord Grenville offered to substitute either '*King of Great Britain*' or '*Britannic Majesty*,' and therefore it would have been sufficient to have used at first the inoffensive terms which were proposed when it was too late, and when the French were entitled to insist on the renunciation of a claim so imprudently, but so prominently made. But neither this nor the other two points need detain us. The negotiation

never made one serious practical step during the whole four months of discussion, but was, under the formal veil of interchanging notes and *projets*, really awaiting the issue of the great contest between the Jacobins and *Modérés* in Paris; and it was, we suppose, as an episode in this conflict and as a *pierre d'attente* for the moderate party that Maret, who belonged to it, opened a secret and separate communication with Lord Malmesbury, of which, as connected with the general negotiation, we see neither motive nor object.

On the 14th of July an Englishman of the name of Cunningham, who had been long settled at Lisle, called on Mr. Wellesley, the official secretary of the mission, as on business of the utmost importance; and he produced a note from a M. Pein—an intimate friend of his, and a near relation of *Maret's*, suggesting the expediency of opening a secret and confidential channel between Lord Malmesbury and 'the person who had alone the conduct of the business on the other side—viz., *Maret*—whose opinions on *all* political subjects were very different from those of his colleagues'—being the intimate friend of the new director Barthelemy, who was seriously desirous of the restoration of peace. This strange overture was readily, but not without some suspicion accepted—Mr. Ellis, (Mr. Wellesley being about to return to England) was appointed to communicate with M. Pein, and through them Maret conveyed information and advice to Lord Malmesbury, apparently in the style of one who in a game of whist should by secret signs let his adversaries know the state of his own and his partner's hand. Lord Malmesbury at first doubted the authenticity of these communications, but, in order to ascertain it, he stipulated that at the conference certain signs should be made which should evidence Maret's confederacy with Pein.

'The sign agreed upon was Maret's taking his handkerchief out of one pocket, passing it before his face, and returning it into the other.'—vol. iii. p. 450.

It has been frequently alleged that M. Thiers wrote his '*History*' 'under the inspiration,' as the French phrase it, of M. de Talleyrand. This his friends have denied, but the way in which he mentions this secret negotiation satisfies us that he derived his information from either Talleyrand, Maret, or both, for he gives a color and

character to the transaction *entirely false*, but such, we think, as these informants would deem it prudent to adopt. 'According'—says M. Thiers, with wonderful ignorance, or still more wonderful effrontery,

'According to the practice of English diplomacy, all was arranged for carrying on two separate negotiations, one official and ostensible—the other secret and real. Mr. Ellis had been given [*fut donné*] to Lord Malmesbury to conduct under him the secret negotiation, and to correspond directly with Mr. Pitt. This habitual custom [*usage*] of English diplomacy is rendered necessary by their representative Government.'—Thiers, *Hist. de la Rêv. Fr.* vi. 18.

We really cannot imagine how a writer of M. Thiers' cleverness could imagine an 'usage' so notoriously untrue, or think of accounting for it by reasons so grossly absurd—it is our representative Government which renders any such practice utterly impossible—but this preamble was necessary to introduce the rest of the fable, and the mention of *Mr. Ellis*, whose name we very much doubt whether any man in France ever heard of but Maret and Co.,—confirms our suspicion that the Duke of Bassano communicated this misrepresentation to M. Thiers with a view to break the effect of the disclosure which he suspected might be hereafter made, and which now appears. M. Thiers then proceeds to misstate and discolour the facts to suit this apologetical version.

'Lord Malmesbury soon saw that the ostensible negotiation would come to nothing, and he took measures [*chercha*] to bring about a more intimate intercourse. M. Maret'—

We beg our readers to observe that M. Thiers always employs the deferential form of *Monsieur Maret* and *Monsieur de Talleyrand*, though they were at this time *Citizens Maret* and *Talleyrand*, and nothing else till they became *Duke of Bassano* and *Prince of Benevente*. M. Thiers's adoption of the *Monsieur*—so out of keeping with time and place—indicates pretty plainly, that he was writing in communication with these great personages, whom he did not venture to call plain *Maret* and *Talleyrand*.

'M. Maret, more used to diplomatic habits than his colleagues, lent himself [*s'y prêta*] to Lord Malmesbury's proposition—but it was necessary to negotiate with Le Tourneur and Pléville, [the rough colleagues] to bring about meetings at the day. The young people of the two embassies were the first to associ-

ate, and the communications became more friendly. There had been nothing of this kind last year'—

though it is the usual and necessary consequence of the English representative Government, and though the same Mr. Ellis had been there in exactly the same position—

'because the negotiation was not sincere, but this year it was necessary to arrive at effectual and amicable communications. Lord Malmesbury, then, sounded [*fit donser*] M. Maret to engage in private [*particulière*] negotiation. Before he consented, M. Maret wrote to the French ministry for permission. They readily agreed, and he immediately entered into private communications [*pour-parlers*] with the two English negotiators.'—*Ib.* p. 20.

What follows is still more remarkable. M. Thiers says that when the 18th Fructidor came to render the negotiation almost hopeless—

'Lord Malmesbury was so sincere in his wish to continue the treaty that he engaged M. Maret to try to find out at Paris whether there were not some means of influencing the Directory, and he even offered several millions [of francs] to buy the voice of one of the Directors. M. Maret refused to undertake any negotiation of the kind, and left Lille. Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Ellis went off immediately, and did not return.'—*Ib.* 72.

Now the facts of this story are scandalously perverted. The truth was this:—

'In the beginning of the negotiation, a person named Potter came to Lord Malmesbury, stating, that he was sent by Barras to say, that if the English Government would pay that Director 500,000*l.* he would insure the peace. Lord Malmesbury, believing the offer to be unauthorized by Barras or only a trap laid for him by the Directory, paid no attention to it.'—*Harris Papers*, vol. iii. p. 492.

It does not appear that Lord Malmesbury informed Maret of *this* overture, which took place before their confidential intercourse had commenced; but subsequently, on the 19th August, a Mr. Melville, of Boston, in America, renewed the proposal on the part of Barras to the same amount. 'But of course,' said Lord Malmesbury, 'his offer was rejected. I would not see him, and he conveyed it through Ellis, saying that he knew intimately Peregeaux' [the great Paris banker]. This offer and its rejection Ellis communicated to Maret through 'Pein, who professed to know nothing about it, and

only advised him to refer to Peregeaux for Melville's character.'—*Ib.* p. 493.

Can any reader doubt that M. Thiers' version of the affair was furnished to him by the parties in these transactions? Can he doubt—after seeing the indisputable evidence so accidentally and unexpectedly supplied by this publication—that their version is false in dates, facts, motives, and every thing, and that the whole was, as we have said, a precautionary *échappatoire* against future exposure?—and if that exposure had not been so unpremeditated and accidental, the false version would have answered its purpose.

It would be hard to say whether in this extraordinary underplot Maret was endeavoring to deceive his French colleagues or his English confederates, or both—but it is very remarkable that this overture was made on the 14th of July—and on the 15th Citizen Talleyrand was announced in Paris *Minister for Foreign Affairs!* It is strange that neither Lord Malmesbury nor any of his correspondents seem to have noticed this remarkable approximation, not to say *coincidence*—particularly as Maret afterwards told Lord Malmesbury that on the day that Lord Malmesbury's nomination was known at Paris, he and Talleyrand and Barthelemi had met at dinner at Barras's, where the probable fate of the future negotiation was discussed. Nor must it be forgotten, that all these more than suspicious practices were nearly contemporaneous with that flagrant attempt at speculation and corruption exhibited by Talleyrand and his *anonymous* friends, 'Messrs. X and Y, and a Lady,' to the American Commissioners in Paris in October of the same year, and in which the celebrated burthen of Talleyrand's eternal song—*Il faut de l'argent—il faut beaucoup d'argent*—first aroused the indignation of mankind. We suspect that *Monsieur* Maret may have known something of Monsieur X or Monsieur Y, or peradventure 'the Lady.' The whole story will be found in *Debret's State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 183; but M. Thiers' *History* makes no mention of this the most remarkable feature of the diplomacy of the Revolution and of its greatest diplomatist. We ourselves have little doubt that Talleyrand and Maret, and perhaps Barthelemi, were at this moment confederates; indeed, M. Thiers himself states that Maret was acting under the special sanction of the minister at Paris, and there can be, we think, little doubt that *l'argent—beaucoup d'argent*

—was the real motive of the secret negotiation with Lord Malmesbury.

The curiosity, and we may even add the historical importance of this affair will, we trust, excuse the length at which we have developed it:—we wonder indeed the noble Editor himself, who often quotes Thiers, did not think it worth while to explain the important discrepancies between his story and Lord Malmesbury's testimony; and the more particularly, as Thiers asserts that Lord Malmesbury *offered*, and the Freuch had *accepted*, an indemnity of 500,000*l.* for the Toulon ships—an assertion utterly at variance with all his Lordship's statements.

The following extract from one of Mr. Canning's letters tends naturally to increase our suspicions that, besides the great political intrigue going on at Paris, there was much pecuniary jobbing in operation:—

'I shall therefore tell you without scruple, first, that what I mentioned to you in my former letter of Barthelemi's speculations in the funds, has been confirmed to me since, in a manner that very much persuades me of the truth of that circumstance.

'Secondly. That we have what we think here good reason to believe that Maret has a commission separate from his colleagues (I know not whether from Dutch or French authority,) to treat for the surrender of the Cape *for a sum of money.* Thirdly, That the inclosed is a copy of a letter from Paris to Bobus Smith,* written the day after Talleyrand's nomination, and the first part of the contents of which, but not the letter itself, Bobus has since communicated to me. Talleyrand, you may not know, perhaps, has been always a great friend of Bobus's, and of mine, since I went to Mr. Pitt some years ago, at Smith's desire, to endeavor to obtain a remission of his sentence of exile.'—vol. iii. p. 439.

Though we have not the details of Talleyrand's letter, it appears from a further despatch of Mr. Canning's, that it was something incredible:—

'I was not quizzing you, but telling a most

* 'This letter I do not find among the Harris Papers, although a subsequent one from Talleyrand to Bobus Smith is extant.'—Ed. It is odd that the editor should not in his note have stated that *Bobus*—Mr. Canning's familiar *Etonism* for *Bob*—was Mr. Robert Smith, the elder brother of Mr. Sydney, and father of Mr. Vernon Smith. It is also to be regretted that he does not explain how Mr. Canning obtained possession of all this correspondence, and how *Bobus* (then we believe a young barrister) came to be engaged in these delicate affairs.

sober truth, when I gave you the copy of Talleyrand's letter to Smith. As a proof of its authenticity, I inclose to you the copy of another, which has been since received, but of which no *communication* has been made to me. It is written, as you see, in English, and (which you cannot see, but must believe as I do) in T.'s hand. You will see the remarkable coincidence of this letter with every thing that you have been told.'—vol. iii. p. 453.

Mr. Canning, however, states in a subsequent letter more positively ;—

'29th Aug.—I have heard nothing more from Talleyrand by the former channel. Letters of his continually pass through our hands, which prove him to be stock-jobbing here to an enormous amount.'—vol. ii. p. 520.

On the mention of M. de Talleyrand's name, the Editor says :—

'The universal reputation of Talleyrand renders any notice of him unnecessary in a work of this kind. It is sufficient to remember that, during a life of eighty-five years, he served the old French Monarchy,—the Directory, Consulate, Empire, Restoration, and Orleans Dynasty. He must be regarded as the most able political pilot on record.'—vol. iii. p. 418.

We must here take the liberty of dissenting very strongly from the noble Editor, both in fact and in opinion. M. de Talleyrand never *served* the old French Monarchy at all, but helped powerfully to destroy it ;—he *served*, indeed, the Directory—and in due course betrayed, and helped to overthrow it ;—he *served* the Consulate, at the epoch and in the department in which the indelible horror of the *d'Enghien* murder was perpetrated—and he servilely followed Buonaparte through all the other steps of despotism by which his country was enslaved ;—he *served* the Empire as he had *served* the Directory—that is, he got all he could out of it, and then joined to betray and overturn it ;—he *served* the Restoration, which he was grown too rich, old, and indolent to betray—but which, in spite of his share in the *pilotage*, was dashed to pieces ;—and he *served* the Orleans Dynasty only in the easy routine and luxury of the London embassy. As to his *pilotage*, we must admit that he followed the very ancient and prudent authority of that patriarch of pilots, Palinurus—

—— superat quoniam *Fortuna*, sequamur ;
Quoque vocat vertamus iter !

And certainly no *pilot* was ever more dexterous at managing to save himself by

his own little craft, when all the great vessels in which he successively *served* were utterly wrecked. The noble Editor seems too apt to fall into these thoughtless *engouemens*. We, on the contrary, see in M. de Talleyrand an apostate from his family, his order, his party, his religion, and, in short, from every thing but *himself*—one whose corruption, profligacy, and treachery disgraced high birth, exalted station, and great talents—who was a prominent figure in an age of wonders, without attaching his name to any thing great, glorious, or good—and whose fame is already reduced to our recollections of 'X, Y, and the Lady,' and of some dozen *bons-mots*—the cold keen product of a subtle intellect, an *insouciant* temper, and a callous and misanthropical heart.

In the midst of these affairs the Portuguese minister in Paris signed, contrary to his express instructions, a treaty of peace with the Republic—quite inconsistent with the engagements of Portugal with England ; but it had not, as M. Thiers says, the effect of giving Maret any advantages over Lord Malmesbury, or indeed in any way affecting the Lisle negotiations ; and nothing can be more untrue than his assertion, that at this period all matters had been brought to a clear understanding and arrangement. 'England,' says Thiers, 'would not give up Trinidad ; but the Dutch were to keep the Cape under an express condition that France should never obtain it. Ceylon was to be ceded to England, but under the guise of an alternative possession—a Dutch garrison alternating with an English one ; with an understanding that the alternation was only to be a fiction. The 12,000,000 of francs for the Toulon ships was accepted by France, and it was agreed the title of King of France, without being formally abdicated, should be disused.' On these points, says M. Thiers, Maret and Malmesbury had agreed, when the 18th Fructidor came to upset all. Now we know, from Lord Malmesbury's notes and confidential letters, that not one of all these points was settled—nay, that he could not get the French negotiators to approach any of the minor subjects *en attendant* the discussion of the Dutch questions :—perhaps Maret may have had instructions to agree to these terms, but if he had he certainly never produced them, and the whole of M. Thiers' statement is, therefore, erroneous, and introduced for no other reason that we can see but to glorify Maret. It is perfectly

clear that the French mission had no other orders or purpose than to waste time. The Directory, in the personal and mortal struggle in which they were now engaged with the Councils, paid evidently little attention to the details of the negotiation, and were only endeavoring to tide over all such inferior matters, till, at last, on the 18th Fructidor, the explosion took place which confirmed the power of Barras and the Ultra-republicans, and scattered all the *Moderés*, except Talleyrand, into exile. The French mission at Lisle was immediately recalled—and replaced by Treilhard and Bonnier—who were ordered to insist on having Lord Malmesbury's *pleins pouvoirs* to concede any and all our conquests, produced to them; and on his refusal to comply with so strange a demand, he was insolently dismissed, with the insulting addition that, as he had no instructions, he had better himself go and look for them.

‘Il [Lord M.] aura à déclarer ses pleins pouvoirs suffisants [that is to say, sufficient for the unconditional restitution of all the king's conquests]; et à les exhiber d'abord; et en cas qu'il ne les a pas, d'aller en Angleterre dans les vingt-quatre heures les chercher lui-même.’—vol. iii. p. 581.

Thus, if his embassy did not begin with ‘a practical epigram,’ it ended with one; and it was surely too strong a proof of Mr. Pitt's obstinate desire for peace that, even after this affront, both he and Lord Malmesbury still thought that the negotiation should be continued, and Lord Malmesbury on his arrival in London found there two emissaries—one from Talleyrand, and the other from Barras—both offering ‘any terms we choose for money.’ Barras's present terms are not given, but we have seen that they were lately stated at 500,000*l.* Talleyrand's, as produced by one O'Drusse, who is—we know not whether jocularly—designated as the *Grand Vicaire of the Bishop of Autun*, were more moderate—only 200,000*l.*, for consenting to leave us one of the Dutch settlements—probably Ceylon (iii. 580). It is with pain and shame that we copy the following extract:—

‘Friday, Sept. 22, 1797.—At his request, at half-past eleven with Pitt; the Note altered as we wished. He said *I was quite right* as to judging it was *right to continue the negotiation*; his informant [Barras's emissary] said it was necessary to the plan of the Directory; he [Pitt] had informed him of our intentions; he [the informant] was actually gone to Paris to prepare the way for proper instructions

being sent to Lisle. I said I trusted he [Pitt] had been very explicit both as to the terms and the price; that *no cure no pay* should be stipulated—not a penny to be given till after the ratifications, and every article valued and paid for *ad valorem*; that I should never return to Lisle for any other purpose but to *sign a Treaty*; and that before I left England we should see an *arrêté* of the Directory, fixing the terms and instructions given by them to Treilhard and Bonnier in consequence. This Pitt said was actually done, and agreed with me that nothing short of it was worth attending to. . . . Pitt sanguine, *more sanguine* than I am. I see doubts and dangers in all this *secret* intelligence. I admit the *desire* of getting the money, but I question the *power* of delivering the thing purchased. *Barras confessedly the only one in the secret*; he and his expect to persuade Rewbell, and to prevail on him to take his share of the bribe. *Thence* my apprehensions; and it clearly appears that the two informants act separately. It is to be remarked that Huskisson is in the whole secret; but it is enjoined that he is not to say so to Pitt, or Pitt to him. I dislike Huskisson, both as to his principles and the turn of his understanding; he wants to make money by this peace, and dares not apply to me to act with him; the whole secret was known in the city the day it was told Pitt, and acted on by the stock-jobbers; *stock-jobbing is at the bottom of the whole, I fear.*—vol. iii. pp. 582-4.

We hope and believe that this imputation against Mr. Huskisson was merely Lord Malmesbury's hasty impression against a man whom he confesses that he did not like, and of whose proceedings in this matter he admits that Mr. Pitt was aware, which seems to us a sufficient voucher that the proceedings were disinterested and honorable; but the rest of the story certainly agrees with the known characters of Talleyrand and Barras; and while we regret that Mr. Pitt should have for a moment listened to such propositions, even for the great and ‘Christian’ object of ending the war, we cannot suppose that he gave in to it without some strong reason to believe in the authenticity of the offers. On this point of the character and policy of Mr. Pitt, as contrasted with that of Lord Grenville, we shall conclude with the words of the Editor:—

‘Mr. Pitt has always been held up to the present generation as fond of war: but the Harris Papers could furnish the most continued and certain evidence of the contrary, and that he often suffered all the agony of a pious man who is forced to fight a duel. The cold and haughty temper of Lord Grenville was less sensitive; our overtures were to him synony-

mous with degradation, and he could not now brook the delays of the Directory.

'Lord Malmesbury entirely agreed with Pitt, and at this time saw a fair chance of obtaining an honorable peace.'—vol. iii. p. 516.

It is the mischief of these unilateral, truncated revelations, that they lead to conclusions often the very reverse of that which, if we had both sides of the *continuous* story, we should probably arrive at. For instance, would it not seem from the passages—*à bâtons rompus*—which we have quoted, that Mr. Huskisson was a knave and Mr. Pitt a dupe? There is nearly the same evidence for both, and we as little believe the former as the latter, and yet we do not see what answer can be now made to Lord Malmesbury's broken hints than a general appeal to the characters of those two statesmen.

With this mission ended Lord Malmesbury's diplomatic life—which exhibits the extraordinary paradox of a long series of failures—unbroken by any one happy result—which, nevertheless, procured for the always defeated yet always fortunate agent the highest reputation and the most splendid rewards. We offered in our former article some considerations which might account for so extraordinary a phenomenon; the details of the missions comprised in the third volume confirm those opinions. Great diplomatic results seldom depend on the abilities of the agents, but on the interests and power of the principals. Lord Malmesbury failed through no fault of his: in the negotiations with Prussia and France we do not believe any man could have done better—in the strange circumstances into which he was thrown at Brunswick we cannot name any man who we think could have done so well.

Lord Malmesbury now retired from public business, but we can hardly say from public affairs; for although, as he told Mr. Canning in March, 1801, as an excuse for his not thinking, in that season of ministerial changes, of any official employment, 'he was tied to his chair, and never expected to move ten yards from it' (vol. iv. p. 35), still, as a peer, he had a responsible and indefeasible station in political life, and was, moreover, from temper and habit, led to enliven his dignified leisure by a strong curiosity and occasionally a busy share in the party struggles of the day. His residence was on the edge of what Dr. Johnson called the great tide of human existence—first in Spring Garden, in a fine

house where in later days we remember Lord Dover and the present Duke of Bedford, and afterwards in old Richmond House, where Richmond-terrace has been since built, and he possessed for some years the beautiful villa of Park Place, near Henley. In town he kept an excellent and hospitable table; and as age confined him more and more to home, he was happy to receive the many morning visits that—thus living in the gangway to the Houses of Parliament—his numerous acquaintance were always ready to pay to one whose lively curiosity, extensive information, polished manners, and varied conversation amply rewarded their attentions. He had all his life been fond of the company of young people. He had early formed a close intimacy with Mr. Canning—whose friendship for Lord Malmesbury was, says the Editor, like that of an affectionate son,—and he had, as we have seen, surrounded himself with Mr. Canning's personal friends, and to the last he continued to cultivate the acquaintance of the young men who began to distinguish themselves in public life. These circumstances and connexions, with his old diplomatic taste for gossip and those little political manœuvres commonly called *intrigue*, kept him *au fait* of all that was going on—or at least all that was *said* to be going on—for there is a vast difference between the *reality* of such affairs and the *rumors* of even the best informed circles. The fourth volume of this work is wholly occupied with a diary kept by Lord Malmesbury, with great assiduity, of all he heard and saw of public affairs—(interspersed with some interesting correspondence, especially with Mr. Canning and the Duke of York), from Mr. Pitt's resignation in the first days of 1801, down to the Convention of Cintra in 1808.

No extracts that our space would allow us to make could afford an adequate idea of this great mass of mingled gossip and history. Lord Malmesbury's pen had no touch of pleasantry, nor even of vivacity, and it would therefore not be easy to produce amusing specimens of what is yet a very amusing whole. To us, and to the many still living who, like us, happen to have been contemporary with the events—who have seen all and know most of the *dramatis personæ*—nothing can be more attractive; we seem to be living our youth over again. We may fancy ourselves walking down rather early to the House, and turning in at Richmond Gardens to while away the spare

half-hour with the *old Lion*—as ‘from his brilliant eyes and profusion of white hair’ Lord Malmesbury was not unwilling to be called by his younger associates; but we doubt whether it will have the same success with more distant and more disinterested readers. And even with us and our contemporaries the first impression is by no means favorable to the taste or discretion of the publication, as regards either the noble Diarist himself or those of whom he treats. We meet in every page harsh mention of names that we have loved and respected; and we know, even within our own narrow circle, that a considerable degree of private feeling has been painfully excited. But upon further reflection a good deal of that will wear off. Many of the harsh things that Lord Malmesbury says under a momentary influence, he soon unsays, and of many others he himself supplies the means of refutation; and one thing may be said for him—that though he evidently had strong biases, he never seems to have wilfully misrepresented any one; and it turns out—singularly enough—that the person whom of all others he seems most to have disliked—Lord Grenville—makes nearly the best figure in the book for both consistency and sagacity, while his most intimate and applauded friend—the late Lord Chichester—if we were to take all that is said of him *au pied de la lettre*, would appear irresolute, self-interested, and blameably indiscreet. We are inclined to believe that no public man ever kept an honest journal of his daily *opinions* on events, and especially on *persons*, who would not, after a lapse of time, read over many of his entries with regret, and sometimes with self-reproach, for his own credulity or injustice. Let us allow to Lord Malmesbury and his victims the advantage of these indulgent considerations. He notes down what he has heard and believes, often erroneously, but always, we believe, honestly, and the veracity of the chronicler is not to be confounded with the accuracy of the facts. Lord Malmesbury *sat at the receipt of custom*, and news was the tribute which his friends paid him; but it was often in coin clipped or debased, or even absolutely counterfeit.

In any daily record of passing events and fluctuating opinions there must be frequent inconsistencies and contradictions, and Lord Malmesbury’s ‘Correspondence and Diaries,’ taken as a whole, tell, we think, almost as much against himself as against any one he names. We have already shown

how little they maintain his diplomatic reputation, and they no better vindicate his own private consistency. On the King’s illness in 1801, Lord Malmesbury collected every rumor of the undutiful and unfeeling behavior of the Prince of Wales towards his afflicted father, quite forgetful that, after having obtained from the same King the greatest personal favor a subject can receive, he himself had under similar circumstances in 1788 abetted the same Prince of Wales in conduct much more undutiful and unfeeling than that with which he now reproached him. What is the key to this?—Lord Malmesbury had reconciled himself to the King, had been honorably employed, created Viscount and Earl, and, having enrolled himself as one of the *King’s friends*, had naturally fallen out with the Prince. But when we turn over a few pages, Lord Malmesbury’s candor affords us some reason to doubt the truth of his imputations against the Prince:—

‘March 6, 1801.—Prince of Wales yesterday evening and this morning with the King; his behavior there right and proper. How unfortunate that it is not sincere; or rather that he has so effeminate a mind as to counteract all his own good qualities, by having no control over his weaknesses!’—vol. iv. p. 33.

Here we see proper conduct admitted, with an ingenious surmise that it would not be lasting; but then by and bye we find the following anecdote recorded:—

‘March 24.—Lord Carlisle, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Fox have coalesced. It is said they informed the Prince of Wales, through Lord Moira, of this step, tendered him an offer of their services, and that they should hold their conferences at Carlton House. The Prince, it is said, replied, that he was under too much anxiety for the King’s health to think of politics; that he thanked them for their communication, but not only declined their proposal, but observed that, out of respect to the King, he considered it as his duty to acquaint Mr. Addington with it, and this he immediately did.’—vol. iv. p. 51.

and henceforward we hear little or no more on the subject of the Prince’s undutiful behavior; and indeed there are some strong statements of a direct contrary tendency.

Again; we have fresh in our recollections Mr. Pitt’s efforts, his perhaps too anxious efforts, for peace; and we are told that in 1800 he was about to make another attempt, and would have named Lord Malmesbury, for it (iv. 28); and yet we find Lord Mal-

mesbury, so early as the 4th of March, 1801, saying in derogation of Mr. Addington, then about to replace Mr. Pitt,—

‘*March 4.*—Addington’s mind is full of peace—no great proof of strength of character, wisdom, or statesman-like knowledge, in such times as these.’—vol. iv. p. 28.

Thus Pitt is applauded and Addington sneered at for the same identical policy.

Again, he says of Mr. Pitt’s resignation,—

‘*Feb. 7.*—It looks at times to me as if Pitt was playing a very selfish, and, in the present state of affairs, a very criminal part; that he goes out to show his own strength, and under the certain expectation of being soon called upon again to govern the country; with uncontrolled power.’—vol. iv. p. 4.

and when the King’s illness, consequent on the anxiety this resignation caused him, became alarming, the *Diarist* expresses his loyal indignation in terms which clearly alluded to Mr. Pitt as one of those—

‘*Feb. 22.*—‘who acted in order to gratify their private resentments, or promote their ambitious views; and these men, let them be who who they will, may be considered as the most consummate political villains that ever existed. They ought to be held in execration by the country, and their names handed down to posterity with infamy; for they will have been the first cause of the destruction of the intellects or life of a Sovereign, to whose kingly virtues, and to whose manly and uniform steady exertion of them during a reign of forty years, this country, and every subject in it, owes the preservation of its liberties and every thing that is valuable to him.’—vol. iv. p. 15.

And again, when the King grew better,—

‘*March 7.*—The King, in directing Willis to speak or write to Pitt, said, “Tell him I am now quite well, quite recovered from my illness; but what has he not to answer for, who is the cause of my having been ill at all?” This, on being repeated, affected Pitt so deeply that it immediately produced the letter (the most dutiful, humble, and contrite) mentioned above, and brought from him the declaration of his readiness to give way on the Catholic Question.’—vol. iv. p. 32.

And finally,—

‘*March 9.*—The whole is a very sad story—the work of mean and bad passions; a trial of strength which a great subject presumes to institute with his King, and a King to whom he owes all his greatness. It began in this, continues in this, and will end in it, and ruin follow to the common weal.’—vol. iv. p. 40.

and after all this, we find him within a few

weeks suggesting and carrying on an intrigue to force this ‘political villain’ back into office; and within three months we find the following entry:—

‘*June 8.*—I was with Pitt at his breakfast. I told him that I had much satisfaction in assuring him that I should follow his line in politics; that I understood his motives, and respected them in acting as he had done.’—vol. iv. p. 263.

Again; there is no one, we think, whom Lord Malmesbury mentions with more asperity than the late Lord Auckland, and particularly for his supposed share in disturbing the King’s mind in 1801, by alarming him against the designs of Mr. Pitt on the Catholic question. Yet we shall find Lord Malmesbury himself pursuing the same line (and without so strong a duty), and instigating the Duke of Portland to take similar measures for encouraging the King to resist the Catholic concessions proposed by the *Talents*.

We could produce many more instances of the same kind of contradictions; but these will suffice, our object being not to complain of Lord Malmesbury’s injustice or inconsistency, but to expose the consequences of any system of *journalizing*, in which—though the rumours of one day are effaced by those of the next, yet the false report and the true one—the passing impression and the permanent conviction—are equally recorded, and when they happen, by breach of faith or mistaken zeal, to be published promiscuously, become offensive to private feelings and delusive to public opinion. In the present case, however, we repeat that no great harm is done; for to those who attentively read the *whole Diary*, very little of that which seems to bear hardest upon individuals will be found of any real weight or authority.

The *Diary* opens with the change of ministry in 1801, and with his Majesty’s illness, which Lord Malmesbury states very truly, was produced by the agitation of the Royal mind in being forced to part from Mr. Pitt—with whom he never before had had a difference (iv. p. 7)—in such a crisis of the world, and on a point which his Majesty felt not merely as invalidating the constitutional right by which he held his crown—but as irreconcilable with what he held dearer than his crown—his religion and his conscience.

Lord Malmesbury states that the origin of the King’s illness was

'A cold caught by his remaining so long in church in very bad snowy weather on the day appointed for a general fast, 13th February; and the physicians do not scruple to say, that although his Majesty certainly had a bad cold, and would, under all circumstances, have been ill, yet that the hurry and vexation of all that has passed was the cause of his mental illness; which, if it had shown itself at all, would certainly not have declared itself so violently, or been of a nature to cause any alarm, had not these events taken place.'—vol. iv. p. 19.

The following anecdote, however, which we received very soon after the event from a person who was present, proves that the mental excitement preceded the cold caught on the 13th February. The King was always in the habit of repeating the responses in the church service very audibly; but on this day, when he came to the following response of the *Venite*, he leaned over the front of his seat, and with an air of addressing the congregation, he repeated in a loud, emphatic, and angry tone—'*Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, it is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known MY ways.*' 'It was impossible,' said our informant, 'not to see that all the perplexities and troubles of his *forty years'* reign were, by the new difficulties pressed upon him by one whom he so much regarded as Mr. Pitt, revived at the moment on his excited and morbid memory.' Lord Malmesbury tells us that as early as the 6th or 7th of February

'The King at Windsor read his Coronation Oath to his family—asked them whether they understood it—and added, "If I violate it, I am no longer legal Sovereign of the country, but it falls to the house of Savoy."'

And in the entry for the 26th of February we read—

"The King on Monday, after having remained many hours without speaking, at last towards the evening came to himself, and said, "I am better now, but *I will remain true to the Church.*"'—vol. iv. p. 19.

Lord Malmesbury is all along very indignant with Mr. Pitt for not having prepared the King's mind for Roman Catholic Emancipation as the necessary consequence of the Union, and lays all the blame on the *suddenness* of the announcement. We have no proof that Mr. Pitt may not have approached the subject with the King, and we have a strong conviction that no degree of preparation or persuasion would have induced His Majesty to view with less than

utter horror any measure involving (as he considered it) the violation of his coronation oath. It has been a general opinion—and Lord Malmesbury seems at one time to have believed—that Mr. Pitt seized this occasion of *resigning*, with the object of allowing Mr. Addington the mortification and odium of making a peace. Lord Malmesbury shows clearly that Mr. Pitt never evaded that responsibility himself, and that he even took a supererogative responsibility in advising Mr. Addington in his negotiations; but he does not say that which we are enabled to assert from Mr. Addington's own report of his conferences with the King and Mr. Pitt—*viz.* that when Mr. Pitt went *last* into the closet to press the Catholic Question on His Majesty, he had still hopes of being able to prevail; the more so, as the King pressed him with the greatest earnestness and affection not to desert him; but that when, after a long and warm conversation, Mr. Pitt declared peremptorily that he could not yield the point—the King suddenly changed his manner, and *dismissed him!*—and when Mr. Pitt, in his surprise, attempted some rejoinder, the King in civil but very decided term declined any further discussion.

During all the preliminary arrangements for the new administration nothing could be more composed, more clear, more rational, than His Majesty's conduct—but the effort overpowered him, and the scenes which we have just quoted with his family and in the chapel show the progress of the excitement. We cannot follow all the daily vicissitudes of his Majesty's illness; but our readers will see with great interest the following account of Lord Malmesbury's first interview with the King after his recovery:—

'29 Oct., 1801.—I went to Windsor to present to the King and Queen copies of the new edition of my father's works. I saw them both alone on the morning of the 26th. . . . I was with the King alone near two hours. I had not seen His Majesty since the end of October, 1800, of course not since his last illness; . . . but he did not look thinner, nor were there any marks of sickness or decline in his countenance or manner; these last were much as usual; somewhat less hurried, and more conversable, that is to say, allowing the person to whom he addressed himself more time to answer and talk, than he used to do when discussing on common subjects, on public and grave ones. I at all times for thirty years have found him very attentive, and full as ready to hear as to give an opinion, though perhaps not always disposed to adopt it and forsake his own. He was gracious even to kindness, and spoke of my father in a way which quite affect-

ed me. He expressed great satisfaction at seeing me less ill than he expected; asked how I continued to keep well; and on my saying, amongst other reasons, that I endeavored to keep my *mind quiet*, and dismiss all unpleasant subjects from intruding themselves on it, the King said, "'Tis a very wise maxim, and one I am determined to follow; but how, at this moment, can you avoid it?" And without waiting he went on by saying, "Do you know what I call the Peace [of Amiens]?—an *experimental peace*, for it is nothing else. I am sure *you* think so, and perhaps do not give it so *gentle* a name; but it was *unavoidable*. I was abandoned by every body, allies and *all*. I have done, I conscientiously believe, for the best, because I could not do otherwise; but had I found more opinions like mine, better might have been done."

"I thought the subject might agitate the King, and therefore tried to lead him from it; he perceived my drift, and said, "Lord Malmesbury, you and I have lived on the active theatre of this world these thirty years; if we are not become wise enough to consider every event which happens, quietly and with acquiescence, we must have lived very negligently. What would the good man who wrote these excellent books (pointing to the copy I had just presented to him of my father's works) say, if we were such bad philosophers, having had such means of becoming good ones?" and then His Majesty reverted again to the peace, spoke of the state of Europe, of France, and this country; and by the turn of conversation it happened that the King and myself, almost in the same moment, agreed that it was a most erroneous and dangerous maxim which prevailed, that Jacobinism was at an end or even diminished; that it was only quieter because it had carried *one* point, but we should soon see it blaze out again, when it had another in view; and from that the King passed to the court of Berlin, which he spoke of with great displeasure, even acrimony: "This is the young man," said he, "of whom the great Frederick said—'on ne lui arrachera jamais la couronne,' and we shall live, possibly, to see him without even his Electoral dominions."—vol. iv. pp. 62, 63.

It will, we think, be admitted that the old 'Philosopher of Salisbury' himself could not have made more judicious, nor his accomplished son more appropriate and statesmanlike observations than these of King George III., of whom we repeat with increased confidence since Mr. Twiss's publication of his notes to Lord Eldon what we said on a prior occasion, that 'if ever, and to whatever extent, his daily correspondence with his several ministers on the various business of the State be published, the world will then, and not till then, be able duly to appreciate his virtues and his talents.'—Q. Rev., vol. lxx. p. 282.

A great part of the Diary is taken up with the details of a ridiculous intrigue concocted, as it seems, between Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury in the winter of 1802-3, for forcing Mr. Addington to make way for Mr. Pitt's restoration to power. Mr. Canning, as was natural to a young man of his lively genius, aspiring hopes, and personal attachment to Mr. Pitt, had from the first regretted the late resignations, and greatly undervaluing the less brilliant qualities of the successors, he had, contrary to Mr. Pitt's wishes—and indeed at some risk, as it seems, of impairing their political and even their private friendship—endeavored to discredit the ministry by censure and ridicule in the press, and by occasional sarcasms in parliament. These missiles not producing the desired effect, he, in concert with Lord Malmesbury, formed a plan which, without compromising Mr. Pitt, who (as they all knew) would listen to no such expedients, should force Mr. Addington to be the instrument of his own downfall.

As a specimen of the candid inconsistency of Lord Malmesbury's diary, we may quote the following character which he gives of Mr. Canning at this period of his life:—

'Jan. 24, 1803.—Canning has been *forced*, like a thriving plant in a well-managed hot-house; he has prospered too luxuriantly—has felt no check or frost. Too early in life, he has had many, and too easy, advantages. This, added to very acute parts, makes him impatient of control. Astonished to find obstacles and difficulties in his way; angry with those who conceive less quickly and eagerly than himself, or who will not keep pace with him in his rapid plans and views; and indulging an innate principle of vanity, he under-rates others, and *appears* arrogant and contemptuous, although really not so. This checks the right and gradual growth of his abilities; lessens their effects, and vitiates the very many excellent, honorable, and amiable qualities he possesses. The world, who judge him from this, judge him harshly and unfairly; his success accounts for his manners. Rapid prosperity never creates popularity, and it requires a most careful and conciliating conduct to make the two compatible.'—pp. 169, 170.

We quote this—not as a just, and still less as a favorable character of an early friend, for whose public and private qualities we preserve and cherish the highest admiration and the most affectionate regard; but—for the sake of observing that it was with this *spoiled child*, as he thought him, that Lord Malmesbury—at the age of near

threescore, and professing to have retired from public life—chose to associate himself in an intrigue, as absurd in all its parts as can well be conceived. Its details would be tedious; but the substance was this—

‘Nov. 1, 1802.—It was thought right to draw up a paper to be signed, if approved, by persons of eminence in different public avocations, in each House of Parliament, to be presented by them to Mr. Addington; its object, as will appear from the paper itself, was to prevail on him to remove spontaneously, and prevent the matter being brought before the public.’—p. 87.—

and ‘when signed by a sufficient number of leading and independent men of all descriptions in each House,’ from whom it was supposed to emanate, it was to be presented simultaneously to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington, and, by the *Duke of York* (whom Lord Malmesbury had already initiated into the design), conveyed to the King. So far, so well. We can fancy our young political *Hotspur* exclaiming, ‘Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid—our friends true and constant; a good plot—good friends and full of expectation—an excellent plot, very good friends. Why my Lord of *York* commends the plot and the general course of action!’ Alas! when all those ‘good friends’ and the many ‘persons of eminence’ were to be assembled to sign the important document, it was found that there were no such persons in *rerum naturâ*—not one—and that the whole confederacy consisted of no soul but the original *cotere* which had imagined it, Mr. Canning, Lords Granville Leveson and Morpeth, and our venerable diplomatist;—but genius and art united are never without a resource—and behold, Mr. Canning writes to Lord Malmesbury—

‘Nov. 15th.—If, after all, neither imposing signatures nor spokesmen can be had, the last resort is to send the paper unsigned, with something like the enclosed *præscript*.’ (!)

‘PROPOSED PRÆSCRIPT.

‘It is thought to be most respectful to Mr. Addington and Mr. Pitt, that the enclosed paper should be transmitted to them without the signatures, which are ready to be affixed to it.’—p. 103.

We can easily conceive the spirit of fun in which Mr. Canning penned this ingenious *præscript*—the very title of which would have revealed its author;—but when Lord Malmesbury lent his graver and more

deliberate countenance to the device of signifying signatures *to be ready*, since *none were to be had*, he could not have had in his thoughts that excellent maxim, which he afterwards so forcibly inculcated on another young friend,—

‘April 11th.—It is scarce necessary to say that no occasion, no provocation, no idea, however tempting, of promoting the object you have in view, can *need*, much less justify, a *falsehood*. Success obtained by one, is a precarious and baseless success. Detection would ruin not only your own reputation forever, but deeply wound the honor of your cause.’—p. 414.

We need not pursue this bubble to its bursting and vanishing into nothing; but we must just notice the extraordinary efforts of Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury to persuade Mr. Pitt not to attend the House of Commons, lest his presence should seem to countenance the Ministry—and the ludicrous gravity with which Mr. Canning deplores the failure of his ‘*capital measure*,’ which was a device to prevent Pitt’s keeping an engagement to dine with Addington at Richmond Park, which the infatuated ex-minister, contrary to the most earnest efforts of his young friend, persisted in doing. All this is very amusing as we read it, but it is humiliating to think of; and in this case, as in others of the Diary already noticed, we think that the person who was most disliked makes really the best figure, and that the sober good sense and good faith of Mr. Addington contrast very favorably with the various ingenious, but not very ingenuous devices, that were employed to supplant him.*

As to Mr. Pitt’s share in these transactions, we are glad to be able to say that, though the hopes and wishes of Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury may seem to throw some doubts over the candor of his conduct towards Mr. Addington, all that

* We are glad to be able to say that Lord Sidmouth’s papers are in the hands of his son-in-law, the Dean of Norwich, and we have reason to hope that the Dean is preparing for the press a work that will do to that honest minister and excellent man more justice than has yet been done to his abilities and public services. Lord Malmesbury seems to have been much prejudiced against him by the influence of Mr. Canning’s pleasantries. We have, however, ourselves seen evidence, which we hope may exist in Lord Sidmouth’s papers, that at a subsequent period Mr. Canning, in a very frank and generous manner (as was his nature), expressed his regret for their former differences

he himself was responsible for—his own words and actions—are not liable to any serious reproach:—to none at all, we think, in the *earlier period* of the Addington Administration—for the evidence of Lord Malmesbury leaves no doubt that he was perfectly and zealously sincere in his endeavors to restrain the hostility of his younger friends who had resigned with him, as well as to confirm the support of those of his former colleagues who had taken part in the new Government;—so much so that when Mr. Pitt heard accidentally on the 10th March, 1801, that the Duke of Portland intended, on his own part and that of his other colleagues, to propose to Mr. Addington to recall Mr. Pitt—the latter waited on the Duke, and in the most peremptory manner prohibited any such interference with Mr. Addington (iv. 42); and when on the 14th, in pursuance of the same views, Mr. Canning pressed Mr. Pitt for a categorical answer as to his real feeling towards Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt—

‘Without hesitation, and in the most unqualified manner, replied, that it was impossible to have behaved with more confidence, more openness, more sincerity, than Addington had done, from the first moment to this; and that the manner in which he had conducted himself, added to his long friendship for him, had raised him higher than ever in his good opinion.’—p. 46.

And amidst not a few subsequent provocations on the part of Mr. Canning and his ‘young friends,’ who were exceedingly dissatisfied and angry at his reserve, he steadily adhered to his engagements with Mr. Addington.

As time lapsed, and circumstances changed, so, no doubt, did in a certain degree the mutual relations of the late and existing ministers, and Mr. Pitt became naturally more and more reluctant to attend in parliament the discussion of new measures which he had not advised and might not approve, but which his general inclination to support Mr. Addington disabled him from opposing. In the spring of 1803, however, this state of affairs was essentially altered, by Mr. Addington’s making him an overture for his return to office, but on terms which Mr. Pitt thought he could not accept. The particulars of this transaction are given by Lord Malmesbury in much and interesting detail; and we are bound to say that the conditions were such as we do not think Mr. Pitt could have

accepted, though his refusal was somewhat too haughtily stated. This affair, however, seems to us to have placed the rival parties on new and independent ground; it was a fresh point of departure; and though Mr. Pitt appeared still very reluctant to oppose the ministry, his connexion became gradually less cordial. Mr. Addington about this time fancied that he strengthened himself by offering office to Mr. Sheridan and others of the old Opposition, and by actually bringing into his government Mr. Tierney, who a few years before had fought a duel with Mr. Pitt. This seems to us to have fairly released Mr. Pitt altogether:—and at last, after many moves on the political chess-board, which may be followed very agreeably in Lord Malmesbury’s Diary, Mr. Pitt concurred with Mr. Fox and the old Opposition in several important votes, particularly one on the Defence Bill, in which Mr. Addington had a majority of only thirty-seven, on which he resigned, and Mr. Pitt returned to office—almost alone.

Lord Malmesbury details the circumstances in which this short-lived and unfortunate administration was formed on so narrow a basis, after Mr. Pitt had proposed for office his new ally Mr. Fox, and his old connexions the Grenvilles, &c., for whose sake he, no doubt, had broken off the negotiation with Mr. Addington in the spring of 1803. The King had now positively excluded Mr. Fox, and though the latter very generously desired that this might not prevent the accession of his friends to office, they all made common cause with him. Mr. Canning and Lord Granville Leveson were zealous for the introduction, first of Mr. Fox, and then of the Grenvilles—but all parties adhered to their resolutions, and Mr. Pitt, instead of forming a new government, found himself in the necessity of doing little more than taking Mr. Addington’s place in the old one. We have heretofore ventured to express our doubts as to Mr. Pitt’s policy in all this affair—his original breaking up of the great party of which he was the head—his present failure to reunite it—his ousting Mr. Addington’s government before he knew on what basis he could replace it—and, above all, the way in which, first and last, he dealt with the Roman Catholic question. Lord Malmesbury’s details are too long to quote *in extenso*, and too connected to be separated, but they will be read with interest, and the result may be thus stated—that the preca-

rious state of the King's mental health, never so liable to disturbance as from the Catholic question—the peculiar difficulties created by Mr. Fox's former profession of French principles, and his consequent removal from the Privy Council—and the great and growing perils of the country, both internal and external, afforded not merely an obvious apology, but—in the opinion of Lord Malmesbury, the Duke of Portland, and the great majority of Mr. Pitt's friends, and, no doubt, in Mr. Pitt's own conscientious conviction—a full justification of proceedings which, in opposition to such authority, *we* can hardly persist in blaming, though we can never cease to regret. These difficulties helped to accelerate his death, if they did not absolutely cause it, by anxiety, disappointment, and affliction; the impeachment of Lord Melville, and the battle of Austerlitz, filled the cup of bitterness, and he died, as was emphatically said, at 46, of old age and a broken heart.

In alluding to the last moments of this illustrious man, whose glorious eloquence we heard with youthful admiration, we have a melancholy pleasure in laying before *our* readers, whom we may presume to be admirers of the name and character of Pitt, the following interesting anecdotes, which the noble Editor has given us from the note-book of his amiable and able father, the second Earl of Malmesbury, while he was Lord Fitzharris, and a member of Mr. Pitt's last Board of Treasury.

'On the receipt of the news of the memorable battle of Trafalgar (some day in November, 1805), I happened to dine with Pitt, and it was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings when roused in the night to read Collingwood's dispatches. Pitt observed, that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues; but that whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into sound sleep again. On *this occasion*, however the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but at length got up, though it was three in the morning.'

'The battle of Austerlitz and its consequences, which he saw in their true light, greatly disappointed and depressed him, and certainly rather accelerated his end. I well remember walking round St. James' Park with him in November, 1805. He was naturally of a sanguine disposition. His plans were vast

and comprehensive, and held out to his powerful mind the hope of establishing a European Confederacy, that should crush the French ascendancy. When *that battle* was fought, the last ray of hope was so dimmed as to leave him without the possible expectation of seeing the fulfilment of that for which he had so long, so strenuously, and so successfully exerted himself, and which he felt (if ever accomplished) must be brought about by other hands than his. He resigned himself to the will of that Providence to whom he had always looked up, as well in the days of victory as in the hour of peril, and calmly awaited that last call to which we must all respond, with the true spirit of a Christian, and felt that his sand had too nearly run out for him to think any longer of worldly matters. He went to Bath, and only returned to Wimbledon (where he had a villa) to *die there*.'

'I have ever thought that an *aiding cause* of Pitt's death, certainly one that tended to *shorten* his existence, was the result of the proceedings against his old friend and colleague, Lord Melville. I sat wedged close to Pitt himself the night when we were 216 to 216; and the Speaker, Abbot (after looking as white as a sheet, and pausing for ten minutes), gave the casting vote *against* us. Pitt immediately put on the little cocked-hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead, and I distinctly saw the *tears trickling down his cheeks*. We had overheard one or two, such as Colonel Wardle (of notorious memory), say, they would see "*how Billy looked after it*." A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together, and formed a circle, in which he moved, I believe, *unconsciously*, out of the House; and neither the Colonel nor his friends could approach him.

'I met Pitt at Lord Bathurst's in Gloucestershire, where he passed some days [in December 1802]. We went to church at Cirencester. In discoursing afterwards on the beauty of our Liturgy, he selected the *Thanksgiving Prayer* as one particularly impressive and comprehensive. The one, "In Time of War and Tumults," he thought admirably well drawn up, as well as that for the Parliament; but added with respect to the first of the two, that he never in hearing it could divest himself of the analogy between "Abate their pride, assuage their malice," and the line in the song of "God save the King," "Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks." I observed, that Pitt was constantly taking down and quoting from *Lucan*, of which author he appeared to be extremely fond. Nothing could be more playful, and at the same time more instructive, than Pitt's conversation, on a variety of subjects, while sitting in the Library at Cirencester. You never would have guessed that the man before you was Prime Minister of the country, and one of the greatest that ever filled that situation. His style and manner were

quite those of an *accomplished idler*.—*Lord Fitzharris's Note-Book for 1805—1806.*—vol. iv. pp. 341—347.

After the death of Mr. Pitt and the accession of the Talents Administration, there is little to notice till we arrive at the celebrated attempt to inveigle the King into the first step towards a concession of what were called the Catholic claims, which ended in the dismissal of that arrogant and fraudulent ministry, in whose detection and discomfiture Lord Malmesbury took more part, as we have already hinted, than was commonly supposed.

‘On the 9th of March [1807], I found that a bill was actually preparing, evidently as a sort of preliminary step to other bills still more explicit, to take off the restrictions now existing against the Catholics. The Bill in the first instance was stated to be one that had no other object in view than to give the Irish Catholics, serving in England, the same security against the pains and penalty of the law against Popery as they enjoyed in Ireland by the Bill of 1793, which bill enabled them to hold commissions in the army as far as the rank of Colonels.

‘The Union made these regiments liable to serve in England and Scotland, and the Act as it now stood (they said) gave them security in Ireland only. This appeared a just measure if pursued, and one not to be opposed.

‘To this Bill the King did not object, and in this shape it first appeared in the House of Commons, as a clause attached to the Mutiny Bill, of which it was naturally to make a part. But, *Ministers finding this go down with scarce any remark made upon it*, thought they might go a step further; they withdrew the clause to the Mutiny Bill, and substituted in its room a Bill which, by one stride, gave to the Catholics in every part of His Majesty’s dominions, the privilege of entering into the army or navy, of holding *any* rank in either, and of being allowed to attend their own places of worship. This gave rise to a very spirited debate, in which Perceval, with great force and ability, showed to the House the radical alterations such a measure would make in our Constitution, and the dangerous innovations with which it would be attended both in Church and State. Government was violent in support of it, and Lords Howick and Temple talked vehemently.

‘Strong symptoms, however, soon appeared, that they met with opposition in the closet, as the second reading of the bill was postponed from day to day. On Wednesday, the 11th, the King came to town, and saw his Ministers as usual at the Queen’s House, to whom (it was told us) he expressed himself very distinctly, that to such a measure *he never could assent*.’—vol. iv. pp. 358, 359.

At this crisis Lord Malmesbury—forgetful of all his former indignation against Lord Auckland for a like conduct—urged the Duke of Portland, with whom he had always maintained his early relations of confidence, to communicate to the King his Grace’s sympathy on what he heard of His Majesty’s feelings on this subject, and to acquaint him that if he should be driven to extremities by his present ministry, there were others who were ready to undertake the responsibility of office on the adverse principle. This letter was dated the 12th of March, 1807; but before it was despatched—indeed before it was written out fair—the King himself had anticipated its advice by sending for Lord Grenville, complaining of the deception attempted to be practised on him, and declaring that he never had consented, and never would consent, to Lord Howick’s Bill. The Duke of Portland’s letter arrived no doubt opportunely to confirm the King’s resolutions, which were also supported by some of the existing Government.

‘The King said the *Prince* had come down on purpose on Saturday [March 14] to declare his intentions of acting *and speaking* against the bill; that the Chancellor (Erskine) has also been from the beginning against it, as well as Lord Ellenborough and Lord Sidmouth. This last he said had behaved handsomely.’—vol. iv. p. 373.

And upon this the King gave the Duke of Portland *carte blanche* for forming that administration which, with many serious modifications, and the sudden or premature deaths of no less than five of its leaders—Portland, Perceval, Londonderry, Liverpool, and Canning—and many vicissitudes of difficulties and prosperity, terminated the most perilous, but eventually the most glorious war recorded in our annals by the most triumphant peace—and may be said to have lasted till, by a series of mistakes and misfortunes, it was led—as always happens to a party too long and too completely prosperous—to terminate by suicide an existence of five-and-twenty years. In the Duke of Portland’s ministry Mr. Canning received the Foreign Seals, Lord Fitzharris became his under-secretary—Lord Granville Leveson went as ambassador to Russia—and Lord Malmesbury, confidentially consulted by Mr. Canning, brings down to the Battle of Wagram and the Convention of Cintra—but with little de-

tail and no novelty—his summary of our foreign and domestic transactions.

‘Here,’ says the Editor, in his parting words—

‘Here Lord Malmesbury appears to have closed this Diary.

‘Of the journal which I have published, and which composes this fourth volume, it may be said that it contains much matter already known to the reader. I have not suppressed it on that account, because I think that no corroborative evidence of history can be produced so unsuspecting as a diary, in which events and conversations are regularly recorded within a few hours of their occurrence, and that by an intelligent observer (like Lord Malmesbury), whose personal ambition has been satisfied with high rewards, or arrested by incurable infirmity. The man who is in this position, having nothing to hope or to fear, and writing for no immediate purpose of the day, will probably relate history with as little excitement or prejudice as can possibly be found in any active mind.’—vol. iv. pp. 411, 412.

To some of these last observations we have by anticipation replied in the distinction we took between the sincerity of the journalist and the accuracy of the facts or justice of the opinions he records: with that reservation we grant to the noble Editor all the merit that he claims for his grandfather, who is beyond doubt entitled to as much credence as any *journalizing* politician and *quidnunc* can be entitled to. But, however trustworthy the author may personally be, it by no means follows that we are to give him that kind of implicit confidence which the Editor seems to challenge. In the first place he is very often deceived by a second-hand narrative of facts; but even when the naked fact is true, it may be so disguised by being clothed in black or in white as not to be recognizable. Of such a diary it may be said, as the Stoic said of human life in general—*ταράσσει τοὺς ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ πράγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δογμάτα*—no one alive would, we believe, be much disturbed by any of the facts recorded by Lord Malmesbury, if simply and accurately narrated, though great and serious pain has been inflicted by the color that he gives them and the opinions which his grave authority pronounces upon them. No man, however honest, or even kind-hearted, can be free from temporary impressions and personal prejudices—which, though they should have only flashed momentarily across his mind, stand permanently *Daguerreotyped*

in his Diary—so that truth itself becomes an auxiliary to falsehood. On the whole we are bound to say, this publication seems to us to be in principle wholly unwarrantable—that as regards either political events or personal character, it would be in general a very fallacious guide;—that any historical value it may have is nearly counterbalanced by the false impressions it so frequently creates—and, finally, that the confidence and security of private life—the great foundations of society—are seriously compromised by a precedent, which is the more dangerous from the amusement that it affords, and the respectable names with which it is unfortunately connected.

MISS BERRY ON FRENCH AND ENGLISH SOCIETY.

From the Quarterly Review.

England and France: a Comparative View of the Social Condition of both Countries, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the present time. To which are now first added: Remarks on Lord Orford's Letters—the Life of the Marquise du Deffand—the Life of Rachael Lady Russell—Fashionable Friends, a Comedy. By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. A New Edition. London, 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

WE rejoice in the publication of this excellent and useful essay, as the avowed production of Miss Berry, because the value of its original remarks upon the society of both countries, in which she has so long moved as a member at once admired and beloved, is greatly increased by the authority of her name, a name never to be pronounced without the respect due to talents, learning, and virtue. We place in the front of our criticism that which all rightly constituted minds must regard as the highest panegyric, that she who has experienced and enjoyed the pleasures of fashionable as well as literary intercourse more and longer than any living author, has passed through both the frivolities and the corruptions of her times, in Paris as well as in London, without a shadow of a taint either to her heart, her feelings, or her principles. The historian of society in her own as well as in former periods, the fond admirer of genius,

whatever form it assumed, and the partaker with a keen relish of all the enjoyments which the intercourse of polished life affords, she has never shut her eyes for a moment to either the follies that degraded or the vices that disfigured the scene, nor has ever feared to let her pen, while it described for our admiration the fair side of things, hold up also the reverse to our reprobation or our contempt. It was a great omission in our journal never to have an article on any of the former editions of this 'Comparative View'—though we have more than once quoted it as an authority. It now appears, however, with not a few improvements—and with the addition of some other pieces partly published before in separate forms, partly new to the world.

The difficulty of giving a sketch of society in any country, still more of exhibiting a comparative view of it in more countries than one, most of all in tracing its varying forms through successive stages of its history, needs hardly be stated or illustrated in any detail. The artist who would execute such a delineation must bring to the task not only a very extensive knowledge of the sciences, the arts, the letters that flourished in the community at different periods, but an intimate acquaintance with the human character, and what is not quite synonymous, an acquaintance with men both in action and seclusion. But, above all, whoever would undertake this task will feel a vast proportion of his materials wholly wanting in all the books that can be written and read; and must draw conclusions from the facts recorded, reasoning according to probabilities, and guided by a nice and familiar knowledge of mankind and of the world. Accordingly, in this branch of history or of moral painting there is hardly any work, the gossiping of numberless memoirs excepted, that can be cited to satisfy a curiosity naturally raised by the great interest of the subject. The few pieces or rather fragments that we could name are exceedingly slight, much affected by prejudice and personal feeling—altogether unsatisfactory. That Miss Berry has entirely succeeded in accomplishing so arduous a work, and has left no room to lament blanks and deficiencies, we shall not undertake to affirm. But it is quite undeniable that she has presented us with a sketch of great power, the result of various and accurate learning, instinct with deep but sober reflection, ever exhibiting a love of justice and of virtue, nor deformed by affectation any more than it is

tinged with unworthy prejudice. The sex of the author, as well as the nature of the subject, naturally suggests a comparison with Madame de Staël; and it is a high praise to say that though the latter might have written such an Essay as this with more passages of striking eloquence, and a greater variety of original thoughts, might have shown more imagination, and declaimed more roundly, her page would have wholly lacked the sober judgment, the careful attention to the truth of her representations, which makes Miss Berry so safe a guide; while it would have abounded in mere conceits, far-fetched fancies, extravagant theories, wholly unsuited to the dignity of the inquiry as destructive of all its uses.

The most honorable characteristic of these volumes we have noted; their unexceptionable tendency, their perfect purity in all respects. But they who set a higher value upon talents than upon virtues, will be charmed with the sagacity and temper of the observations, with the fine perceptions, the acute penetration of which the delicacy and quickness of the female mind seems alone capable; while the style is pure, easy, and wholly unaffected, showing the familiarity of the writer both with the study of good models and with the habits of good society. It is not among the least recommendations of the work, that though apparently dealing with a general and even abstract subject, nothing can be more entertaining and even amusing; which is owing, no doubt, to the judicious union of *belles-lettres* with philosophy, the copious admixture of anecdote, personal and literary, the avoiding of all tiresome dissertation, and, above all, the shunning of political argumentation. Many years have passed since we have taken up a more readable book to enliven the appointed dullness of our ordinary labors.

Desirous of presenting our readers with a sample of the manner as well as the lively matter of this work, we meet with one at the threshold. Nothing can be more appropriate than the design, nor happier than the execution of the comparison or simile with which it opens. Here are the first three paragraphs of the Introduction:—

'In considering and comparing the manners and habits, the opinions and prejudices, of England and France, it is remarkable that two nations so contiguous, so long and so intimately connected, and having always, either as friends or as enemies, seen so much of each other, should still continue so essentially dissimilar.

'Like country neighbors, of uncongenial

characters, we have never, during our hereditary and necessary intercourse with each other, continued long upon good terms, and have generally fallen out when any attempts have been made to increase our intimacy or unite us more closely.

'Even when upon the most friendly footing, we have neither of us disliked hearing our neighbors abused, their peculiarities laughed at, and their weaknesses exaggerated, and have seldom been disposed to do them justice, except when we conceived that we had humbled and worsted them.'—vol. i. p. 1.

Miss Berry begins by taking a brief view of the state of England and France in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, and as much of the state of society in both countries as is necessary before entering on the proper subject of her work, the history of its changes after the era of the Restoration. The comfort of the people at large in England, the general diffusion of moderate wealth and enjoyment of ease, without the modern contrast of superabundant riches and squalid poverty: the insulation of the country from the continent, with which all the connexion of travel and foreign residence, so usual in former ages, had ceased in consequence of religious differences: the austerity of religious feelings and demeanor in the bulk of the nation, and the relaxed morality of the prominent section of the patrician order, all afford a marked contrast to the lofty refinement of manners which distinguished the nobles as a class in France, including all the landed proprietors of any account—the freedom from restraint whether of religious or moral ties which all polished society enjoyed—and the wretched poverty of the great body of the people, the cultivators of the soil, the dealers in merchandises, the handicraftsmen, the few who exercised any thing like manufacturing industry; in a word the *gens taillables et corvéables*, as they were wittily and truly called in reference to the state-taxes they paid and the feudal burthens they endured.

The work properly begins with a compendious account of English society after the Restoration. It presents a still greater contrast than even that of France to the republican times which immediately preceded. The extreme severity of the fanatical days, in which asceticism was blended with religion, and made almost the test of faith, had been united to levelling opinions and rebellious conduct. The destruction of the Commonwealth, which its excesses and the misconduct of its chiefs had brought about, also left the democratic

party in the lowest state of discredit; and the Restoration at once eradicated all the rigorous observances of the Roundheads, and set the fashion of the day universally in favor of the Cavaliers; introducing a loose morality, an elegant life, and a free intercourse with the continent, long interrupted; but especially an intercourse with France. Miss Berry makes Buckingham figure largely in the scene; indeed lets him occupy rather a disproportioned space in her narrative and description. The entertainment, however, received from his humors, and especially from his controversy with the Irish Friar, sent by the Duke of York (James II.) to convert him, form a very agreeable ingredient in the composition. Upon the principle of *corruptio optimi pessima*, we think she has judiciously selected as the most striking proof of the immoral and indecorous state of society the scene in which the judges who had a day or two before condemned Algernon Sidney to die, exhibited themselves in a drunken debauch at a city marriage, attended by the mayor, the sheriffs, the aldermen, and many of the nobles. At the same time our author most justly remarks that the indecent and licentious manners of the great in the metropolis by no means indicate those of the people at large. The regard for religion was still maintained among the venerable gentry who seldom stirred from their provinces, and even in towns generally among the middle and humbler classes; their moral habits were assailed, but not overcome or changed; and the ancient virtue of the rural gentry, clergy, and yeomanry, as well as the tradesmen, remained entire, to overthrow the tyranny of the restored family under the next reign, and to save, with the liberty and religion, we may truly add, the monarchy of England.

Then follows a full and interesting account of society in France during the same period; but rather than abridge or analyze it, we shall extract the judicious and correct statement which our author gives of a very important subject—the differences of the French and English national character, as exemplified in the civil and military transactions of the two countries in these times of trouble.

'The difference of national character is perhaps nowhere more strongly marked than in the motives and conduct of the contemporary civil wars of France and England. The Fronde was directed entirely against individual character—our Rebellion against princi-

ples of government. Both may be said to have failed in their object, the one by the establishment in power of Cardinal Mazarin, the other by the Restoration of Charles II. But the war against principles had served to develop the human mind, and to throw light on the real end and only true means of government. The war against individual character had debased the mind, and given expansion, only, to private pique and hatred. It took away all dignity of motive, and all shame of abandoning or supporting leaders, except as they rose or fell with the wheel of fortune. The Parliament of Paris, after having put a price on the head of Mazarin in 1653, publicly harangued him as the saviour of the state in 1660, without any other change in circumstances than his having established his authority. By this conduct they lost the power ever to do more than make useless remonstrances against measures which they had neither the right to oppose, nor the virtue to control.

‘But the Parliament of England, which had defended five of its members from the King himself in person, when coming to seek their punishment in 1642, preserved and developed within it the seeds of that power, which, in 1676, voted the exclusion of the only brother of the reigning King from the succession to the throne, and, in 1688, spoke the voice of the nation in declaring that brother for ever an alien to that throne, of which he had proved himself unworthy.

‘Nor is the difference of the two national characters less remarkable in the conduct than in the motive of their civil commotions.

‘With us, the troops were enlisted, not as the follower of such or such a leader, but called on to defend by arms, in the last resort, a solemn league and covenant between the governors and the governed, which they had all individually sworn to observe and to maintain. The few followers who surrounded the standard of the unfortunate monarch, when first erected against such opponents, proved how entirely a conviction of the identity of their own rights, with those they were called on to assert, was necessary to bring them into action.

‘The great Condé, and the still greater Turenne, while enlisting troops, throwing themselves into fortresses, and making treaties with Spain to expel a powerful minister the moment he opposed their individual pretensions, appear to the unprejudiced eyes of posterity merely employing a morbid activity to get possession of power which they knew no more than their opponent how to use. All idea of bettering the condition of the country was alike out of the question on either side. Nor were these leading personages, in fact, better informed of their real interest and real duties, or less vulgarly ignorant of every principle of civil liberty, on which they supposed themselves acting, than the lowest follower of their camp.’—vol. i., p. 108—111.

It is no small praise to Miss Berry, that

in these passages she anticipated so much of what has since been exhibited and expounded more fully in the historical pages of M. de St. Aulaire and Lord Mahon.

The sketch which is subjoined of the female society in the two countries is exceedingly entertaining, and fully proves the contrast between the two to be in this particular much greater than even that of their respective statesmen, and courtiers, and churchmen. The Duchess de Longueville here, of course, occupies a large space: in fact she is treated of with disproportioned fulness, and even minuteness, as Buckingham had been in the English chapters. The same want of keeping may be charged upon the length of the dramatic criticism, and the comparative view of the Irish and English theatres; but it has a redeeming virtue in the accuracy of its description and the unbiassed fairness of the judgments pronounced. It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable portions of the work before us.

The era of the Revolution and the subsequent reigns of Queen Anne and the two first Brunswick princes, afford the materials for copious and interesting sketches, both of a general kind and of individuals whose eminent qualities affected the state of society; and here our principal fault with this essay is to be found. The account is quite accurate, and is both distinctly and luminously given, of the low state into which the arts fell under princes so little capable of appreciating their value as our illustrious deliverer and his very submissive but little significant consort, and her dull though worthy sister, with whom we may justly in this particular class the two first Georges. The description of society, too—correct, unenlightened, unrelieved, unvariegated, sombre—is well, if it is somewhat succinctly given; and it forms a great contrast to the political features of the age, full of what the newspaper language of our day—borrowed from novels, and mixed with slip-slop, any thing but English—terms ‘stirring,’—marked by public violence, by foreign wars and civil strife, and even in peace full of factious broils and tainted with parliamentary corruption. ‘*Plenum variis casibus, atrox praeliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.*’ But our objection lies to the individual portraiture and to the principle upon which the author has confined her pencil to those traits which she conceives alone belonged to their social intercourse. Thus, she appears to have thought that we had only to contemplate

the great writers of the English Augustan age (as it is called, we think with her, somewhat affectedly), in respect of their character, and especially their manners and their currency as members of society; their good or bad lives might influence it by way of example; their social powers might diversify it and variegate its aspect; but their immortal writings she seems to consider as almost wholly foreign to her purpose. Hence it is that hardly any note is taken of Pope, while of Swift an elaborate and most unfavorable character is given, entering into his conduct towards Stella and Vanessa with much particularity; while for aught that appears in her pages, Pope might never have written the 'Dunciad' or translated Homer, nor Swift given to the world the immortal 'Travels of Gulliver.' Indeed, but for a stray allusion to the 'Essay on Man,' rather in reference to Bolingbroke, its suggester, than to its author, neither Pope might have been supposed a poet or an author at all, nor Swift anything but an Irish parson and an ill-user of two unfortunate women. This silence on authors, as such, is, moreover, not sustained consistently and throughout; for the greatest pains are bestowed upon dramatic writers, the stage, and its actors, as if society took much of its color from this department of literature, and none at all from other compositions, except in so far as their authors mixed in social intercourse; and, indeed, another exception is made in favor of Bolingbroke, whose whole character, literary and political, as well as social, is somewhat largely dwelt upon. We hold it to be quite clear that there is the greatest fallacy in this classification. Swift's personal manners and demeanor in company could exercise very little influence on society at large; his concealed habits, whether amorous, or avaricious, or capricious, could exercise none at all; while his writings must needs have produced, as they still do produce, a great effect upon the intellect, the taste, the language, and, generally, the condition of England.

The French history and description during the period to which our remarks are applicable—the latter portion of Louis XIV.'s, the Regency, and the whole of his successor's reign—is rich in various instruction and amusement. The account of the Regent's licentious life is, perhaps, too little relieved with the set-off which should have been admitted of the vast benefits conferred upon his country and upon

Europe by his steady love of peace and his excellent administration—the results of his great, and, indeed, brilliant talents. But, in general, the whole of this part of the work is executed with ample knowledge of the subject, as well as with most exemplary fairness. The account of Louis XIV. and of Madame de Maintenon is admirable; the lesser figures of the group, both in their time and in that of his grandson, are given with spirit and with truth. So are the Voltaire and the Rousseau—if a little too much is made of the more than half-mad, more than half-bad Jean Jacques. One only error we can think the author has fallen into. She catches at a publication by Voltaire's *valet de chambre*, (Longchamp,) in order to expose, not so much his master's weaknesses as those of his celebrated, but very unamiable friend, Madame du Chatelet. Now, this is really a kind of evidence so tainted that in the courts of literature it should be held inadmissible, as in the courts of law it is, generally speaking, held unworthy of credit. The peace and the safety of 'Social Intercourse' depends upon this rule being held nearly inflexible; and we lament that the able and just historian of that intercourse should have committed a breach of it, probably through inadvertence to the principle which we have just ventured to lay down.

The author approaches to our own times, and gives a strongly-drawn, though not at all exaggerated picture of the Revolution in 1789. We gladly cite a passage in which profound sense is conveyed in striking language:—

'No wonder that a proud and high-spirited people should wish to shake off any part of the weight of degradation which fell on the whole nation during the three long years of the Reign of Terror. No wonder that they wish to confine the atrocities and the follies (for they remained inseparable) which stain this disgraceful period to a few individuals, sold to foreign influence, and the general acquiescence of the country to a combination of circumstances. This combination will be found to resolve itself into what we have already mentioned as the more than efficient causes of the national disgrace,—the previously degraded political existence of a people remarkable for the quickness and mobility of their feelings, and the talents and ambition of the middle orders of society, who, unprepared by any previous education for the exercise of civil liberty, found themselves suddenly in possession of absolute power. This quickness and mobility of feeling, which often originated, and in every instance increased the evils of

the Revolution, was likewise the cause of those sudden and momentary returns to humanity which sometimes illumed the blackest periods of its history. Some bold reply, some flash of heroism, struck the giddy minds of their murderous mobs, or more murderous juries, and gave them back for a moment to mercy, although not to common sense.

'The same habits of thoughtlessness came to the aid of their oppressed victims. In the crowded prisons and houses of detention, where the fatal sledges came every day to take a part of their inhabitants to the certain death then implied by trial before the revolutionary tribunal, the remaining inmates diverted their attention from their own impending fate, and from that of their companions, by making epigrams on their persecutors, by music meetings, by singing, and every other amusement of which a large society was capable.

'This animal courage, for surely it deserves no better name, has been celebrated by their writers more than it would seem to deserve. One of their historians, the most devoted to what was then nick-named liberty, himself an agent and a victim of the demagogues of the day, after coolly reporting contemporary horrors, seems to be insensible of the character he imposes on his country, when he says, "*Le peuple prisonnier, ou non, mais asservi sous une tyrannie épouvantable, sembloit jouir avec ses chaînes. On le forçoit, pour ainsi dire, à rire de son esclavage.*"* A nation which plays with its chains, and laughs at its own slavery, has much to learn and much to suffer before it can be capable of freedom. Had we laughed at ship-money, and satisfied ourselves with epigrams on the five members of the House of Commons demanded by Charles I., he would have reigned in uncontrolled power. Had we taken Cromwell's major-generals and military division of the country as a joke, we, like France, might have been liable to the prolonged establishment of a military despotism. Had we trifled and diverted ourselves with the awkward strides of James to arbitrary power, we should never have attained the honor of resisting that power, which all but crushed Europe under the iron arm of Buonaparte.'—vol. i. pp. 327-329.

Although in all other parts of her work Miss Berry has cautiously avoided political matters, she possibly may be thought to have made one exception to this rule of abstinence imposed upon herself, in giving a sketch of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, of the policy which the former supported, and of the personal qualities and social habits of the latter. This account is by no means to be charged with partiality beyond what the writer's honest opinions would naturally, almost unavoidably occasion, for nothing can be more free, indeed more severe,

* Dulaure, *Esquisses Historiques*, tome iv. p. 69.

than her condemnation of Mr. Fox's dissipated life, and its fatal effects upon his public influence and his whole success as a candidate for the direction of state affairs. Yet are there such errors in the view of Mr. Pitt as cannot be ascribed to difference of political party, but must be set down to the score of mere mistake. Thus besides saying that he was prime minister at the age of twenty-three (vol. i. p. 343), whereas he was nearly in his twenty-sixth year, that is, he was within a month or two of being twenty-five completé, she represents him as never having seen anything of the continent, his travels being confined to the road between Downing-street and Holwood (ib. p. 345); whereas he had resided many months in France, where he and Mr. Wilberforce travelled together, visiting the court and the capital after a considerable sojourn at Rheims. He was then of matured age and faculties, having been in Parliament some years, and filled for some months the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne's government. No one can doubt that he was more likely, with his sober temperament and reflecting habits, in such circumstances to profit much more by his continental excursion than his great rival did by a longer residence in Italy, when only seventeen, and immersed in the dissipation begun at his first visit to the continent with his father when only fourteen, and before he had left Eton. But again our author is wholly wrong in supposing that Mr. Pitt was himself friendly to an anti-revolutionary war with France. It is certain that he dreaded the effects of that both there and here, nor would he have been driven to it but for the atrocious acts of the Convention in contempt of the rights of independent nations, combined perhaps, and co-operating with the all but universal feeling so strongly excited in this country, and especially in the upper and middle classes, of alarm for the safety of our institutions, menaced by the anarchy of Paris. Whoever studies Lord Malmesbury's '*Correspondence and Diaries*' will concur in this opinion: we refer to a previous article in this number of our Review. As for the failure of so many coalitions and plans of hostility against the new republic, surely the untried nature of the crisis, in which Mr. Pitt consulted for England and for Europe, makes it exceedingly rash to pronounce that either Mr. Fox or any other statesman would have had better success; while all must admit that the policy of holding out against France and

keeping alive the sacred fire of national independence in Europe, which he pursued steadily under good fortune and under bad, never cast down by multiplied reverses, nor dispirited even by the defection of his well-subsidized allies whose battle he was fighting, merits the praise of the impartial historian, as it merited the success which finally crowned his system.

The Consulship and Empire are described faithfully and graphically. We have only room for one extract more, giving a curious account of society during the short and insecure, though necessary peace of Amiens. We rather cite this, because it is the report of an eye-witness, and it describes a state of things now not believed to have survived the Republic, properly so called:—

‘The exaggerated and impossible equality of the democratical republic of 1793—the profligate and degrading manners of the Directory—the newly acquired power and efforts of Buonaparte to establish a better order of social life—the remnant of the old nobility, who, intrenched in the recesses of the Faubourg St. Germain, had carefully preserved every prejudice, and (as has been justly observed) had neither forgotten nor learnt anything; all these discordant elements, at the peace of Amiens, formed strange and irreconcilable discrepancies in society; while every party still believed its force so nearly poised, that all had hopes of reassuming the dominion they had successively lost. The Republican forms of language, and its calendar, were still in use—were still those of the Government, and of those employed by it. You were invited on a *Quintidi* of such a *Décade* of *Ventose*, or of *Prairial*, to a dinner, or an evening meeting; and you were received in an apartment which bore no mark of change from former monarchical days, excepting the company it contained:—the women in the half-naked costume of Directorial fashion, or the Grecian tuniques and Grecian coiffures of more recent days;—the men in civil uniforms of all sorts, and all colors of embroidery, with which the Directory (to separate themselves from the *bonnet rouge* and the *carmagnole* of the Republicans) had thought proper to decorate themselves and all those put in authority under them. Among these figured the brilliant military costumes of the conquering generals, who had many of them risen from the ranks by merit which fitted them more for distinction on the field of battle than in a drawing-room: the manners of their previous life forsook them not in their peaceful capacity, and the habits of a guard-room followed them into the saloons of Paris.’—vol. ii. pp. 42, 43.

Let us add, what, with all that we before knew, or thought we knew of the subject, we confess was quite new to us. ‘No man, whatever his poverty or station in life,

would condescend to wear the livery of another, and no servant in Paris would accompany his *employer*, for the term of *master* had ceased, otherwise than by walking at his side.’—*Id.* p. 46.

We have left ourselves no room to dwell on the accounts of the Bourbon Restoration, or the chapter on the Revolution of 1830, further than to point out a great exaggeration, the only one we have found in these pleasing and instructive volumes, where mention is made of the proceedings to which the reaction gave rise, after the Hundred Days had been closed with the fight at Waterloo, and the second occupation of Paris had been effected by the allied forces. It is marvellous to find such a statement as that which represents (vol. ii. p. 89) the Assembly of 1815 and 1816 ‘under its constitutional king as almost rivalling the judicial cruelties of the revolutionary tribunals, and the agents it employed, their violence.’ ‘Almost’ is certainly a wide word, and of very great power and application, if it can be used to bring the deeds of that Assembly, little as we are disposed to be its panegyrists, under the same class with the wholesale murders of 1794, when fifty or sixty victims were condemned to death in a day, and the *Carrières*, the *Collots*, the *Billauds*, made the rivers flow with blood, and pointed the civic artillery against the second city of France.

The Life of Rachael Lady Russell is the most important piece added to this edition; it is a republication. The comedy of ‘The Fashionable Friends,’ acted for some nights and withdrawn, is published now for the first time; as is the ‘Defence of Lord Orford’ (Horace Walpole) against the attacks of a critic in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ whose knowledge of that celebrated person was as correct as his information respecting the history of the sciences; representing the author of the best letters in our language, one of its most powerful tragedies, one of its most original romances, as a person, ‘whose thoughts were made up of affectation, and would be reduced to nothing were that taken away,’ and asserting as a thing admitted, that France received directly from us all great discoveries in physics, metaphysics, political economy; the country of Lavoisier, Berthollet, Clairaut, D’Alembert, La Grange, Laplace, Quesnai,* having made none. The defence

* The father of the new system, to whom Adam Smith had intended to dedicate his ‘Wealth

of her deceased and steadily attached friend by Miss Berry does honor to her heart. If she leans too exclusively to the favorable side, we cannot quarrel with that in the lady who herself will always form the most delightful feature in the retrospect of Horace Walpole's career. His approbation of her is a grand redeeming point—it is in his letters to her that we have the most agreeable glimpses of his inner man. It is a passage in both their lives which beautifully exhibits the high sense of honor in the one, and may justly give pause to all who have thought with unmixed severity of the other, that when the Earl laid his coronet at her feet, she refused to be a countess because their ages were so unequal, and that he continued his respectful devotion to her after this offer had been declined.

The republication of the *Life of Madame du Deffand* leads us only to observe that the friendship for Lord Orford, that lady's oldest and most attached associate, also prompted this Essay in all probability—certainly blinded its amiable writer to many an unamiable trait in that clever, hard, selfish person's character, more especially to her detestable treatment of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, of which no adequate defence, or even explanation, is or can be given.

We need not sum up our review of this interesting work by general reflections, having prefaced it with a general description of its merits. But the reader who may have honored us with a perusal of these pages will now be better prepared to admit that our eulogy was not founded on fanciful notions, or on any other ground than the great and rare merits of the book, as well as of its accomplished and virtuous author.

THE PLEASURES OF GRUMBLING.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LORD NORTH once excused the imposition of an additional duty upon some article of general consumption, because, as he said, nobody would begrudge the payment of an

of Nations.' Miss Berry, however, is herself rather unlucky in classing Chaptal as a discoverer (vol. i. p. 304), and in describing 'the analyzation of air, begun by Priestly and Black, as first applied to aërostation in France.' (*ib.*)

additional halfpenny in the pound for the pleasure of abusing the minister. And the plea showed a thorough knowledge of nature—at least of English human nature. We are, without dispute, a grumbling people. We are as fond of a grumble as of roast beef. Both are indigenous products of the soil—both grand characteristics of the people. Not that we are discontented—nothing of the sort. Not that our grumbling is ill-conditioned—it is the nature of the animal. It is one of our prime wants—not to say chief luxuries. We could not be perfectly satisfied with any state that afforded us no opportunity for indulging our favorite propensity. Every evil has a bright side—and the bright side of half our evils is the opportunity they afford to the grumbler.

It will be observed, that it is generally the mere *petites misères* of humanity which we grumble at. There is no grumbling at a great misfortune. We grumble the more, the more comfortable we are—just because the intensity of the pleasure we enjoy excites a yearning for something more exquisite still. Refinement makes us sensitive. We should be much more likely to grumble for claret—were we put upon a regimen in which port formed the most delicate beverage allowed—than were we absolutely to be confined to Barclay and Perkins.

Again—a man will grumble excessively should his boots be sent home a misfit, who would be a perfect model of resignation were his leg to be cut off. He will grumble more earnestly at the discomfort of his toes—than at their loss altogether. A gentleman tumbles into the river—he is fished out nine parts dead—and—if the light the Royal Humane Society is at such trouble in spreading upon the subject be not clear in the pericraniums of his savers,—he is hung up by the heels, as an antidote to the effects of his ducking. Suppose him to recover this course of treatment, he is as meek and thankful as a man can be. How he will grumble and sulk if he is caught in a shower of rain, and his new beaver damped.

It is your well-fed, comfortable fellow who grumbles most. After Paddy has floored his friends from love at Donnybrook, he is as happy as a grig upon potatoes and salt—or the still greater because more imaginative delicacy of potatoes and point. He grumbles neither over the one or the other. The canny Scot changes his oatmeal for something better as soon as he

can, but even after the step is effected—when rolls take the place of bannocks, and anchovy toast of porridge—he grumbleth not, nor turneth up his nose at the remembrance of his former fare. On the contrary, he lauds it—he proves it to be the very best sort of food a man can have set before him—he expatiates on its excellence—is eloquent on its thousand good qualities—in short, he does every thing he can to establish its virtues—but eat it!

Your true Englishman is a very different sort of animal. Were he kept to herrings or oatmeal—great would be the grumble. When he is promoted to something better, he grumbles for another step—when he gets it, he is all agog for a still further elevation—and at length were you to set him down to the very best dinner in *rerum natura*, he would grumble at *rerum natura* for not affording a better one. If he cannot grumble with his beef, it is hard if he cannot be indignant with his mustard. “A capital dinner,” you remark. “Capital—really good—but the waiting—disgusting.”

Now there is not a particle of carping, cynical ill-nature in all this. Nine times out of ten a man grumbles from habit. Did he think the muttered expression of his dissatisfaction would hurt a living being—no one readier to give a gulp and swallow it. But, in fact, he grumbles without being dissatisfied. He grumbles not to injure another—but to relieve himself. He grumbles as a sailor swears, not that he means any thing serious by it, but because he rather likes it, and it is a style of expression which every one around makes use of. He grumbles, too, not because a thing is bad, but because it is not better. He grumbles that the positive is not the comparative—the comparative not the superlative—and the superlative not something more superlative still. He grumbles because he has not something better than he has it—if he had it not at all, he would probably strive only to get it. He quarrels with his bread and butter, but if he had no bread and butter, he would not quarrel—and although he does quarrel with it—he takes care to eat it.

Viewed in this light, grumbling proves a high stage in civilization, as well as a peculiar phase of national character. Comfort begets comfort—refinement produces refinement, and grumbling is the process of their elimination. We suspect that there was very little grumbling among our

forefathers when ochre was the rouge in use, and sheepskins the dress-coats. Instead of grumbling if any thing did not exactly suit their tastes, they probably dispatched the offender at once if they could—or were dispatched by him for the attempt if they could not. Savages cannot comprehend the pleasure of the civilized grumble—they only understand the war-whoop. Marvellously uncomfortable must have been our ancestors’ steel garments—extremely unpleasant must it have been to live like the genii picked up by the fisherman—ensconced in an iron pot—or a series of pots and magnified steel-purses. An existence more free than easy must it have been to scour over the country—fighting with every other unknown iron-bound gentleman you chanced to meet. But we warrant there was little grumbling among the crusaders, and a knight-errant would lay himself down under an oak to ponder upon the charms of his mistress—and probably feel the charms of rheumatism without a muttered syllable of discontent.

We maintain, that the more civilized we get, the more do we grumble for what we have not yet obtained; and, indeed, there seems little doubt that civilization and grumbling will attain their acmé together.

Eating and drinking, as they supply us—let spiritualists say what they may—with some of the pleasantest hours we enjoy, also give rise to the greatest amount of grumbling. If there be any thing over which more pathos is expended than another, it is a bad dinner. An earthquake is talked of—an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, sweeping off half-a-dozen Neapolitan villages in the lava, like flies in treacle, and you reply, “God bless me—very melancholy—very—hum—but ah, by the by, that reminds me—You should have seen, Snobbins, my boy, the dinner that fellow Clumper gave us yesterday. Now, would you believe it, the soup was more than half cold, and—he might say what he liked—but I knew the mutton wasn’t Welsh. It’s horrible to be done in that sort of way—isn’t it now?”

The weather is, of course, an inexhaustible topic for the grumbler, and verily our climate seems to have been given to us to encourage our national propensity. But a true Englishman grumbles as much under Italian skies as groping in a London fog. If he does not find the sky too thick, he may very well quarrel with its clearness. In fact, he would come down several pegs in his own estimation—and very high he

stands in that—were he to acknowledge to himself even that he can find no cause for grumbling. There is a philosophy in finding evil as well as good in every thing—and there is still more philosophy in enjoying the one while you make the other conducive to your enjoyment by grumbling at it.

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity,
saith the poet, and

No day so good, but knows some touch of badness,
saith the grumbler. Was there ever such a thing as an Englishman found acknowledging that the weather was faultless?

"A fine day this, eh, Peterkin?"

"Yes; but the evenings are chilly."

"Magnificent night, ain't it, Thomson?"

"Yes; but it was so hot all day."

"That breeze now—how fresh!"

"Yes; if it wasn't for the dust."

"Well, we shall have a shower soon to lay it, I hope."

"Yes; and to wet us—I wish you would not talk such nonsense."

Now all this time Peterkin and Thomson are enjoying the weather lustily; they only want to excite some sort of sympathy for themselves, in order to add to their stock of pleasurable sensation, and they do it by pretending to suffer inconvenience arising from the very source of the enjoyment. They would be apparently much more contented in a simoom in the desert, or a snow-storm in Nova Zembla.

We have all of us heard of being

Lull'd in the rack of a too easy chair,

some of us, moreover, may have felt the torture. The line expresses in a breath the doctrines we have been attempting to lay down. The inconvenience, the complaints, result from the very easiness, the very desire, to do away with inconvenience and complaint. We admire comfort, and the liberty of grumbling we rank as the very essence of the comfortable.

And sometimes the very deficiency in the one is made up for by the license thereby given to the exercise of the other. John Bull goes a-travelling; in France he declaims against dishes—like man—"fearfully and wonderfully made," and against wines, which it is his special delight to characterize as vinegars; his very boots turn up at the toes with indignation at treading on brick floors instead of sinking in Brussels and Kidderminster. So in Spain, John loathes garlic; *olla podrida* is to him a mass

of abomination; the constantly recurring omelette his gorge rises at; he compares mules with locomotives, and muleteers with railway-conductors, and his contempt breaks forth—still he travels. In Italy he grumbles at macaroni; in Germany he is indignant at sourkrout. Every where out of his own little isle of the sea, he finds roads bad, and the animals that run on them worse—hotels execrable, and the animals that run in them more execrable still. Yet he travels, like the prince in the fairy tale, "further, and further, and further than I can tell;" and, if it be not for the pleasure of abusing nine-tenths of every thing he meets, one very much wonders why he travels at all. Any less grumbling people, finding less comfort abroad than at home, would naturally stay at home. Not so John, he finds more to grumble at abroad than he does at home, therefore he naturally goes abroad. Were he seated amid all the gods on high Olympus, with Venus to flirt with, and Apollo to chat with, and Momus to laugh with, he would complain of the unpleasantness of lying in damp clouds, and start grave doubts as to whether the nectar above was better than the old crusted port below, of course giving the preference as naturally to the latter as on this "dim speck, which men call earth," he would award it to the former, for the precise reason that here he can't get it.

One source of grumbling not to be lost sight of in this grave treatise, is that which is supplied by our own feelings of self-importance, and innate dignity. People think it beneath them to be too easily pleased; they are not the sort of folks that any thing will do for—not they, and they seek to prove by grumbling at what they have, the superior quality of what they ought to have. How many are there who are nothing if not critical, but it is not their discernment that makes them spy faults, it is the wish to be thought to have discernment. Talent is proved in their estimation by fault-finding: they grumble over a work of art, not so much to show what a stupid fellow the author is, as what clever fellows they are for having found out his short comings. Goldsmith taught a golden rule to the art-grumblers. "Say that the picture would have been better painted had the painter taken more pains." Safe and sure, no criticism enunciated, no theory advanced, but a grumble successfully achieved. The grumbler thinks that if he professes too much pleasure with a picture

or a statue, he is showing himself to be one of the mere herd, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;" he picks out defects, and upon these stepping-stones, he hopes to spring into the dignity of knowledge and ability. Your regular professed grumbler—the cream and quintessence of the worthy folks alluded to by Lord North—is generally a gentleman inclined to be stout, and partial to a snooze after dinner. He is probably beginning to exhibit the increasing belly and the decreasing leg. He affectionates ample folds of broad cloth—is curious in the matter of worsted comforters for keeping his throat warm, and small India-rubber boots for keeping his feet dry. He is a comfortable man—very precise and regular in his habits—and has a comfortable house—with every thing in it as precise and regular as himself. He hath no great misfortunes to bewail:—consequently he grumbles at the *petites misères*. His very comfort turns into the serpent that stings him. He is perpetually finding out subjects for pathetic complaint. If he be not eloquent upon the dust in the streets, he will be overpowering upon the mud. The weather always seems to be engaged in a conspiracy against him.

The east wind he holds to be the ring-leader. He is persuaded that it was only created to waft rheumatism on its wings, and keep up the average supply of sciatica. If, however, the weather be still, and close, and hot, he knows very well that fever is brewing—he is sure of it, mark his words—nothing else can be expected from this confounded choky day. If he goes out without his umbrella and the clouds gather and the rain falls, he is almost speechless with indignation. It is always so, always his luck—were he to have encumbered himself with a great awkward umbrella, the rain would never have thought of coming on—never. To hear him you would suppose that the clerk of the weather office was a real personage—that he and the grumbler had quarrelled in their youth—and that the official in question, being of a spiteful turn of mind, had never forgotten the old grudge.

Our grumbler walks about a good deal, and comes home laden with grievances. You are perfectly astonished at the number of times he has been "within an ace of being run over" by the stupidity of omnibus men:—never of course by his own. Besides, he can make your hair stand on end with narratives of the attempted impositions of cabmen. He never hailed a hackney coach in his long life, the driver of which, by his own account, did not try to cheat him. The grumbler is a mighty discoverer of grievances. He invented the word nuisance. He is perpetually discovering new nuisances, and perpetually wondering what the authorities are about.—There are the smoke nuisance—the street band nuisance—the iron hoop nuisance—the no thoroughfare nuisance—the omnibus nuisance—the fruit-selling nuisance—the lucifer nuisance—the orange-peel nuisance, *cum multis aliis*.

His having unluckily on one occasion tumbled over a bit of the latter slippery, yellow abomination was a perfect god-send to him. He spoke of nothing else for a month. He inveighed against the sinfulness of orange-sucking—thought government should prohibit the introduction of such raw material for nuisance, or that the Azores should be ignominiously scuttled in the Western Ocean. The grumbler rarely goes out that he does not come home to dinner with a perfectly new and original nuisance, which he develops in all its enormity over the soup—discusses in all its collateral bearings over the fish—points out plans for its abolition over the roast, and inveighs against its originators while he is dispatching the pudding. The grumbler loves to grumble in print. He is perpetually teasing newspaper editors with his sufferings and his wrongs. He frequently concludes his epistle by indignantly asking what the police are about? Nobody ever tells him. He likes twanging Latin names for signatures—sometimes he is *Investigator*—anon he changes to *Denunciator*—now he takes the character *Clericus*, grumbling ecclesiastically—again we find him as *Vindex*—often as *Judex*. Proteus-like, he slips from the syllables of *Probitas* into the letters of *Civis*—from *Aruspex* to *Amicus*. Sometimes, however, he is content with plain English, and is generally allowed to be the original "Father of a Family." The ordinary grumblers are mere "Constant Readers" and "Subscribers."

Nothing is too remote for the grumbler to be displeased with. From the state of the pump in the next street but one, he comments upon the oscillations of the planetary system; he has been heard indignant at the sun for the impropriety of having spots upon his face, and thinks the moon would be much more useful were she always to keep full.

And so he goes on—leading on the whole a tranquil life—exercising himself by grumbling as doctors tell us infants do by crying—never very seriously incommoded by any thing—but always making himself appear a little incommoded with every thing. Yet in the main he is good natured and sleek; but his good nature and sleekness are clothed with grumbling as with a garment. He receives, and grumbles at the smallness—pays, and grumbles at the largeness, of the amount. Grumbling is his employment, as well as his amusement. His life is one eternal grumble—he is born and grumbles—lives and grumbles—dies, and,—then and not till then—grumbles no more.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE HAMAIYARIC AND ETHIOPIC ALPHABETS.

From the Asiatic Journal.

The accompanying paper, by James Bird, Esq., which was read before the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and which will appear in the next number of its Journal, is forwarded to the *Asiatic Journal* in the belief that it will interest its readers.

IN making public translations of the Hamaiyaric inscriptions from Aden and Saba, it was my intention to reserve a consideration of the question, "whether this alphabet be of Greek or Semitic origin," till a more convenient opportunity might permit me to analyze the character of individual letters. My public engagements will not, however, at present admit the execution of this plan, and I am, therefore, obliged to submit an imperfect outline of my opinion on the subject, in deference to the advice of a friend, who suggested the propriety of publishing, along with translations of the inscriptions, an alphabet of the character. At no distant period I will resume the subject of the Hamaiyaric and Ethiopic alphabets, and endeavor to show that the former had its origin from the ancient Phœnician, made apparent by the accurate researches of the learned Gesenius; and that the latter differs not materially from the former, except in having adopted the system of seven Greek vowels, expressed by particular marks and modifications of the letters in the first column, which, Dr. Wall remarks, has been termed Ghiz, or 'the free,' in order to mark its pre-eminence; because the letters are not restricted to particular vowel terminations, but constituted the entire system when the Bible was translated from Greek

into Ethiopic, and the Abyssinians, converted to Christianity, in the time of Frumentius, received the Greek Scriptures, between A. D. 325 and 335.

The Syrian, like the Hebrew and Phœnician, consists of an alphabet of twenty-two letters, written from right to left; which are either separate or joined with the preceding or succeeding characters; but the Hamaiyaric of inscriptions, found on the coast of Southern Arabia, has, on the contrary, an alphabet of twenty-five, if not twenty-six letters, written from left to right; for it is probable that further research will discover that the Hamaiyaric embraces the whole twenty-six letters, composing the alphabet of the Ghiz, or modern Ethiopic. The scheme and arrangement of the latter, called, from two syllables of the series belonging to its first letter, *Ho He Ya T*, differs from that of the Phœnician and Hebrew, which commences with *Aleph* and *Bet*; but an inspection of the alphabetical table will render evident to the most unlearned observer, that the names of twenty-two letters in modern Ethiopic, corresponding in character with the Hamaiyaric of inscriptions from Arabia, and the Ethiopic of inscriptions from Axum and Tigree, differ in no respect from the names and power of the twenty-two Phœnician and Samaritan Hebrew letters from which they were derived. In some of the inscriptions, copied by Messrs. Hulton and Smith, from the neighborhood of the Bedwin town of Dhees, distant only four hours from Ras Sherma, on the southern coast of Arabia, the following letters, *Bet*, *Waw*, and *Mai*, retain their original Phœnician character.

The names of the Hamaiyaric letters, corresponding as they do with those of the Hebrew and Phœnician, obviously indicate its Semitic origin; and no doubt can exist that these constitute the character anciently known among the Arabs as *Al Musnad*, or the 'propped;' being in many cases not materially different from the Hebrew and Syriac characters, having only the addition of foot-props. This and other forms of the Arabic alphabet, including the Kufic, were borrowed from the Phœnician and Hebrew letters that were in current use among the Jews from the second century before Christ to the seventh of the Christian era. Michaelis, in his *Grammatica Syriaca*, pp. 22, 23, correctly asserts, "*Quo tempore Arabes a Syris literas sumserunt mutuas, quod factum est Muhammedis ætate, seculo septimo incunte aut paulo antea, tres modò vocales*

habuisse Syros necesse est, tot enim ab illis acceperunt Arabes, Fatha, Kesre, Damma, quas et Cuphica jam scriptio habuit; totidemque vocales, literis ipsis inneras Sabiorum seu Galalæorum alphabetum habet. The Hamaiyarc, like the character of the Palmyrene inscriptions, seems altogether deficient in vowel signs, which, as Dr. Wall satisfactorily shows, were not in use when the Septuagint version of the Bible was made; all the letters of the Hebrew text being, at this time, employed as signs of syllables, beginning with consonants and ending with vowels.* The letters of the alphabet were all consonantal, inclusive of *ع, ا, ي* of the Arabic, or the *Ain, Alif, Waw* and *Yod*, of the Hebrew and Syriac, which were termed quiescent in the pointed texts of the Bible; but were afterwards employed as vowel signs, as seen, from the Hamaiyarc inscriptions, by a comparison of these with the corresponding words in Arabic. The Syrians had at first only three vowels, corresponding to the same in Arabic; but, as the literati advanced in translating the Bible and other works into Greek, they endeavored to express all the sounds of the proper Greek name, substituting at first five Greek vowels, and subsequently carrying them as far as seven; † which number was also adopted by the Ethiopians on the transfer of the Hamaiyarc character to the shores of Axum. The quiescent letters of both the Arabic and Ethiopic alphabets possess no sound in themselves, till animated by points; and the *Waw*, on the coins of the Maccabees, or the Hebrew *Waw* so modified, is found to retain this character in some other inscriptions, such as the Bactrian Pali, from Shah Baz Ghari; which, as can be clearly shown, has a kindred origin with the Pehlvi writing on the Persian monuments of Nakhshi Rustam, Nakhshi Rajib, and Takhti Bustan, and are closely allied to letters of the Palmyrene inscriptions; of which the first dates not earlier than the year 135 of our era. The opinion of Dr. Wall, therefore, "that it was from reading Greek that the Jews learned the use of vowel signs, and in consequence applied three of their letters occasionally to

this use, precisely in the same manner as the cognate letters were afterwards employed in unpointed Syriac, and are, at this moment, employed in unpointed Arabic,"* is so consonant to truth and the practice followed in the Hamaiyarc inscriptions from Southern Arabia, as to bring home to us conviction that, while the Hamaiyarc is a derivative from Phœnician, it at the same time employed four additional characters to express the Greek consonantal sounds of *Zeta ζ, Eta η, Pi π, Psi ψ*, as apparent in the comparison made of the several alphabets. Along with this adoption of Greek vowels and additional consonantal characters, the Hamaiyarc and Ethiopic alphabets use, as numbers, certain figures derived from the numerical system of Greek letters.

If the opinions regarding the origin of the Hamaiyarc and Ethiopic alphabets be correct, and of which I entertain not a doubt, it will follow, as a matter of course, that the Hamaiyarc inscriptions from Aden should be read from left to right, like modern Ethiopic; and made use of diacritical points, such as appear to have been introduced into Syriac by the Nestorian Christians. The Ethiopic inscriptions, on the reverse of the Greek tablet, at Axum, published in Mr. Salt's Voyage to Abyssinia, and written in precisely the same character as the Hamaiyarc of Southern Arabia, read from left to right, and record that John, Bishop of Ethiopia, taught from the neighborhood of the river (Nile) the Sabeans of Hazramaa. He is the same John who was sent, as appears, into Ethiopia, during the reign of the Emperor Justin, A. D. 521, in order to settle the Christian faith of that country, and was accompanied by several missionary assistants. This and other facts give probability to the opinion that the Hamaiyarc of inscriptions, in Southern Arabia, are of comparatively modern origin, and cannot, at the utmost, have an antiquity beyond two hundred years before the birth of Christ; when, on the coins of the Maccabees, we find many Hebrew letters cognate with those of the Hamaiyarc inscriptions. The language of those now translated is a mixture of Ghiz and modern Arabic; and as the adjectives found in the inscriptions are formed on the principles of Ethiopic grammar, while the preposition *Ba*, used both in Persian and Ethiopic, is found in them, it must necessarily follow

* Examination of the ancient orthography of the Jews, and of the original state of the text of the Hebrew Bible, by Charles William Wall, D. D., Professor of Hebrew in the University of Dublin, vol. ii. p. 271.

† *Grammatica Syriaca Joannis Davidis Michaelis*, p. 24, et *Bibliotheca Orientalis Assemani*, tom. i. p. 522.

* Wall's Examination of Jewish Orthography, vol. ii. p. 221.

hat these inscriptions can be but little anterior to the commencement of the Christian era, and are, in all probability, several centuries after it, when the Hamaiyarc sprung from the Phœnician, altered to express Greek vowels and proper names.

The comparatively modern origin of the Hamaiyarc alphabet may be also deduced from what we know regarding the origin of the Coptic, which cannot be traced back further than the first century of our era, though the language itself existed at an earlier period. When the early Christians translated the Bible into Coptic, the versions of it from the Septuagint were written from left to right; and where Coptic sounds could not be expressed by Greek letters of similar force, additional Coptic letters were used. In this manner seven additional Coptic characters were added to the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet; exhibiting, in this respect, a remarkable similarity with the practice pursued in the Hamaiyarc characters, and in the translation of the Scriptures from Greek into the Ethiopic. We not only observe this analogy between the systems of the two alphabets, but can distinguish an almost identity of character between the seven additional letters of the Coptic alphabet and those similar found in Ethiopic. The following seven letters, not in the Greek alphabet, or *sh, f, k, h, z, s, ti*, will, on a comparison with the alphabetical table of the Hamaiyarc, be found to be almost identical in character.

The Semitic origin of the Hamaiyarc letters, and their derivation from the Phœnician, may be yet further accounted for by what Masudi, in his *Golden Meadows*, and other Arabic historians, relate, that the descendants of Khatan or Yoktan, inhabiting southern Arabia, used the *Suryani*, or Syriac language, previous to the amalgamation of the several dialects now constituting the Arabic language, which probably derived its title, posterior to the Exodus, from the Hebrew ערב, *Arab*, signifying a mixed people. Philostorgius further relates that Syrians were settled in the neighborhood of the Ethiopic Ocean, "*Ad maris rubri, inquit, exteriorum sinum, in sinistro latere, degunt Axumitæ, ex vocabulo metropolis ita appellati: urbium enim caput Auxumis dicitur. Ante hos autem Auxumitas, Orientem versus, ad extimum pertingentes Oceanum, occolent Syri, ab eorum quoque regionum incolis ita dicti. Etenim Alexander Macedo eos ex Syria abductos, illic collocavit: qui quidem patriæ Syrorum lingua etiam-*

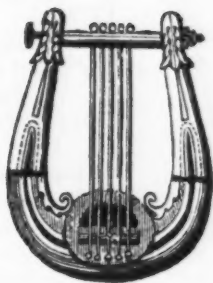
num utuntur;" and Strabo notices that, towards Arabia Felix, in the Indian Ocean, there were colonies of Sidonians, Syrians, and people of the island of Arwad.*

I must, therefore, dissent from an opinion expressed in a late publication on the historical geography of Arabia, that the Hamaiyarc characters only consist of twenty letters, or can be the first alphabet of mankind.† Mr. Forster terminates his observations with this remarkable conclusion: "There is every moral presumption to favor the belief, that, in the Hisn Ghorab inscriptions, we recover the alphabet of the world before the Flood:" but neither palæography nor philology will bear him out in so unphilosophical a conclusion. I may briefly recapitulate the chief points which argue against the correctness of his interpretation of the Aden, Hisn Ghorab, and Nakab-al-Hajar inscriptions: 1st. The Hamaiyarc inscriptions on the coast of Southern Arabia are precisely in the same character as the Ethiopic inscriptions found on the opposite coast of Axum, and on the reverse of the Greek tablet there; which dates not earlier than the fourth century of our era. 2d. The existence in Hamaiyarc of three quiescent letters used by the Syriac as vowels, and the change of *Ain* into *a, i, or u*, a practice which had not existence prior to the commencement of the Christian era.— 3d. The striking similarity between the *ancient* Hamaiyarc and alphabetic characters of the *modern* Ethiopic, which had not an antiquity greater than the time of Frumentius; while the probability is, that it is considerable later, or about A. D. 508, while Philoxenus translated the Scriptures into Syriac, and adopted the system of the Greek vowels. 4th. The introduction into Hamaiyarc of three, if not four, additional letters to express Greek sounds, which differed from those of the Hebrew or Phœnician. 5th. The figure of a *cross* accompanies most of the inscriptions from southern Arabia, and is very apparent below the Hisn Ghorab inscription, indicating its comparatively recent and Christian character. Such seem to me strong reasons for differing from Mr. Forster, and from his system of reading the inscriptions from right to left, instead of from left to right, as in modern Ethiopic.

At some future time I will return to this subject.

* *Bibliotheca Orientalis Assemani*, tom. iv. p. 603.

† The Historical Geography of Arabia, by the Rev. Chas. Forster, B. D. vol. ii. p. 408.



FROM SHAKSPEARE'S ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

See Plate.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were lovesick with them : the oars
were silver ;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As anorous of their strokes. For her own per-
son,
It beggared all description : she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy outwork nature ; on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings ; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

THE VIOLET'S WELCOME.

THE world hath a welcome yet for thee,
Thou earliest born of flowers !—
Though many a golden hope was gone,
And dream that lighted her rosy dawn,
Ere the toil of these latter days came on ;
And her weary children's steps have strayed
From their first green dwelling, in the shade
Of Eden's blessed bowers,
Too far to find on our earth a track
That yet might guide the wanderers back.

But still from her bright youth's memory comes
A voice to welcome thee :
It sounds in the song of the early bird,
Through waking woods by the south winds
stirred,
When the steps of the coming Spring are heard ;

It bursts from the heart of childhood, clear
As a stream from its native fount, that ne'er
Was aught but bright and free,
And feared no future winter's frost,
Nor the sands where mightier waves were lost.

And we, who look from the lattice pane
Or the lowly cottage door,
On lengthening eves and budding trees,—
As comes thy breath on the day's last breeze,
Bringing its dew-like memories
To the heart of toil and the brow of care,
Through the clouds which time hath gathered
there,
From green haunts sought no more,
But ever known by the light that lies
Upon them from life's morning skies,—

We know thy home, where the waving fern
With the moss-clad fountain chimes ;
But we greet thee not with the joy of yore,
When our souls went forth to meet thee, o'er
Far hills which the earliest verdure wore :—
We have hoped in many a spring since then,
But they never brought to our hearts again
Those vanished violet times,
With their blooms, which it seemed no blight
could mar,—
The early shed and the scattered far !

Gather them back, ye mighty years,
That bring the woods their leaves !—
Back from life's unreturning streams—
Back from the graves that haunt our dreams,
And the living lost, from whose lips our names
Have passed—as the songs of greener bowers
And the tones of happier years from ours,—
From all the faith that cleaves
To the broken reeds of this changeeful elime,
Gather them back, restoring Time !

Alas ! the violets may return,
As in Springs remembered long ;
But for us Time's wing can only spread
The snows that long on the heart are shed,
Ere yet their whiteness reach the head !
Thou comest to the waste and wold,
But not, like us, to grow sad and old,—
Wild flower of hope and song !
We bless thee for our childhood's sake,—
For the light of the eyes no more to wake,—
For memories green as a laurel crown,
That link thee to dreams like stars gone down,
And the spots we loved when our love was free,—
Each heart hath a welcome yet for thee !

FRANCES BROWN.

LOOK HOW MY BABY LAUGHS!

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

It is a lovely sight to see
An infant laugh delightedly ;
But lovelier the silent smile
In the rapt mother's eye the while
To mark. The pupils wide dilated
Reveal her heart's intoxicated
With a pleasure inexpressive,
Yet, at the same time, excessive ;
Quite, quite a transcendental joy
At the merriness of that blest boy !

A vision I beheld like this,
And, oh ! methought no terrene bliss
Could ever equal such a scene ;
Nor Cupid and the Paphian queen,
In beauty match the artless pair,
That revell'd in enjoyment there ;
The mother a mere girl indeed—
The babe just from his swaddlings freed—
One as the other, innocent,
An angel o'er a cherub bent.

Her sweet employment a blush brought,
Which must in the moss-rose be sought,
Upon her cheek. A pearlier hue,
Just pencill'd with faint veins of blue,
Her infant's wore,—the stranger sun
Not yet a ruddier tint had won ;
As careless on her lap he sat,
He look'd one DIMPLING heap of fat,
Uniform'd—but beautiful—a thing
Of Carricci's imagining !

Her gorgeous hair, with sportive grace,
She shook in her young upturn'd face ;
The dancing curls, like flashing light,
So radiant—so intensely bright,
He snatch'd, yet his imperfect hold,
Could not retain those threads of gold ;
So, with affected force she drew
The curls from his soft fingers through.
"Look ! how he laughs ! look, only look !"
And then again her curls she shook.

Oh ! magic curls ! Oh ! Beauty's dower !
Awak'ning with enchanting power,
The gladdest laugh in infant mirth,
That e'er resounded from the earth
To the blue skies,—to echoed be
By kindred seraphs pure as he !
It was a picture passing fair,
And, bless'd be God, by no means rare,
For the same ineffable joy
Each mother feels,—and too, her boy.

LET THE DEAD SLUMBER SOFTLY.

LET the dead slumber softly, recall not a name
That breathes to the living an echo of shame ;
If souls must account for the ills they have done,
'Tis sinful to murmur the race they have run !

But, oh ! if their deeds were the sunshine of
life,—

If they lived far apart from seduction and
strife,—

If they charm'd the rude world, and sooth'd
down its pain,—

Oh, name them for ever, again and again !

I love those who lend to their country a charm,
Who can soothe every sorrow and ward off each
harm,

Who can guide through each fierce-rolling tem-
pest that blows

The weak bark of life that is loaded with woes !

Then tell me of those who are offsprings of
Fame,

Who have left in our breasts their endearment
and name ;

These charm'd the cold world and smooth'd
down its pain,

Oh, name them for ever, again and again !

Oh, speak not of tyrants who ruled with the rod ;
Of oppression, that crush'd every flower where it
trod ;

Of minions, who bent low the knee to the same,
And made them more bold in their actions of
shame !

Such men are a curse to the earth we enjoy,
Inventors of discord and friends of alloy ;

So tell me of those who have charm'd all our
pain—

Oh, name them for ever, again and again !

THE BAPTISM AND THE BRIDAL.

BY A DREAMER.

I.

MYSTIC rites are thine, O Death,
Baptism and the bridal wreath !

Pale and wan, on weary bed,
A dying maiden drooped her head.

Her large eyes gleam with spectral light,
The dizzy world swims through her sight !

Her long dark tresses fall unbound
In wavy coils the pillow round.

Fitful flushes stain the skin
That rivalled mountain snows within.

And where her thin form lies unseen,
The couch and coverlet between,
You scarce could mark the place, I ween.

Weeping friends are standing round,
Stifed sobs the mother drowned ;

But manlier grief the father held—
His lips close-pent his tears repelled.

"Fling the casement open wide,
O mother dear," the maiden cried ;

"Let the glorious sunlight pour
Its streamings on my face once more ;

"And the breath of wind-kissed flowers,
Thoughts will bring of childhood's hours—

"Sunny hours of meadow-playing,
Streamlet plashing, forest-straying.

"Ah ! the change from life-full gladness,
To this weary hour of sadness.

"Lift me ! closer yet behold me.
Father ! while thine arms enfold me,
Scarce the sickness seems to hold me !

"And, mine own true love ! draw near,
Whom I loved this many a year.

Henry ! wilt in time to come
Think upon my early doom ?

"Future years will come and go,
Each will bring its joy and woe,

"But the memory of the dead,
Passes with the tears ye shed
Vainly o'er the buried head ;

"And the grave once strewed with flowers,
Rank weeds shows in after hours.

"Dear ! I loved with passion's dream,
Till this lovely world did seem
Steeped in heaven's own lustrous gleam ;

"And I deemed no vows of mine
Worthy that deep love of thine,
Which my being did enshrine.

"Now a voice hath summoned me,
And I go away from thee.

"Death-dewed hours hope not to bear
Rose wreaths, such as brides should wear !"

Now the light of those dear lips
Fades before a dense eclipse.

Low and faint her broken tones
Sink away in empty moans.

Fainter yet her breath is given—
Ha ! that frame asunder riven
By a soul which springs to heaven.

And the dulled and glazing eye
Straight has done with agony.

DEATH, the mighty lord, stood near,
Unseen, yet felt in nerveless fear.

The thickened dew-beads on her brow,
He sprinkled from his gaunt hand now.

"Thus I vow thee mine," he cried,
"Here the badge is certified.

"Here in garments white as snow,
I pledge thee at the fountain's flow—
My baptism this cold sweat, I trow !"

II.

Thrice the sun hath risen again,
Thrice he sank beneath the main.

Within the coffin's cold embrace
Her calmly-sleeping form they place ;

And that casket now doth hold
Treasure more than gems or gold.

Lift her gently, bear her slowly
To her rest in churchyard holy.

What a burst of light doth pour,
As they issue through the door
Forth to the bright world once more !

Forth to that sweet breathing earth
Where her gentle joys had birth.

Ah ! her own loved birds are here,
Long they've wished her to appear.

Long they watched with patience vain
The summons to her window-pane.

Long they sung their blithest lays ;
But no kind voice spoke in praise—
No white hand the bolt did raise.

And her flowers—her little flowers—
How they droop, these sultry hours !

Dear ones, that she loved to cherish,
Soon like her ye too will perish.

Well she loved your beauteous dyes,
Colored by the summer skies.

Cross the meadows—bear her slowly
To her sleep in churchyard holy.

Now the greenwood paths are near,
Soon the church-tower will appear.

Hark ! the distant fitful swell
Of the solemn passing bell.

Now the hallowed ground they tread
Slowly with uncovered head.

Virgins four-and-twenty bore
The tasselled pall to the church-door ;

And from rush-wove baskets strewed
Flowers for hapless maidenhood—

Pansies, love-cups, violets blue,
Lilies, roses of each hue.

Now within that sacred wall,
Slowly pass the mourners all.

On the trestles in the aisle
Rest the coffin for awhile.

Softly, gently lay her down ;
'Tis to slumber she has gone—

Slumber sweet that fears no breaking,
Rest that brings no tears at waking.

See, the reverend priest doth stand
With prayer-book open in his hand.

Tears flow down his furrowed cheek,
While the holy man doth speak

In prayer to God—the heart's appealing
For the wounded spirit's healing.

Thankful blessings also given
For a sister passed to heaven.

"Dust to dust," that solemn word—
How the beating heart is stirred
While dust is on the coffin poured!

DEATH, the mighty lord, stood near,
With sparkling eyes fixed on the bier.

"Maiden mine, my youthful bride!
Here our troth is ratified.

"Priestly blessing nought may sever;
Marriage vows stand fast for ever.

"To fond embrace I welcome thee,
Our bridal-bed the grave shall be,
Where thou shalt slumber noiselessly!"

A SPRING CAROL.

THE spring's free sunshine falleth
Like balm upon the heart;
And care and fear, dull shadows!
Are hastening to depart.
Oh! time of resurrection
From sadness unto bliss;
From death, decay, and silence,
To loveliness like this.
Oh! season of rejoicing,
That fills my heart and brain
With visions such as never,
Methought, should come again.
Oh! blessed time, renewing
The light that childhood wore;
Till thought, and hope, and feeling,
Grow earnest as of yore!

Though youth has faded from me,
Perchance before its time,
Like a flower, pale and blighted,
Amid its gayest prime;
Though now I value lightly
The noisy joys of life,
And deem it vain ambition,
A mad and useless strife,
Thank God! the fount of feeling
Hath deep, exhaustless springs,
And the love once poured so freely
On frail and worldly things,
Is now more freely given
To the blossoms of the sod,
So the trees, whose leafy branches
Are whispering of God.

The young green lime bends o'er me,
Through its boughs the sunbeams pass,
Making here and there bright islands
'Mid the shadows on the grass.
The butterfly is wending
Its way from flower to flower,
Like a freed and happy spirit—
Meet emblem of such hour!
Loud sings the hidden cuckoo
In his bow'r of leaves all day,
And many a voice of gladness
Is answering his lay.
The rose is opening slowly,
The lilac's scented cones
Are musical till nightfall,
With the wild-bees' drowsy tones.

The oaks, moss-grown and aged,
How beautiful they seem;
With glory wrapt about them,
Like the glory of a dream!
How lovingly the sunshine
Clings round the tufts of green;
And all is fair and joyful
As if winter had not been!
Far off, the furze is blooming,
With spaces, far and near,
Of lawn, where now are straying
Large herds of graceful deer;
And turfy pathways wending
Through sunshine and through shade,
And wooded hills enfolding
This lovely forest glade.

I turn, and see the fruit-trees
With blossoms pink and white,
Like gems of Eastern story
In the gardens of delight;
And strewn like fairy favors
Are flowers of every hue
Among the grasses shining,
Red, yellow, white, and blue.
The pines, so tall and regal,
Their shadowy branches wave,
Like plume-crown'd pillows standing
Round a mighty monarch's grave.
Less sorrowful than stately
Those dark unbending trees
Give out a silv'ry murmur
To the gentle evening breeze.

In this season of life's triumph
Man's spirit hath a share,
It can see the grave unclosing,
Yet feel all ends not there.
It smiles to see the conquest
Of beauty o'er decay,
With the merry lark up-soaring
It greets the dawning day.
Not vainly by such gladness
The poet's heart is stirred,
These sights and sounds not vainly
By him are seen and heard.
All fears that crowded o'er him,
Like clouds asunder roll,
Spring's hope and joyful promise
Sink deep into his soul.



SCIENCE AND ART.

COLOSSAL STATUES OF THE APOSTLES FOR THE ISAAC'S CHURCH, ST. PETERSBURGH.—The sculptor, Vitali, has just completed models of the twelve colossal statues of the Apostles; to be cast in bronze, and placed over the great gate of the Isaac's Church in St. Petersburg. The pediment has been already ornamented by bas-reliefs from the same hand; and the Government having made the frescoes and mosaics which are to decorate this greatest of the Christian temples of the East the subjects of public competition, the cartoons of the candidates are now exhibiting in the halls of the Academy of Fine Arts, in that city.—*Athenæum*.

ARTIFICIAL ARM.—M. Magendie read a report before the Paris Academy of Sciences, on an *artificial arm*, the invention of M. Van Petersen. The report was favorable. The members of the committee state that they had seen the apparatus tried on five mutilated persons, and that it answered in every case admirably. One was an invalid, who, in the wars of the Empire, lost both arms, retaining only the mere stumps. With the aid of two of these artificial arms, he was able to perform many of the functions which had hitherto been performed for him. In presence of the committee he raised, with one of the artificial hands, a full glass to his mouth, drank its contents without spilling a drop, and then replaced the glass on the table from which he had taken it. He also picked up a pin, a sheet of paper, &c. These facts are conclusive as to the mechanical skill evinced by M. Van Petersen, and which is particularly shown in the lightness of his apparatus, each arm and hand with all its articulations, weighing less than a pound. The mode in which the motion is imparted to the articulations of the apparatus is ingenious. A sort of stays is fixed round the breast of the person, and from these are cords made of catgut which act upon the articulations, according to the motion given to the natural stump. The report ends by stating that the invention is superior to any sub-

stitute for the natural arm hitherto made.—*Athenæum*.

EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 11th instant, states that an order has just been issued, regulating the education of women in Russia. The Emperor, in accord with the Empress, has determined to submit their mental culture to the jurisdiction of a central board of directors, divided into three sections—for St. Petersburg, for Moscow, and for the provinces respectively. Prince Peter, of Oldenburg, is appointed President of the Board.—*Ath.*

MAGNIFICENT CARPET.—The *Revue de Paris* speaks of an immense and magnificent carpet for the Great Hall of the Ambassadors at Versailles, which has just issued from the Royal manufactory of the Gobelins. This work, which was commenced in 1783, has a border composed of garlands of flowers and arabesques of consummate execution; and at its corners are four large bouquets of roses, after water-color drawings, executed by Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI., including every species of rose known in France towards the close of the eighteenth century.—*Athenæum*.

MISS JANE PORTER.—This amiable lady has just received a very gratifying testimony of respect and admiration from a united body of the booksellers, publishers, and authors of New-York. It is in the form of an easy chair, richly carved, and covered with crimson velvet; and the letter which accompanies it expresses the sentiments of the donors and of thousands of American readers towards the authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Scottish Chiefs," as "one who first opened up the path that has been still further embellished by the kindred genius of a Scott," and "whose charming productions have taught in so graceful and captivating a manner the lessons of true virtue" over the length and breadth of the land.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ON THE BRAIN AND SPINAL CORD.—After alluding to the interest manifested in the lectures on the physiology of the nervous system delivered on former occasions by himself, before the Royal Institution, Mr. Solly entered upon the description of the protective apparatus of the very important organs, the brain and spinal cord, the centres of the nervous system. The arch-like construction of the skull was pointed out, its thicker and stronger parts being at the sides and base, in the manner of abutments. The two tables of the skull, or the outer and fibrous layer, calculated to resist a blow, and the inner or porcelain layer, suited to resist the entrance of a point, were shown. Next the hard and dense membrane immediately attached to the bone, the dura mater, with its processes, the great falx, preventing lateral shaking of the brain, and its tentorium, preventing vertical shaking, and protecting the little brain, were described. And then the delicate spider-web membrane, secreting its lubricating fluid, and covering the inner surface of the dura mater and the outer of the pia mater, or that membrane which immediately and accurately encloses the brain, and serves to retain its form and convey blood-vessels to its substance. The spinal column was described as a hollow, flexible tube, having different curvatures, and formed of 24 joints or vertebræ: the spinal marrow passes down this canal, not in contact with its sides, but protected by fluid and short processes of the dense dura mater, which here and there on each side are attached to the sheath of the cord and the sides of the canal, acting like stays, and called the ligamenta denticulata:—the fluid was proved by Majendie to fill the cavity of the canal completely, so that when the outer membrane was laid bare and punctured, it jetted out. This is a great source of protection. In the supply of blood to the brain, Mr. S. pointed out the curves of the carotid arteries (just as they enter the skull), which serve to retard the violent injection of the blood, and prevent injury. In ruminants a more complicated provision of this kind exists, many contortions being made so as to break the force of the current without diminishing the supply. It is considered that this is so formed to prevent the additional impetus which the blood acquires from the downward position of the head in grazing so constantly; and it is remarkable that in the giraffe it is not found, for this animal crops the branches of trees. The veins of the brain have no valves, and open into large sinuses which are always kept patent, and thus allow of a free exit of the effete blood. In speaking of organs for diversion, Mr. S. mentioned that M. Simon considers the thyroid gland to act in this way towards the brain; and it is curious that in the cretins or idiots of the Vallois we find this body almost always in a state of great enlargement. The lecturer then took a brief view of the spinal cord and its protective means in the lower animals. After mentioning the grand division made by comparative anatomists into vertebrate and invertebrate animals, he showed that in the crustacea and insects the cord having no protecting case is placed on the ventral surface of the animal, thus having the whole thickness of the body above it for its protection. In the lamprey there is just a cartilaginous tube, a rudiment of the column which contains the cord. In the sturgeon there are small

pieces of bone on each side of the vertebræ; and in the codfish the vertebra is pretty well formed, having two spines and intervertebral substance. An interesting example of the use of anatomical knowledge to paleontologists was given. Dr. Buckland having observed that scales like those of the armadillo's armor were often found fossilized with the bones of the megatherium, concluded that this animal must have been like the armadillo; but Mr. Owen, knowing that the vertebra of this little animal has three noral spines placed at angles, so as to take the great bearing which its armor can sustain, said that if the megatherium had been of the armadillo kind, its vertebræ would have had more than the one noral spine which they possess; it is therefore decided that these scales must belong to another animal. Mr. Solly takes the ganglionic view of the brain and cord; he considers both a collection of ganglia. His arguments in favor of this view with regard to the cord were founded on the fact of gray matter being found in the centre of the cord, and that in the whiting the cord consists of several ganglia joined together longitudinally. He is of opinion, too, that the brain cannot become intellectual if the skull do not expand. Another point interesting to anatomists, the communication or not of the fluid of the cord with that of the brain, and that of the ventricles of the brain with the fluid exterior, Mr. Solly said he did not consider there was any communication beyond that of endosmosis.—*Lit. Gaz.*

INTERMENT IN TOWNS.—Mr. Mackinnon has brought forward in the House of Commons his salutary measure to regulate, or rather to prevent, the interment of the dead in the midst of the dense population of towns; the principle of which was affirmed on a division. What obstacles stand in the way of so obviously wise and needful a course we are not exactly aware; but sure we are that either church interests or vested individual interests ought to yield to the paramount consideration of general health and moral feeling. Let the best possible compromise be made with those who are affected in purse; but do not let every object which advanced knowledge, altered circumstances and state of society, civilization, and religion demand, be sacrificed to partial claims. You overthrow houses to make new streets, you run railroads through gardens and parks—surely, by similar legal steps, you may remove the greatest offence and nuisance that exists from the very heart of the metropolis and other populous cities! The public is deeply indebted to Mr. Mackinnon for the unremitting zeal and unwearied perseverance with which he has sought to obtain this national benefit.—*Lit. Gaz.*

COLORLESS INK.—Sir George Mackenzie has invented a substitute, in a colorless fluid, for black ink, "the fastness of which," he says, "has been submitted to for ages." A history of the invention was lately read by him to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. A properly prepared paper, however, is required; and the ink becomes blue or black, according to the sort used. We have tried the ink on the prepared paper, and found it excellent—on unprepared paper it remained colorless. Neither will it, like common ink, stain the fingers, or anything else, except silver, and then

may be easily removed. It is obvious that its cleanliness is the chief advantage of the invention, which will commend itself accordingly to the drawing-room, boudoir and library.—*Athenæum*.

BUDDHIST BOOKS.—Particulars relative to a great collection of Buddhist Books, preserved at Thibet, have been furnished by a Mongolian priest to some French Missionaries; and are made the subject of an appeal by the *Journal des Débats* to the government on behalf of the *Bibliothèque Royale*,—to which such a collection would form a valuable addition. It is known to many Orientalists that the universal collection of Buddhist volumes, kept in that city, forms two vast compilations, called the Gandjour (108 folio volumes), and the Danjour (240 folio volumes), but it has been generally unknown in Europe, that these two encyclopædic collections have been published at Pekin, by the Emperors of the reigning dynasty, in the Chinese, Mandchou, Mogul and Thibetan tongues, and that the 1392 volumes composing these four translations, may be there purchased for about £1560.—*Athenæum*.

"GUTTA PERCHA."—It is the juice of a large indigenous forest tree in Singapore; and is obtained by cutting notches through the bark, when it exudes in the form of a milky juice which soon curdles. In its chemical properties it somewhat resembles Caoutchouc, but is much less elastic; it however possesses qualities, which that substance does not, which will render it of considerable value as a substitute for medical instruments in hot climates. The Gutta Percha, when dipped in water nearly at the boiling point, can readily be united, and becomes quite plastic, so as to be formed (before it cools below 130° to 140° Fahrenheit,) into any required shape, and which it retains at any temperature below 110°; in this state it is very rigid and tough, and is used in Singapore for chopper handles, &c., in preference to buffalo horn, and does not appear to undergo any change in the hot damp climate of the Straits of Malacca.—*Athenæum*.

THE LATE PROFESSOR DANIELL.—The late John Frederic Daniell, professor of chemistry in King's College, London, lecturer on chemistry and geology at the Hon. East India Company's Seminary at Addiscombe, one of the examiners in the University of London, foreign secretary of the Royal Society, D. C. L. (Oxon.), &c., was born in Essex-street, Strand, March, 12, 1790. At an early age he became a pupil of Professor Brande, in whose society he made several tours, and of whom he spoke as one endeared to him by kindred pursuits and early recollections the day before his death. In 1816, associated with this gentleman, he started the 'Journal of the Royal Institution,' the first twenty volumes of which were published under their joint superintendence. He married, in the following year (September 4), Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Sir W. Rule, surveyor of the navy, and subsequently became managing director of the Continental Gas Company, to forward the interests of which he visited the principal cities of France and Germany with Sir W. Congreve and Col. Landmann, making those arrangements by which many of them have since been lighted. On the formation

of King's College, in 1831, he was appointed professor of chemistry, and found himself at length in the position he was so well suited to occupy. His inaugural lecture, eminently characteristic of the Christian philosopher, gave a good earnest of the spirit in which his instructions would be conveyed. Of the extent of Professor Daniell's scientific labors some idea may be formed from the fact that, independent of his 'Meteorological Essays' and 'Introduction to the Study of Chemical Philosophy,' he communicated to various scientific periodicals upwards of forty original papers; of these thirteen relate to meteorological subjects, nine to electricity, and the remainder to chemistry and other branches of physical science. Of their intrinsic importance some notion may be obtained from the circumstance that he received all three of the medals in the gift of the Royal Society. In 1820 he published an account of his new hygrometer—an instrument which, for the first time, rendered regular and accurate observations on the dryness and moisture of the air practicable. It has since been extensively employed in all climates, and has enabled hygrometry to take an exact and definite form. It still remains the only accurate instrument for making such observations. In 1823 appeared the first edition of his 'Meteorological Essays,' of which he was engaged in revising proofs of the third edition at the time of his death. This work was the first synthetic attempt to account for meteorological phenomena as a whole, the known laws of which regulate the constitution of gases and vapors. In the following year (1824) appeared his essay on artificial climate in the 'Horticultural transactions,' the practical bearing of which on culture in general, and particularly of plants grown under shelter, is daily becoming better appreciated, and which, according to Dr. Lindley, has done more for the improvement of this art than any single circumstance besides. He received the society's silver medal for this paper. In 1830 and in 1831 he published his new pyrometer, an instrument still the best for measuring high temperatures, such as those of fusing metals, and furnaces in general. The Royal Society deemed this an invention of such utility and importance, that they, in 1832, conferred on him the Romford medal for the most important discovery relating to heat that had been made throughout the whole civilized world during the three preceding years. In 1836 appeared a paper of his in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' describing his valuable improvement in the voltaic battery, by which he showed the means of obtaining a constant and unlimited supply of electricity. The importance of this discovery was recognized immediately throughout the whole scientific world. In appreciation of its merit the Royal Society, in 1837, honored him with the Copley medal, for the most important scientific discovery of any description made in any part of the world during the previous year. Several other valuable papers appeared in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for the following years, and for two of these he, in 1842, received one of the Royal medals.—*Times*.

M. THIERS'S STUDY.—A French paper describes M. Thiers's study at his residence in the Place St. Georges. "Let the reader imagine a large square apartment, with a richly ornamented

ceiling, and the floor covered with one of those splendid thick carpets such as they make at Gobelins or at Aubusson. Two windows light the room, and two doors, on opposite sides, lead to it. In the middle of the room stands an immense desk, carved in the fashion de la Renaissance. Around, and breast-high, there are book-cases, laden with books: standing on the top of these cases, there are numerous beautiful little statues, busts, Japan vases, globes, &c. A lovely Venus is in front of the desk, and on the right is the statue of Mercury. An arm-chair, à la Voltaire, is placed before the desk: it is that belonging to the master of the house. Twelve beautiful but smaller chairs stand round the room, near the book-cases; and lastly, valuable and costly pictures literally cover the walls."—*Spectator*.

FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN INTELLIGENCE.—A curious document has been lately published by the Comité Historique, concerning the completion of the Louvre and the Tuileries. It belongs to M. A. Lenoir, and was once in the office of the Grand Provost of France. It appears from this paper that all masons and other handicraft men could be forced to work upon the king's buildings, by order of the provost, to the exclusion of all other buildings, which they were obliged to abandon for the time being. The king (Louis XIV.), after ordering all due preparations to be made for the collecting of stone, &c., commands that, while these palaces shall require the aid of a considerable number of hands, no workman in Paris shall be allowed to work on any other edifices whatever; and further, that no persons shall presume to erect any building in Paris and within ten leagues round, under penalty of 10,000 livres fine for the first offence, and the galleys for the second.—*Lit. Gazette*.

AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLEGEL.—Letters from Bonn mention the alarming illness of Augustus William Schlegel,—said to be from aneurism of the heart, and threatening the worst results to a subject of seventy-eight years old. The King of Prussia had sent his physician to tend the sick philosopher; each day a deputation from the professors, and another from the students, of the university, presented themselves at his door for a bulletin; and the inhabitants of Bonn, of their own free suggestion, would suffer no carriage to pass through the street in which he lives.—*Athenæum*.

SUBTERRANEAN TOMB ON THE RHINE.—A letter from Hanover speaks of an interesting archaeological discovery which has been made in the village of Weyden, lying on the road from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle. This object of antiquarian curiosity—the burial-place of a family—is reached by a staircase of eleven steps, and is a sepulchral cave, surrounded by lateral niches and covered by a vaulted roof. According to all appearance, the tomb has always been subterranean, and indicated externally only by a *tumulus* or a simple stone. From this cavern have been exhumed, besides a number of vases, and instruments of vulgar use, a sarcophagus ornamented with figures, representing the Genii of the Four Seasons, and three busts in marble, one male, the others female, and all of the life size. These

busts are said to be so superior to anything hitherto discovered on the banks of the Rhine, that it is conjectured that some rich family, the tenants of this sepulchre, may have brought them from Italy, or commissioned some Italian sculptor. Among the jewels found in the tomb, is a small female figure, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, of a light-blue opal, the perfection of whose chiselling, with the style of its drapery, have caused it to be assigned to the third century of the Christian era. It is said that several Belgian *virtuosi* are in treaty for this monument for which they have offered a large sum, with the view of taking it to pieces and transporting it into Belgium. We quite agree with the letter-writer, that the removal of such monuments from the localities to which they belong, is justifiable only for the preservation of the monuments themselves—as in the case of the Elgin Marbles—and always disturbs a portion of the interest attaching to them. In such a case as this, he says, very sensibly, the thread of local tradition is broken by removal; and a work of art or of antiquity is preserved to the future—valuable, no doubt, in any keeping—but whose history and origin become, in the lapse of time, an enigma.—*Athenæum*.

SHAKESPEARE'S TAMING OF THE SHREW.—A discovery has lately been made of a rarity of some value—a quarto edition of Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew,' of a date prior to the folio of 1623, in which year it has hitherto been thought to have been first printed. This adds another quarto to the twenty printed by Steevens. The title-page is unfortunately wanting; but on the first leaf is written, in a hand of the time, "1607, stayed by the authours;" meaning, we suppose, stayed the printing,—a not uncommon occurrence at that time. This mention of "authors" is confirmatory of the view maintained by many, that more than one person was concerned in writing that play. The volume is in Mr. Collier's hands, and will be printed forthwith, as a supplement to Steevens' Twenty and Mr. Amyot's 'Taming of a Shrew,' recently issued by the Shakspeare Society, from the Duke of Devonshire's unique edition of 1594.

BEETHOVEN MONUMENT.—The monument of Beethoven is finished; and a grand musical festival is to be held at Bonn, on the occasion of its inauguration, in July next. The festival is to be of several days' duration; and the leading musicians of France and Germany are expected to take a part in its celebration.—*Athenæum*.

LOCUSTS.—A letter was received from M. Levassant, the commandant of the garrison of Philippeville, in Algeria, stating that on the 18th ult. that province was visited, notwithstanding the season of the year, with a swarm of locusts, which extended, he estimates, to a length of from seven and a half to ten leagues. They were in nearly a starved state, and devoured with rapidity all the vegetation that fell in their way.—*Athenæum*.

INUNDATIONS.—The Continental papers teem with accounts of inundations in Germany,—exceeding, it is said, in extent and amount of disaster, the most terrible calamities of a similar kind in that country (those of 1655 and 1784) recorded for the last two centuries.—*Athenæum*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

Practical Observations on the efficacy of Medical Inhalations in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, and other Diseases of the Respiratory Organs, and in Affections of the Heart. By Alfred B. Maddock, M. D. 2d Edition. 8vo, pp. 137. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

SECOND Edition saves us from an elaborate analysis of Dr. Maddock's treatment of diseases of the lungs and respiratory organs by medicated inhalations. It is impossible not to believe that, combined with other professional means, such a *modus medendi* is particularly applicable to the treatment of diseases of the respiratory organs, although very generally neglected by physicians. The introduction of tar by Sir A. Crichton in 1817 created at first a great sensation; but the anticipations held out by its use were not corroborated by experience. Creosote, introduced by Dr. Elliotson, was still more speedily discontinued. Dr. Hastings next introduced the pyro-acetic spirit, but with an equal want of success. Iodine was introduced in 1829, by Sir James Murray and Dr. Scudamore, and this powerful substance, combined with sedatives, is what Dr. Maddock uses; as also chlorine, which he speaks of as very nearly approaching a specific in pulmonary consumption. This is, strictly speaking, a professional question, and can only be decided by experience; but it is one which involves so many interests, dear to us all, that we have deemed it a duty to notice and second any endeavors to extend our knowledge of the efficacy of medicated inhalations.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Shakspeare's Play of King Henry the Fourth, printed from a contemporary Manuscript. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F. R. S., &c. Printed for the Shakspeare Society.

"On the 23d October 1844, the Reverend Lambert B. Larking, * * * then on a visit to Sir Edward Dering, Bart., of Surrenden, was occupied in making some researches among the valuable charters and manuscripts preserved in the muniment-room of that ancient seat," for objects connected with a forthcoming history of Kent. In one of the chests Mr. Larking discovered an ancient MS. of *Henry the Fourth*; which is here printed by the Shakspeare Society, with notes and an introduction by Mr. Halliwell.

According to such evidence as is convincing to palæographers, the manuscript was most probably written about the reign of James the First; but as there are various corrections of the text, held to be in the handwriting of Sir Edward Dering, the first Baronet, who died in 1644, the conclusion drawn is, that it *must* be earlier than that date. The apparent use of this manuscript was for getting up "private theatricals" at Surrenden; and it is inferred that it was altered by some playwright or player for that purpose (though possibly not for this particular occasion); the two plays being compressed into one, on the evident principle of embracing the whole history. With this object, the First Part has been operated upon; but the Second is very greatly curtailed,

containing in fact little more than the opening and the scenes relating to the King's death.

A MS. formed under such circumstances can, of course, have no *authority*; and besides, there are occasional references in the handwriting of Sir Edward Dering to a published edition—"Vide book." Still it is a curiosity; and we agree with Mr. Halliwell and the Society that it was worth publication, *verbatim et literatim*. Nor is it altogether without use for its various readings; some few of which seem worthy of adoption in the same way as a lucky emendation by an editor, not an authorized text. Some, however, are mere blunders or injudicious attempts at improvement. There are also some obvious interpolations.

The book has been well edited by Mr. Halliwell, in his account of the MS., his view of its value, and the notes by means of which he supplies for all useful purposes a fac-simile of the original. It has perhaps a further value than this; at least it has so struck us. Stripped of the large Spirit of Shakspeare, as it often is by the necessity of reducing two dramas into one acting play, the wonderful universality of his characters becomes still more remarkable. Falstaff, cut down and sometimes prosified as he is here, does not so much look like "the unimitated the inimitable" as the counterpart of hundreds of good fellows, who in every age have haunted good houses of ready entertainment, "living men know not how, and dying men know not where."

—*Spectator.*

A New Mode or Method of more Speedily and Effectually Tanning Hides and Skins. By Alexander Turnbull, M. D.

DR. TURNBULL, of Russell Square, has long and deservedly enjoyed the reputation of being one of the first physicians of the day. In diseases of the eye and ear, he has no superior—a fact which has been abundantly attested by many of the most popular periodicals and journals of the day. To him humanity is indebted for the discovery of aconitina, and various other powerful agents now in general and successful use among the medical profession. The genius which has raised Dr. Turnbull to distinction in the medical world, has lately led to an important discovery in the art of tanning leather. Dr. Turnbull has taken out a patent for his discovery; and its nature and advantages are described in detail in the pamphlet before us. A good deal of the pamphlet is necessarily occupied with technical matter, and consequently is not suited for transfer into our pages. Among the recommendations of this new discovery, are these: the process of tanning will be performed in a fourth-part of the time required by the mode at present in use. It will also be done at considerably less expense, while the leather will be very greatly superior to any which can be prepared by the present process. Another and very great benefit which will be derived from Dr. Turnbull's mode of tanning, will be, that it gives a greatly increased weight to the leather.

But perhaps it will give a better idea of the advantages of Dr. Turnbull's process, if we quote his own words from the pamphlet before us:—

"My method," says he, "of extracting lime from hides or skins, when the hair has been removed by lime, and my method of removing the hair without the use of lime by the means before described, are such decided improvements, that hides and skins when so prepared may be tanned in the common or ordinary manner by *terra japonica* purified as above, and by other ordinary tanning matter, with much greater facility than heretofore; and the leather thus produced is of far greater weight, and much better quality than any heretofore produced."

Dr. Turnbull then proceeds to specify some of the peculiarities of the process. His statement on this point will be read with interest by scientific men, as well as by those more immediately concerned.

"Having thus stated the nature of my improved methods of tanning hides, and the plan of separating or extracting the japonic or catechuic acid or catechin, or other extractive and deleterious matter from the tannic acid, and preventing the formation of gallic or ellagic acid in the tanning liquor, and the manner of carrying them into effect, I think it essential to state, that I do not claim the principle of tanning hides or skins by sewing them into bags, nor by simply filling them with liquor; but I do claim, and my invention consists in, the following improvements in the tanning of hides and skins. First—I claim the discovery of the means of extracting the lime with which hides and skins are impregnated in removing the hair, by the application of sugar or other saccharine matter, whether obtained from honey, sawdust, turnips, potatoes, or other substances. Second—I claim the discovery of the means of removing the hair or epidermis from hides or skins without the use of lime, by the application of sugar or other saccharine matter, whether obtained from potatoes, sawdust, beet-root, turnips, or other substances. Third—I claim the discovery of the means of removing the hair or epidermis from hides and skins without the use of lime, by the application of muriate of soda or common salt. Fourth—I claim the discovery of the means of separating the japonic or catechuic acid, or other extractive or deleterious matter, from the tannic acid in *terra japonica*. Fifth—I claim the discovery of the means of obtaining tannic acid from the refuse or deposit of the *terra japonica*, in purifying *terra japonica*. Sixth—I claim the discovery of the means of preventing the formation or generation of gallic and ellagic acid, when oak bark, sumach, divi divi, valonia, and other materials are used. Seventh—I claim the discovery of an improved means of tanning leather by means of endosmosis and exosmosis with the materials and in the manner before described, and without the aid of hydrostatic pressure. Eighth—I claim the discovery of an improved mode of tanning by means of a general and constant agitation and circulation of the tanning liquor, composed of the materials before mentioned, from top to bottom and from bottom to top of the pits. Ninth—I claim the improved method of tanning hides or skins in pits in the common and ordinary manner, by first extracting the lime from the hide or removing the hair without the use of lime, and using *terra japonica* when purified, or other tanning liquor in the manner before described."

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Dissenter's Plea for his Nonconformity, exhibited in a Course of Lectures, by the Rev. W. Jones, M. A.

Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, comprising an Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland. By G. Petrie, R. H. A.

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